LINCOLN PUBLIC LIBRARY

VOL. XXXV MARCH, 1912 No. 1

THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

Chronicle and Comment

Castles in the Air

It was about three or four years ago, we think, that we indulged in certain very pleasant air castles about the kind of a magazine that we should like to edit. In the first place this magazine was not to be any affair of one hundred and twelve, or one hundred and twenty, or one hundred and sixty pages, such as justifies rejection of manuscripts for reasons of lack of space. As to size it was to be absolutely elastic, and we were to be able to satisfy everybody. Every book published, provided it was clean and represented serious endeavour, was to be wittily and adequately discussed, in a spirit of conservatism tempered with kindness. For the conventional rejection slips so distasteful to the literary free lance there would be no use, for there were not to be any rejections. A smiling cashier was to spend every day industriously making out and forwarding cheques of a substantial size. All manuscripts submitted were to be not only superlatively good, but, what is more to the point, available. The special articles were all to be masterpieces of anecdote and description. We should print not many Essays, possibly one or two in each number, like those of Elia, or the Roundabout Papers of Mr. Thackeray. Above all the fiction should be decidedly worth while. If we were to open the bulky envelope sent us by Miss Jones of North Tonawanda, New York, out would pop a humorous story quite as good as, say, the late Mr. Porter's "The Halberdier of the Rheinschloss." The contribution from Miss Lee of Amelia Court House, Virginia,—her first story, by the way; Miss Lee numbers but eighteen summers—would be found as delightfully enigmatic and whimsical as Mr. Stockton's "The Lady or the Tiger." Turning to the manuscript of Mr. Robinson, of Omaha, Nebraska, we should be forced to recognise at once in "The Shadow on the Hill" a tale to the full as grim and fear inspiring as Mr. W. W. Jacobs's "The Monkey's Paw"; while in those twenty-four beautifully typed pages received from Mr. Thompson of Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania (Mr. Thompson, like Miss Lee, is an absolute novice, and in view of his scant twenty years, and an experience limited to clerking in the hardware house of Jenkins and Lufberry, his intimate knowledge of the court life of the Hapsburgs is exceedingly difficult to understand) we should discover just the same kind of splendid, spirited romance that Mr. Tarkington gave us in *Monsieur Beaucaire*. Imagine that nothing that had been written in the last twenty-two or three years had been printed and that we were able to offer for our March issue the following table of contents:

The Prisoner of Zenda. A Novel. Part VII. Anthony Hope
The Shamrock and the Palm. Short Story. O. Henry
The Ballad of Reading Gaol. Poem. C. 3. 3.
Trilby. A Novel. (Illustrated by the Author.) George du Maurier
The Blue Grass Region of Kentucky (illustrated). Chapter VIII. James Lane Allen
The Speckled Band. Being Another Adventure of Sherlock Holmes. A. Conan Doyle
The Drums of the Fore and Aft. Short Story. Rudyard Kipling

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

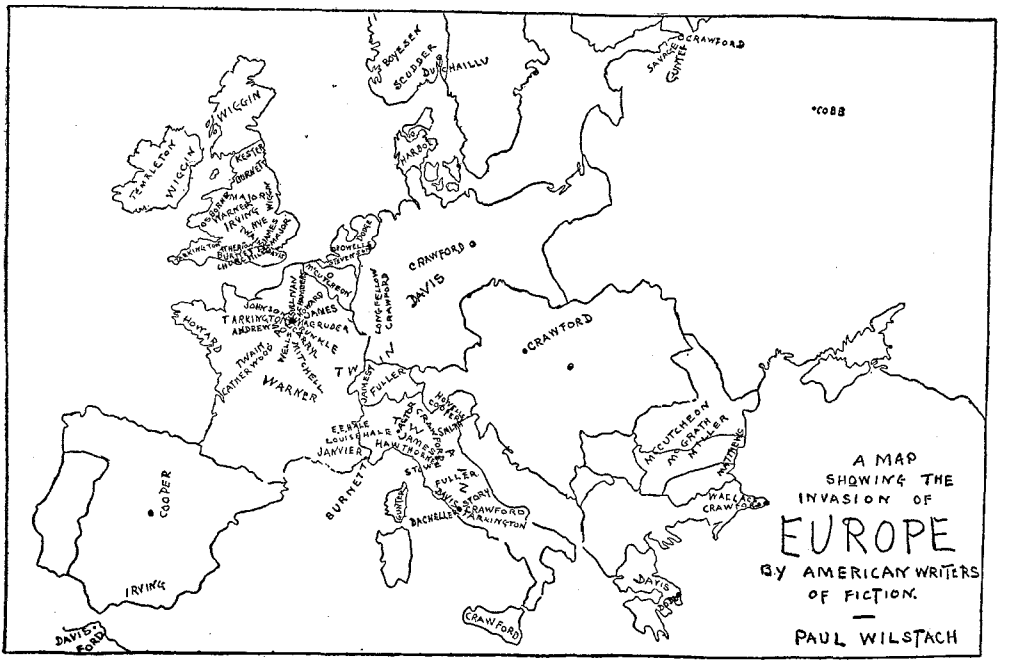
Mr. Dooley on Rudyard Kipling. P. F. Dunne
The Land of the Dollar. Impressions of America. Chapters XIV, XV.
G. W. Steevens
American Types. A Series of Drawings.
Charles Dana Gibson
The Bar Sinister. Short Story.
Richard Harding Davis
Invictio. A Poem. W. E. Henley
Reviews of the Six Hundred Really Important Books of the Month.

And of course there would be in addition to these special features the regular departments, Chronicle and Comment, or "Comical and Chronic" as it has flippantly been termed by a certain person utterly lacking in reverence, Mr. Colby's "The Casual Reader," Mr. Hamilton's dramatic article, Dr. Cooper's "Somebody's Something and Some Recent Novels," the BOOKMAN's Table and the Book Mart with its six best selling books at the end.

Now this is an exceedingly pleasant castle in Spain, and the reader can revise it to suit himself, making up his own Table of Contents from his favourite writers of verse, fiction, essays, and special articles. With all the vast wealth of good things that have been published to draw from we could go on indefinitely, making up every month a magazine, the like of which has never been seen and will never be seen. Sometime we may take up the matter seriously to the extent of offering a prize for what we consider the best and most varied Table of Contents that could be gathered together within the limits of a magazine issue of, say, one hundred and twenty pages of text. The contest, we believe, would have a genuine educational value. Meanwhile, we shall turn from the somewhat fanciful idea to the grim reality, and take this occasion to assure those who favour us with contributions, that we appreciate sincerely the very general courtesy and consideration and understanding of the majority of men and women who are writing and submitting manuscripts today. They may not be Kiplings, or Du Mauriers, or Chestertons, but they seem to have learned the absurdity of the old cant about "favoured contributors" and being "kept out for reasons of jealousy." To these we wish to express our thanks and to say how keenly we regret the conventional notice of rejection, and the practical impossibility of writing a personal, explanatory letter with every contribution that is sent back.

Exceptions there are, of course. The exceedingly sensitive gentleman who was the first editor of the *Cornhill Magazine* wrote pathetically of "Thorns on the Cushion." But there is probably not a magazine office in America to-day that cannot more than match his experiences with the indignant little lady of the Theatre Royal of Dublin. How many of those little misunderstandings and complications there are to recall! For example, there was that talented little woman writer who hinted archly that she had a most wonderful and welcome contribution for our columns. When the mystery finally arrived it proved to be a glowing panegyric of her own work, written by herself, and which, she felt, we would be so glad to feature conspicuously. We recall only parts of this screed, but we remember that it ended with a note of adulation to the one who "has written the most superb and singularly perfect short stories of our time and generation." And then the messages of sorrowful reproach that followed when the naïve little masterpiece did not appear! To this day we fear that a certain lady still nurses a sense of wrong at our hands, and casts darkling glances at the cover of this magazine. Then there are the ladies who have the "most interesting material about So and So," which we find to be expressions of outrageous flattery of their friends. They, of course, are doubly injured. Not only has what they have written been set aside, but they have made definite promise to the object of the eulogy that all those pleasant words should be printed Editorially. But the ladies are not alone. Far from it. There is the legal gentleman of an Arizona town who wishes us to find out for him how much of an estate was left by Tom Penman, in the interest of whose creditors he is acting; the writer who has had a misunderstanding with another magazine over a short story and who expects us to take up the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

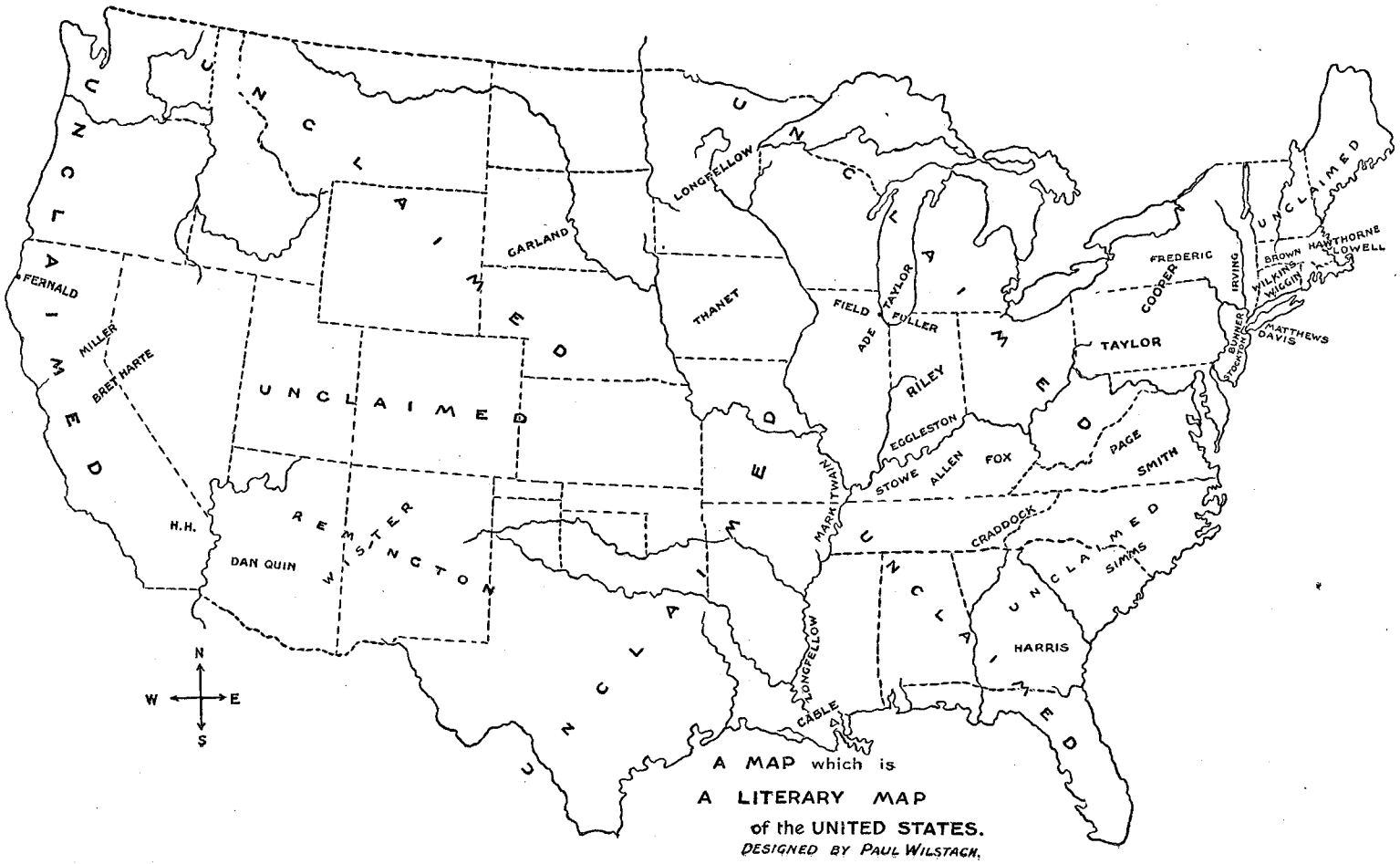


cudgels in his behalf and proceed to belabour soundly the object of his indignation; the gentleman who casually drops into the office and modestly asks us to prepare for him a list of the home addresses of some forty American authors whom he has in mind. When we point out to this latter how he may obtain the information for himself he is highly indignant. He is quite too busy. He cannot spare the time. Above all there is the irascible gentleman, who, through some misguided or mischievous firm of lawyers, threatens legal proceedings because a writer in our pages has alluded to the fact that the American Declaration of Independence was signed in Philadelphia, July 4, 1776, or that Rapp commanded the Hessians at the battle of Trenton, which historical episodes he considers copyrighted by him on account of the publication of a book in 1881.

Literary Maps

While we are going to wait till some future occasion to offer that prize for the best and most varied magazine Table of Contents culled from the material that has been printed in the past twenty-five years, there is another competition which we shall open at once, the details of which we shall explain in the April number. Our readers will recall that from time to time, we have printed literary maps of various parts of the world, showing, for example, how far Anglo-Saxon writers have gone in making use of Africa as a background for fiction. Now it is quite obvious that no map, designed by one person, will be absolutely complete, and after the publication of one of these maps we have always received a number of letters pointing out such shortcomings as that from the Nubian Desert is missing the name of such a writer, or that in drawing Arizona the artist has overlooked the excellent stories of Mrs. So and So. Now we want the lists to be as complete as possible, and the only way to achieve this is to have the active collaboration of a great many of our readers. To this end we intend to offer a prize for the most complete addition to the lists as they now stand. One way in which this competition differs from most competitions is that the award cannot be criticised as an expression of individual opinion, or the opinion of a small number of persons. Of course writers of obvious trash cannot be considered as literary claimants, but with this understood, the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A MAP which is

A LITERARY MAP

of the UNITED STATES.

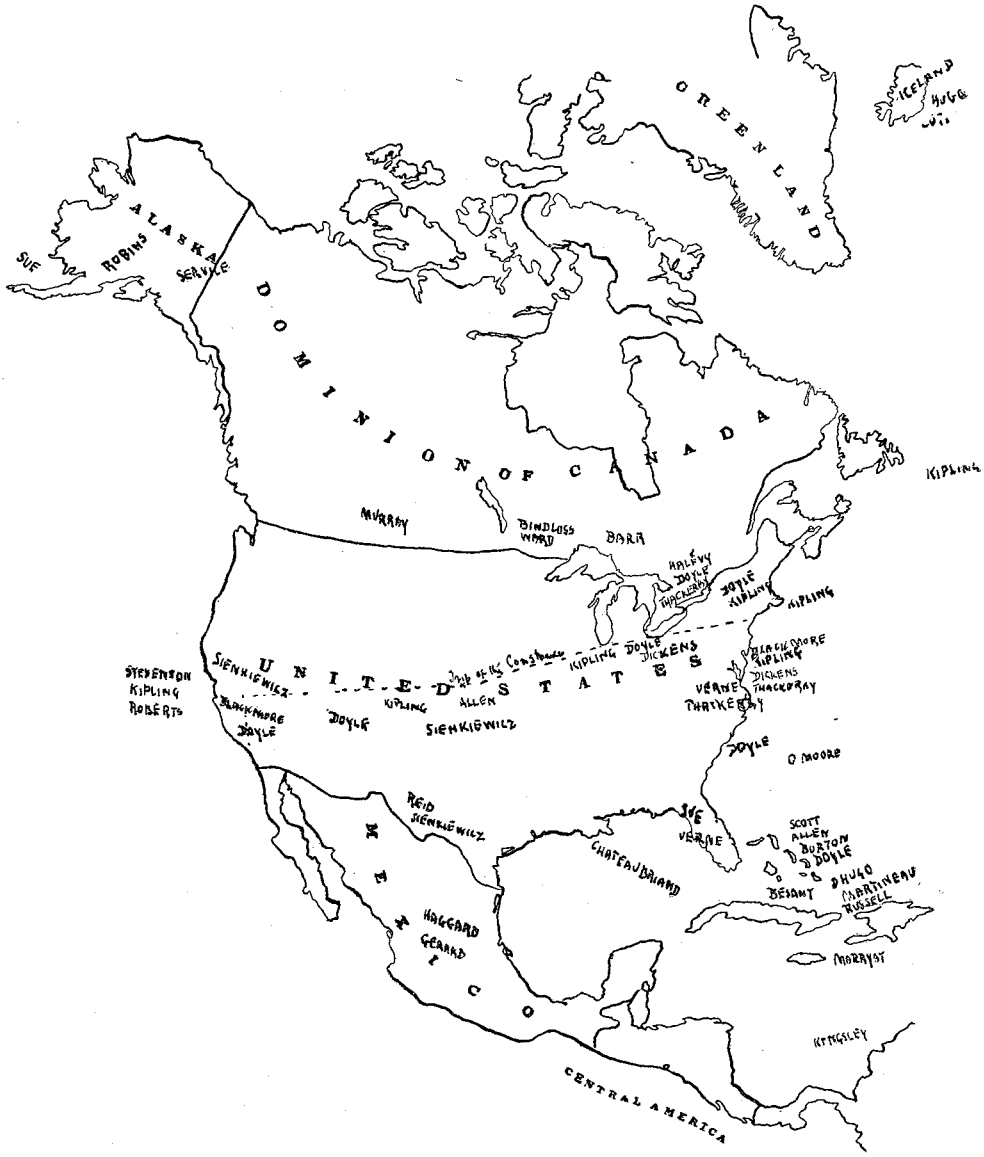
DESIGNED BY PAUL WILSTACH.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

winner will be the person whose lists contains the greatest number of names.

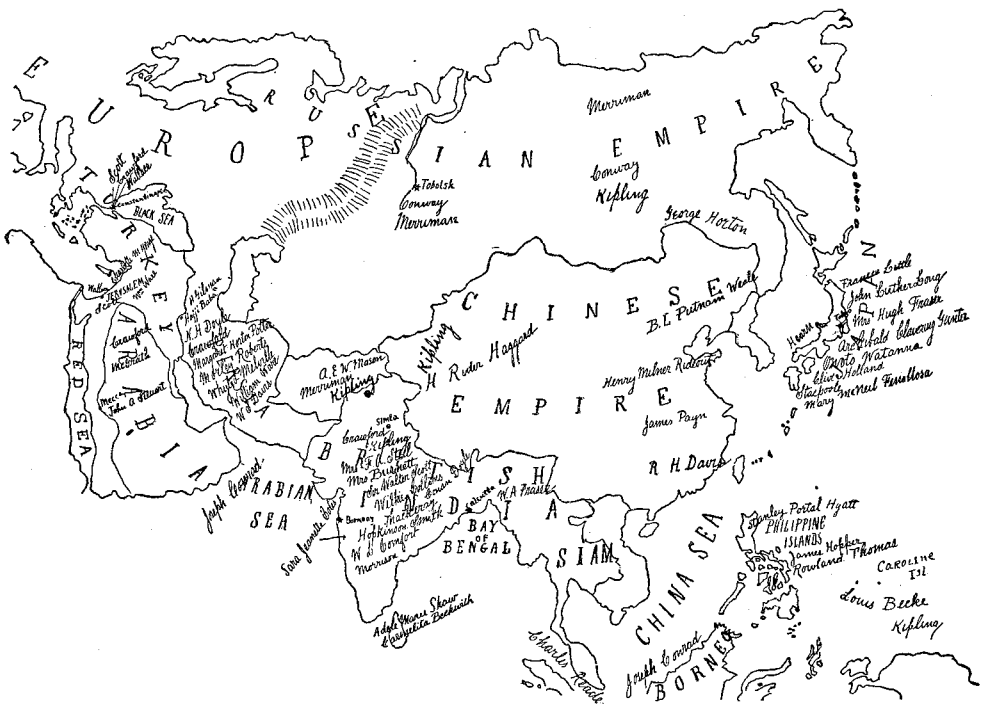
A Magazine Experiment

A great many persons, we believe, know that the large metropolitan daily newspapers recruit their staffs every year by taking those whom they consider the most promising, from a journalistic point of view, of the graduates from our various universities and colleges. Of these a number eventually find their way into magazine work. Mr. Lincoln Steffens has had an idea that this was all wrong, believing that the magazines should go directly to the colleges, and he recently subjected his idea to an interesting experiment. First he found his man, a Harvard graduate who had gone through in three years and was devoting his fourth year to a post graduate course. Then he outlined his plan to Mr. Ridgway of *Everybody's Magazine*. The latter was sceptical.



A MAP SHOWING THE INVASION OF NORTH AMERICA BY FOREIGN AUTHORS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE INVASION OF ASIA BY ANGLO-SAXON WRITERS

"You will find that you are quite wrong," he said. "But this is what we shall do. Take this young man on the magazine as your private secretary, and if at the end of the year he can write an article for *Everybody's* I shall consider that your theory has been vindicated." Within six months Mr. Steffens handed in without comment an unsigned article written by the experiment. It was supposed to be one of his own, and as such was pronounced to be one of the best he had written in a long time. Before the end of the stipulated year the young private secretary had been made an associate editor of the magazine.

Mr. Steffens, by the way, has recently returned to his first love, daily journalism. Whether he has been exposing the "Shame of the Cities," or trying to preach the Golden Rule to Capital and Labour in Los Angeles, he has always been an interesting figure. He has been charged with lacking a sense of humour, which is very far from the truth. Mr. Steffens's career has been as interesting as his personality. He began as a police reporter for the New York *Evening Post,* writing some very excellent short fiction in odd hours. Leaving the *Post* to become City Editor of the New York *Commercial Advertiser,* he tried to introduce an entirely new form of journalism, in which mere facts were to be subordinated to impressions. From the *Commercial Advertiser* he went to *McClure's Magazine,* and while there was one of a few men who, by a purely personal campaign, took George Douglas's *The House of the Green Shutters* from obscurity and made it one of the most talked of books of a season. When he toured the country after the publication of *The Shame of the Cities* Mr. Steffens received as much attention as a presidential possibility.

A short time ago Mr. Steffens was talking to a distinguished citizen of Oyster Bay about matters in which the nation has been manifesting considerable interest. "Do you want it?" he asked of his host. The grim jaws snapped sharply. "A dozen times I have said that I do not," was the reply. "But," said Mr. Steffens, "you have said it, but you

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have not put it over. Besides being other things you are a journalist, and as a journalist you know that it is your place to put it over." "Could you do it in my place?" was the question. "I'll try," said Mr. Steffens. So the two sat down at a table while Mr. Steffens tried to put in words the message that should be convincing. But as the message never appeared the inference is that the wording did not prove quite satisfactory to Mr. Steffens's host.

The Modern Agriculturist

It was either Mr. Jefferson Peters or Mr. Andy Tucker, the heroes of the late O. Henry's *The Gentle Grafter,* who undertook to prove that no matter how much he had been veneered by civilisation the modern agriculturist was fundamentally a farmer, and susceptible to the wiles that have been practised successfully on farmers since the world began. On one occasion Mr. Peters and Mr. Tucker started out

A MAP SHOWING THE LITERARY INVASION OF AFRICA BY ANGLO-SAXON AUTHORS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in pursuit of a modern agriculturist of Indiana, whose office was like that of a Wall Street broker's, and whose astuteness and knowledge of the world seemed to render him immune to all methods of graft. Their most intricate schemes met only with his amused derision, and it was not until Messrs. Peters and Tucker reverted to first principles, and brought out the old, time-worn shell game that their victim's eyes began to glisten and they were on their way to substantial and nefarious profit. A book was recently called to our attention in which there is a farmer who is evidently a modern agriculturalist of the most approved type. It is *Showers of Blessing,* by Anson D. Eby, and was printed in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. This modern agriculturalist and his wife, who had been "contending with the soil and weeds and vegetation," meet on the porch of their home and the following conversation takes place:

"What have you been following that you appear so taxed with heat?" the wife began.

"I have been viewing the estates to ascertain the promise of the crops," returned the husband. "The maize is flourishing and the fields are beautiful with the rows of green by which they are adorned. And now that the cultivator is at work, it makes one surmise that with a moderate season our fertile acres will prosper bountifully. The condition of the soil is fine and the boys are performing graceful work. Blessed days are these, and the spears of all that is green rise up to be caressed by the mildness of the sun."

"You approached from the pasture tract," she observed. "You must have taken a wide survey through this fond rain of warmth, that you appear from this opposite direction."

"True," he followed, "it was a goodly stroll in this unusual early sultriness. Really, the sun comes down in a fusillade of heat. But the fields of corn inspected, I proceeded to the timber, where the genial umbrage gave me comfort. From hence I did invade the meadow, meandering with the brook. The pasture has been benefited by the showers, and now this sunshine deepens the verdure of the grazing ground."

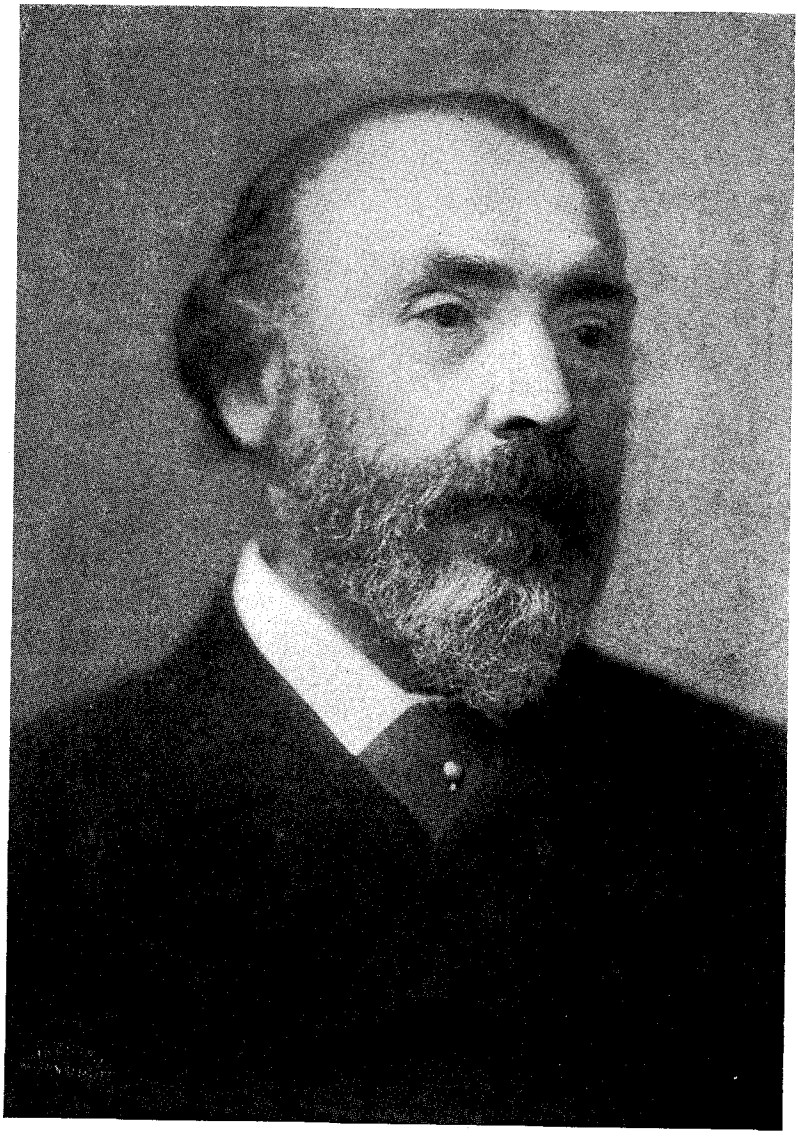
The conversation continued longer, and relished mainly on the interests pertaining to the farm.

The Labouchere Legend

The unquestioning faith of certain American periodicals in current British literary and journalistic values was illustrated by the recent comments on the late Henry Labouchere, the famous editor of *Truth.* "Labby," as he was affectionately called, was undoubtedly a man of influence and charm in certain portions of the British Isles, but at this distance he does not emerge very far above the horizon. A New York newspaper which is rather noted for its colonial attitude toward British writers applied to him on the day after his demise the following adjectives: "Fearless," "audacious," "brilliant," "resolute," "genial," "generous," "versatile," "keen," "witty," "inspiring," "polished," "charming," "persuasive," "accomplished," and it insisted that all these qualities and others as ingratiating were to be found in the pages he contributed to *Truth.* As a matter of fact none of these qualities was vigorous enough to carry across the Atlantic Ocean. For a great many years Mr. Labouchere has been dangled before our eyes as a charming, brilliant, witty, cynical writer, an *enfant terrible,* a fearless radical, a man of infinite jest, and what not. For a great many years some of us have consulted the pages of *Truth* at intervals almost feverishly in the hope of catching him in the act. It was all in vain. He lacked any sort of general or permanent interest. His was an entirely transitory and local talent. His wit, like that which goes into a London topical song, is not and never was suited to the American consumer. Perhaps by some strange tribal standard there may have been pages in *Truth* which could be called "brilliant" and "witty," but no American would ever have found it out for himself. *Truth* has always seemed one of the most trivial and certainly the most reconditely insular of those elaborate British weekly publications.

There is little interest here in Labouchere as a "brilliant" writer, still less as a startling radical, for as time has gone on his radicalism has been overtaken by a great body of his fellow-countrymen,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE LATE HENRY LABOUCHERE

and beside that of Mr. Lloyd George, for instance, seems very tame indeed. He is recalled chiefly as the subject of a great many anecdotes which bear witness to an odd, perverse, whimsical and amusing personality. He was a riddle to the solemn type of Englishman and a menace to the starched dignity of his own class.

"Father," asked a child, when Labouchere was running for Parliament, "did God make Labby?"

"Yes, my dear."

"What for?"

The stories about Labouchere bear a family likeness to the Whistler anecdotes. They turn usually on some unexpected bit of calm effrontery. Once, when a young attaché in the Foreign Office, he was ordered to start for Constantinople at once, but several days afterward was seen by the Under-Secretary sauntering along Piccadilly. A letter, whose indignant contents he sur-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mised, came to him from the Foreign Office; whereupon he placed it in his pocket unopened and betook himself to Baden-Baden. There, after losing all his money at roulette, he opened the letter at last, and finding the expected scolding, remarked to a friend:

"There, you see the advantage of carrying this letter with me unopened. I can now without any departure from the truth acknowledge its receipt in Baden-Baden, and begin my letter thus: 'My Lord— Your letter of the 20th ult. has followed me here.'"

He was born in 1831 and educated at Eton and Cambridge. He left college without a degree, following a pretty circus girl across the Atlantic and turning up in Mexico, whence after watching with interest a passing revolution, he journeyed to Minnesota. He there fell in with a band of Indians and spent some months with them. At the age of twenty-three be became attaché to the British Legation at Washington and later served in Germany, Sweden, Russia and Turkey. He left the diplomatic service in 1864 and in the following year was elected, though an extreme radical, for the royal borough of Windsor, but was unseated on petition. He stood for Middlesex two years later with the same results, and it was not till 1880 that he succeeded in entering Parliament. He was in Paris during the Commune as correspondent for the *Daily News* and wrote his graphic *Letters of a Besieged Resident.* In 1877 he established *Truth,* which was successful from the first. Its merciless exposure of frauds and pursuit of every sort of swindler involved it in numerous libel suits, but Labouchere could boast until later years that he never lost a case. He had taken the precautions, however, to require his assistant's name to appear on the paper as that of the editor, remarking that if trouble arose it would be some one else that would have to go to prison.

Like the ill-fated Mary Queen of Scots, for whose fair fame men would have fought generations after her death, Emma, Lady Hamilton, has had her staunch champions and her violent detractors in posterity. To the former class belongs Mrs. Julia Frankau, who as Frank Danby has written a number of exceedingly vivid, though usually unpleasant, novels. Now, in her *The Story of Emma, Lady Hamilton,* a book which we understand is to be sold in this country at a net price of one hundred and seventy-five dollars, she has given us a sumptuous portrait of that woman who exercised so strong an influence over the career of Lord Nelson. To Mrs. Frankau the whole story of Emma is the story of a woman's generosity and sweet yieldingness and of man's ignoble selfishness. Her first protector, Mr. Charles Greville, Mrs. Frankau considers to have been a hidebound Philistine prig. He tried to teach her to write and speak English correctly. The girl gave her very soul in utter devotion.

Emma; Lady Hamilton

But study with Mr. Greville she could not, because the true love he had excited in her, the first and only love of poor Emma's misspent life, hungered for a larger expression of it than he was capable of giving. She was forever wooing him, wistfully or gaily, as his somewhat perverse humour suggested. She obeyed his slightest wishes, strove to reach to his demands on her understanding, mistook his coldness for dignity, his lack of passion for an aristocratic self-restraint, his vanity for noble pride, his narrow jealousy for a fine exclusiveness. She lavished on this gentleman, who used both her and her mother as servants to his appetites, a generous wealth of childish adoration and womanly warmth; she would fawn on him for the favour of a caress, her liveliness leapt to his approval, her gaiety attuned itself to his mood; she would dance for him, sing for him, dress for him, live for him. And all of this because she was instinctively a *lover,* the true feminine of the word, humble and generous, uncalculating in her gifts, grateful for the smallest favours, and sedulous in deserving them. . . .

Finally the rough stone began to take on polish, and Mr. Greville had reason to congratulate himself upon the transformation that his pupil was so diligently achieving. Of course there were outbursts of petulance on Emma's part, but she would repent quickly, and plead or coax for pardon. Charles Greville par-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

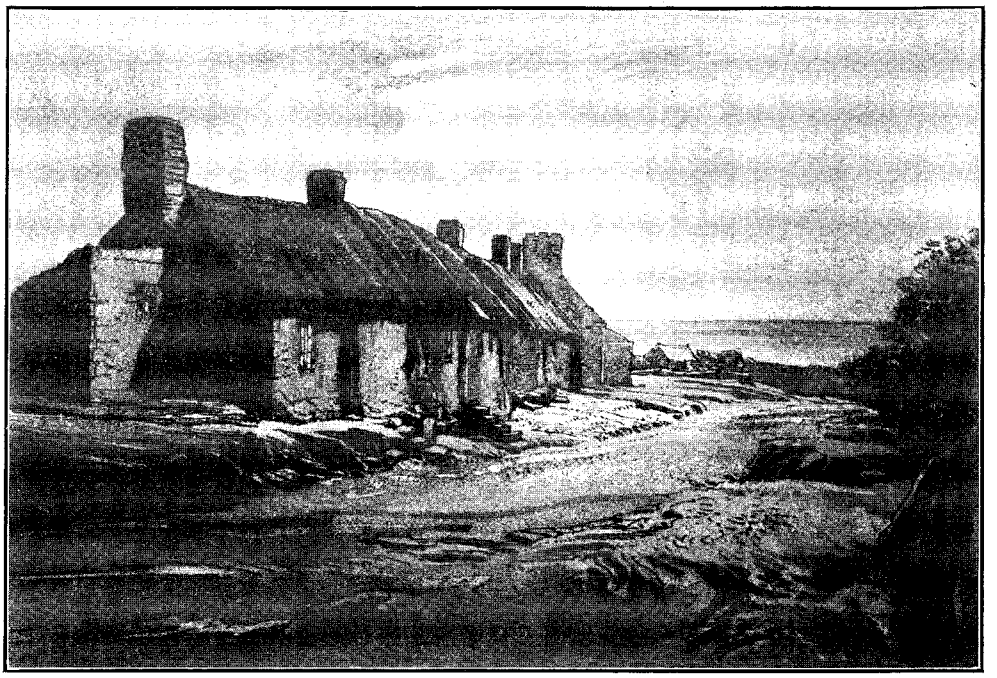
EMMA. SKETCHES MADE IN 1791

doned with difficulty. His dignity demanded that there should be no occasion for it. Finally he wished her to be painted, and they sought out Mr. Romney. The sittings led to outbreaks of apparently unjustified jealousy on Greville's part. It was the beginning of the end. He had an uncle, Sir William Hamilton, a man of about sixty, from whom he had expectations. He introduced Sir William to Emma, and as soon as he saw that his uncle had taken a fancy to her he fostered his folly in order to make money out of it. Despite all her entreaties, Emma was sold to Sir William Hamilton and induced to go to Naples. Greville assured her that he would follow her. Instead he left her to her fate, and would not answer any of her letters. Again and again she appealed to him; one word of affection from her Greville would keep her faithful and true, but she had no word.

This is the Emma that you see through Mrs. Frankau's eyes. It is a very different woman whom another novelist of our generation has depicted. Conan Doyle in *Rodney Stone* shows her coarse, fulsome, and intriguing. When Rodney Stone and his father go to pay their respects to Lord Nelson they find Lady Hamilton present and are bewildered and repelled by the nauseous flattery she showers on the hero and the eagerness with which he swallows it. Finally a footman enters abruptly with a large blue envelope.

"By Heaven, it is my orders!" cried Nelson, snatching it up and fumbling with it in his awkward, one-handed attempt to break the seals. Lady Hamilton ran to his assistance, but no sooner had she glanced at the paper inclosed than she burst into a shrill scream, and throwing up her hands and her eyes, she sank backward in a swoon. I could not but observe, however, that her fall was very carefully executed, and that she was fortunate enough, in spite of her insensibility, to arrange her drapery and attitude into a graceful and classical design. But he, the honest seaman, so incapable of deceit or affectation that he could not suspect it in others, ran madly to the bell, shouting for the maid, the doctor, and the smelling salts, with incoherent words of grief and such passionate terms of emotion that my father thought

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE EARLY HOME OF EMMA

it more discreet to twitch me by the sleeve as a signal that we should steal out of the room. There we left him, then, in the dim-lit London drawing-room, beside himself with pity for this shallow and most artificial woman, while without, at the edge of the Piccadilly curb, there stood the high dark berlin which was ready to start him upon that long journey, which was to end in his chase of the French fleet over seven thousand miles of ocean, his meeting with it, his victory, which confined Napoleon's ambition forever to the land, and his death, coming, his victory, which confined Napoleon's ambi- crowning moment of his life.

While Julia Frankau has been seeing her historical study through the press, Frank Danby has not been idle. A new novel is even now ready for publication in spite of the fact that only a year or two ago Mrs. Frankau dolefully declared that an ungrateful public had read the last fiction she should ever write. It is not necessary to doubt the sincerity of the utterance; Frank Danby is a novelist in spite of herself, and it was impossible to believe that sooner or later she would not break her vow of silence. The new book bears a formidable title, *Joseph in Jeopardy,* and enough has been disclosed of its character to suggest that Mrs. Frankau has returned to the kind of subject that elicited her earlier efforts. Joseph, it is understood, is a young man of humble birth, but eminently successful and of a subtle attraction for the sex, married to a woman whose exterior effectually conceals the depths of her fine character. Mrs. Potiphar is a beautiful, a charming, an altogether sympathetic widow of the bluest blood, attracted by the suburban Joseph in a reaction from the degenerate scions of her own class. There is a situation, not absolutely original, but full of the stuff of real drama. It is to be hoped that, as the title indicates, the drama is centred in the man. In spite of her complete success with one or two feminine characters—the heroine of *Pigs in Clover* and the delectable Sally Snape of *The Heart of a Child* are not to be forgotten—Frank Danby has shown her greatest insight in depicting men. In her first book, *Dr. Phillips,* it is the doctor himself who sticks in the memory. In *Pigs in Clover* it is those two wonderfully contrasted brothers, Carl and Louis Althaus, who

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHRISTIAN BRINTON AND OWEN JOHNSON AT THE LATTER'S HOME IN STOCKBRIDGE

give the book its remarkable power. *Baccarat* and *The Sphinx's Lawyer,* whatever one may think of their merits as novels, are curiously accurate studies in the morbid psychology of the male animal of the human species. Frank Danby is unique among woman novelists in having justified for once the masculine *nom de guerre* that so many of her craft have assumed.

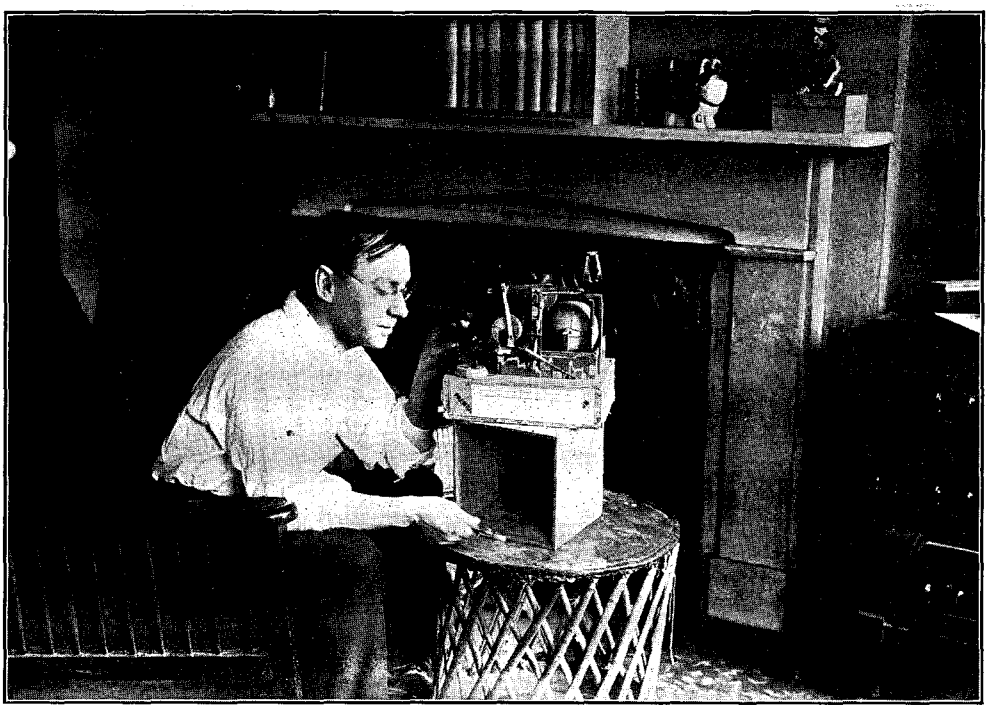
Mr. Brinton and Mr. Johnson

There are certain reasons why the accompanying illustration has a particular interest. On the same day, a certain Wednesday in mid January, both men in it attracted conspicuous attention. On that day in New York City there was opened the Walter Greaves Exhibition, for which Mr. Christian Brinton practically stood sponsor. It was not an ordinary Exhibition, for it stirred up a vast amount of newspaper controversy. Mr. Joseph Pennell seemed to regard it as an attack on the memory of his old friend Whistler. Mr. James Huneker said that "the sympathetic and succinct catalogue of Christian Brinton was the only whiff of real art in the whole affair." The evening of the day that saw the opening of the Walter Greaves Exhibition marked the first presentation of Mr. Owen Johnson's adaptation of Maurice Donnay's *The Return From Jerusalem.* Almost unanimously the critics have spoken of this work as an unusual one, since it showed a real and successful attempt to translate a foreign play into distinguished English.

The Nonsense Machine

Mr. Gelett Burgess, poet-essayist-architect-humourist-iconoclast-novelist-engineer - story writer - illustrator - satirist - painter - juvenile writer-designer - playwright, acknowledges as his favourite recreation (in *Who's Who*) the making of paper houses. Additions to his little village of "Gingerbread Junction," however, have not been made of late, his present amusement being found in perfecting his new "Nonsense Machine." The accompanying illustration shows Mr. Burgess with his first model, which is described as a "reciprocal-compound

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



GELETT BURGESS AND THE NONSENSE MACHINE

engine for the elmination of thought in all forms." It is claimed to be the first case of "nonsense in three dimensions" ever known, and a sure cure for neurasthenia. As such, indeed, it was recently tested in a hospital, and the patient, a victim of nervous break-down, is said by the house physician to have been cured mainly by watching the complicated processes of the invention, thereby being prevented from thinking himself.

Gelett Burgess, however, unsatisfied with this success, has just finished a No. 2 Machine "heavier than air" and "built like a watch," much smaller and capable of more diverse movements. It is actuated by a small dynamo and is said to be much more efficient in relieving mental strain. "After I had seen a boy of fourteen in San Jose, who had built a complete working automobile," says Mr. Burgess, "I gave up trying to complete along utilitarian lines—"along utilitarian lines" is Mr. Burgess's, not the BOOKMAN's expression—with the rising generation, and devoted myself to the lost art of playing." He is not always alone, however, in his games, for Mr. Will Irwin, his whilom collaborator, was a co-director with Mr. Burgess of the "San Francisco and Arcady Railroad," with its three toy locomotives and four hundred and eighty inches of track, the preferred stock of which was, a few years ago, bought by many well-known writers who also had refused to "grow up."

Stevenson in California

Mrs. Katharine D. Osbourne has little that is new to tell us in her book on *Robert Louis Stevenson in California*. For the most part, she contents herself with paraphrasing those records of Stevenson's life at Monterey, in San Francisco, and at the deserted mining camp of Silverado, with which the reading public is already well acquainted. Her book is without arrangement and without coherence; it dallies lightly with a period of Stevenson's development which would offer serious material for a student of his psychologic growth; and it carries many pretty pictures, most of which are glimpses of the scenery of California. Mrs. Osbourne does tell us that Stevenson had twice been seriously in love, and had been rejected by the two ladies to whose hands he had successively aspired, before he met his wife. This rumour, which is

REPRODUCED BY UMI/DCE
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mrs. Strong Lloyd Osbourne R. L. Stevenson Mrs. Stevenson R. L. Stevenson's mother

THE STEVENSON HOUSEHOLD

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

confirmed by the gossip of certain solid citizens of Edinburgh who remember Louis in his early twenties, has not before been formally printed; and it helps us to understand the overwhelming seriousness with which Stevenson embarked upon the great adventure that culminated in his marriage, to know that he had served a hard apprenticeship in loving, and was no longer following a boyish dream.

It is thus that Mrs. Osbourne tells the story of Stevenson's settling at No. 608 Bush Street, San Francisco, in December, 1879. [This house, by the way, was torn down long before the great fire.]

What interested Stevenson more than all else was that the house faced south, and that there were balconies to the windows, running the width of the front, on all three floors. Air and sunshine, the two great *desiderata* for his health's sake, were to be found here. His ring brought to the door the landlady herself, Mrs. Mary Carson.

If Stevenson eyed her with questioning glances, no less suspiciously did she eye this new applicant for a room. She had just gone through an unhappy experience with two London Germans, who had departed leaving several months' room rent unpaid; and she saw at once that Stevenson was also a foreigner. His manner and voice proclaimed it. More than that, to use her own words, "He was such a strange-looking, shabby shack of a fellow. Not that there was anything repellent in his looks, only his appearance was not what his acquaintance bore. For when I came to know him, I just loved him like my own child."

His garb was in itself a disguise, as his clothing generally was. . . . In Monterey he was one chilly morning in need of little heavier clothing than he had on. A coat was deemed too much; a jersey would have answered the purpose. Lacking it, he pulled an extra undershirt on over the outside. Mrs. Carson describes his dress the day he came to her house seeking lodgings thus: "He wore a little brown rough ulster buttoned up tight under his chin, and Scotch brogues, the walking kind, laced up high, and his pants stuck in the tops, and a dicer hat."

Mrs. Osbourne also gives an interesting glimpse of Stevenson in conversation, in the following account of his second call on Mrs. Virgil Williams:

He had a peculiarly beautiful voice, with a rich, round, but not provincial, Scotch accent. While he conversed with Mrs. Williams, he paced up and down the floor in his usual fashion, with rapid and graceful motion, or hung on the mantelpiece. It was not strange that the conversation turned on the subject of the relations of America and Great Britain.

Stevenson regretted that England had lost the colonies. He pictured the States under British rule, with America the seat of government of the whole empire. He dwelt upon the benefits that would have accrued to the whole English-speaking race from such a union, and to all mankind, with Great Britain and America ruling the world for peace and righteousness. In a flight of fancy, and with all the richness of language that was his, he pictured the actual transporting of the royal family and all the paraphernalia of government across the Atlantic, the pageantry of the ships and the gorgeous landing, and the setting up of the throne at Washington.

While Stevenson was talking, Mr. Williams came in. He looked doubtfully from Mrs. Williams to the stranger; for, as he told his wife afterward, he thought a tramp had got in and she could not get him out again. But it was only for a moment, and soon the two men were talking with all the interest and pleasure of those who feel much in common, and from that day began a friendship that never ended until the death of Virgil Williams.

Finishing the Twain Life

Albert Bigelow Paine, whose time during the past six years has been chiefly employed in the preparation of his biography of Mark Twain, expects to complete his long task by the first of May. In the progress of his work, Mr. Paine has made two journeys to Europe to visit the various scenes of Mark Twain's residence and travel, as well as numerous trips in America, including one down the Mississippi River and to the Pacific coast. "I cannot write with any certainty about a place I have not seen," he says, "my imagination is perfectly willing to furnish something, but I have learned to view its efforts in matters of architecture and scenery with doubt." Before Mark Twain died he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE ON THE VERANDA AT "MARKLAND"

presented Mr. Paine with a piece of land in Redding on which to build a study; also, with a billiard table, saying: "When I want exercise I'll walk down and play billiards with you. When you want exercise you can walk up and play billiards with me." The study, which Mr. Paine named "Markland," was not quite completed when Mr. Clemens died. It stands on a hillside, overlooking a foreground of cedars, a hazy valley and distant blue hills. After Mark Twain's death a fireproof vault was added to hold the great mass of materials which passed into his biographer's hands. "Markland" is an inspiring place and seems as remote as if it were in the Adirondacks. Mr. Paine works there summer and winter. Everything about it—pictures, books, bric-à-brac, the billiard table—speaks of Mark Twain. It is properly named "Markland."

Author and Public

"Once," writes Claudius Clear in a recent issue of the *British Weekly*, "I found L. F. Austin writing in a club, as was his wont. He held out to me, with an expression of scorn, a book by the author of *Mr. Barnes of New York*. He was engaged in holding up the book to derision. I said to him, 'The author is a better man than you think.' He would not believe it, but I said, 'Wait and hear me,' and told him this true story. A fussy individual meeting Gunter, complained that he wrote so fast. 'Why do you not give time for your genius to settle and brood and shape?' 'And how long,' said Gunter, looking at him sternly, 'will the public continue to buy my muck?'"

Claudius Clear is of the opinion that even the highest genius is hardly capable of turning out more than about a dozen works representative of his powers, even though the secondary work may have elements of strength and beauty. The very finest work of Dickens, he thinks, was done when he finished *David Copperfield*, but we could ill spare the novels of the later period. When Sir Walter Scott wrote *Woodstock* he had said farewell to his great creative time. But how much there is to linger over in the work that followed. Thackeray was more completely written out when he died than any of our great novelists. There are

VINGIE E. ROE, THE AUTHOR OF "THE MAID OF THE WHISPERING HILLS"

Miss Roe was born and brought up in Kansas. Later she lived in Oklahoma and Oregon. "The Maid of the Whispering Hills" is her first novel, and was accepted by the first publisher to whom it was submitted.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

W. J. LOCKE. FROM A RECENT PORTRAIT

beauties in the very last unfinished work, but who can say much for *Lovell the Widower?* There is weariness in every line of it.

Madame Judith's Memoirs

The Memoirs of Madame Judith, the famous comedienne, edited by the critic Paul Gsell, have recently been published in Paris, and are exceedingly rich in literary anecdote. Like Rachel Félix, of whom we were writing a few months ago, Madame Judith's life enabled her to rub elbows with all that was best and wittiest of the literary and artistic France of her time. She knew Napoleon the Third, Hugo, Dumas, Alfred de Musset, Gautier, the Duc de Morny, the original of the sinister Duc de Mory of Daudet's *The Nabob,* the Empress Eugenie, George Sand, Gambetta, Guizot, and Victorien Sardou.

She first saw Louis Napoleon—later Napoleon III—in London, at the house of the well-known Socialist leader, Louis Blanc. The future Emperor, then professedly a republican, was trying to win the Socialist over to his side, but Blanc would have none of him, since he believed that the Prince was no true republican.

"Would you support me," asked Louis Napoleon, "if I made you Minister of Public Works in a couple of years?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"What? When you are emperor?" sneered the staunch republican. They parted without coming to any understanding.

It was not long before she knew Alexander Dumas the elder intimately. All Paris did. He was so jovial, so democratic, that in five minutes he called everybody "thou," just as if they were the oldest of friends.

One day he came to see Mme. Judith and asked her to sup with him, Victor Hugo, and others.

"Victor Hugo was more interesting that night than ordinarily," comments the actress. "As a rule I found him as tiresome as his drama, *Les Burgraves*—which is saying a good deal."

That night, however, Victor Hugo was in an unusually good mood. Instead of a poet, he said, he should have been a painter, or, better still, an engraver.

"I see nature in black and white, I should have been a second Rembrandt." Also, he said that he liked Louis Napoleon—by this time Prince-President—and that the presence of a Bonaparte at the head of the Government of France was a good thing. After more eulogy he casually let drop the fact that the Prince-President had been round to see him and had asked his advice. Thereupon Dumas nudged Mme. Judith. "That's why Hugo is a Bonapartist," he whispered. "The Prince is a flatterer. But just wait till he stops flattering our friend and we'll see whether he remains his partisan." They discussed the verse of Alfred de Musset. "Immense talents," said Hugo, "but he's too proud. Why, he actually boasts everywhere that he's as good a poet as I am!"

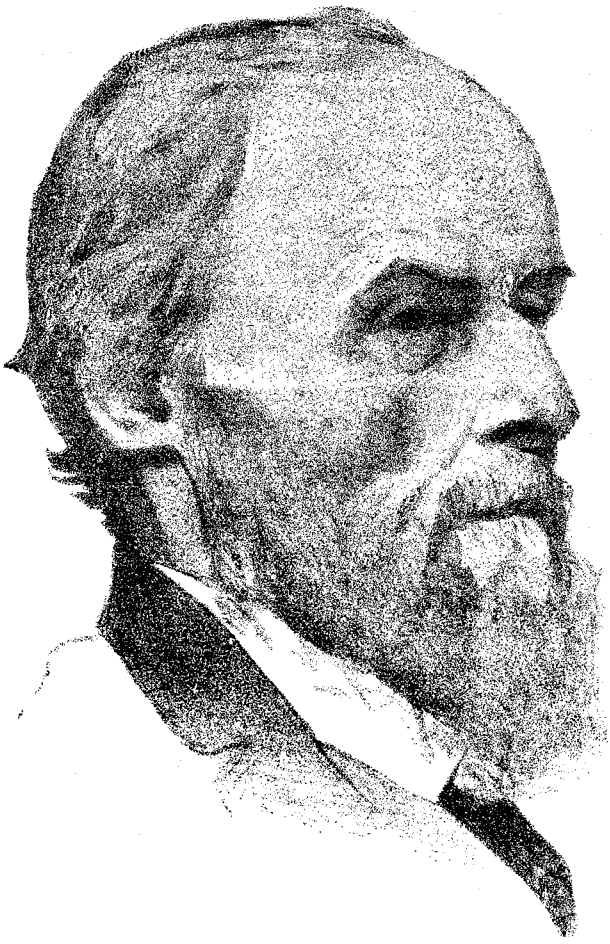
After dinner there was more talk of poetry. Hugo told the company that at times it was difficult for him to talk in prose, so naturally did verses come to him. Where he liked best to compose verses, he said, was on top of an omnibus! There he used to become suddenly inspired and burst into loud improvisation, no matter who might be beside him. That very morning he had improvised two lines while seated on an omnibus. But, when he alighted, and tried to repeat them, the second line lacked several syllables. He was puzzled. When he thought up the verses they had been perfect. Suddenly he realised what the trouble was. Just as he had started to improvise the second line the conductor had come along, crying, "Your fare, Monsieur!" Unconsciously he had incorporated those four syllables into the line—and they had rounded it out quite satisfactorily.

M. Rolland on the Jew

A certain New York newspaper, whose proprietor is a Jew, published not long since a quotation from M. Rolland's *Jean-Christophe in Paris* to the effect that the Jews are the intellectual carriers of Europe. To find an item of that sort run in with the news of the day under a striking headline, though the book from which it was quoted had been out for some months, seemed rather odd. It illustrates the eagerness with which in certain Jewish quarters a chance word of praise from Gentile sources is received. It is not unlike the avidity of the Yankee, who has been called the Jew of Christendom, for the occasional word of patronage that appears in the interview with some visiting literary celebrity or in the momentous pages of a British weekly. What M. Rolland has to say about the Jews, however, is well worth quoting on its own account. He devotes to that subject some of the liveliest pages in his spirited and highly entertaining analysis of Parisian society. We select at random the following:

The Jews are almost the only people in France to whom a free man can talk of new and vital things. The rest are stuck fast among dead things. . . . It is all very well for us to criticise and make fun of the Jews and speak ill of them. We can't do without them. . . . You might go on living, perhaps. But what good would that be to you if your life and your work remained unknown, as they probably would without the Jews? Would the members of your own religion come to your assistance? The Catholic Church lets the best of its members perish without raising a hand to help them. . . . If a man of independent spirit, be he never so great and Christian at heart, is not a Christian as a matter of obedience, it is nothing to the Catholics

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



WILLIAM DE MORGAN
By J. Kerr Lawson, in the "English Review"

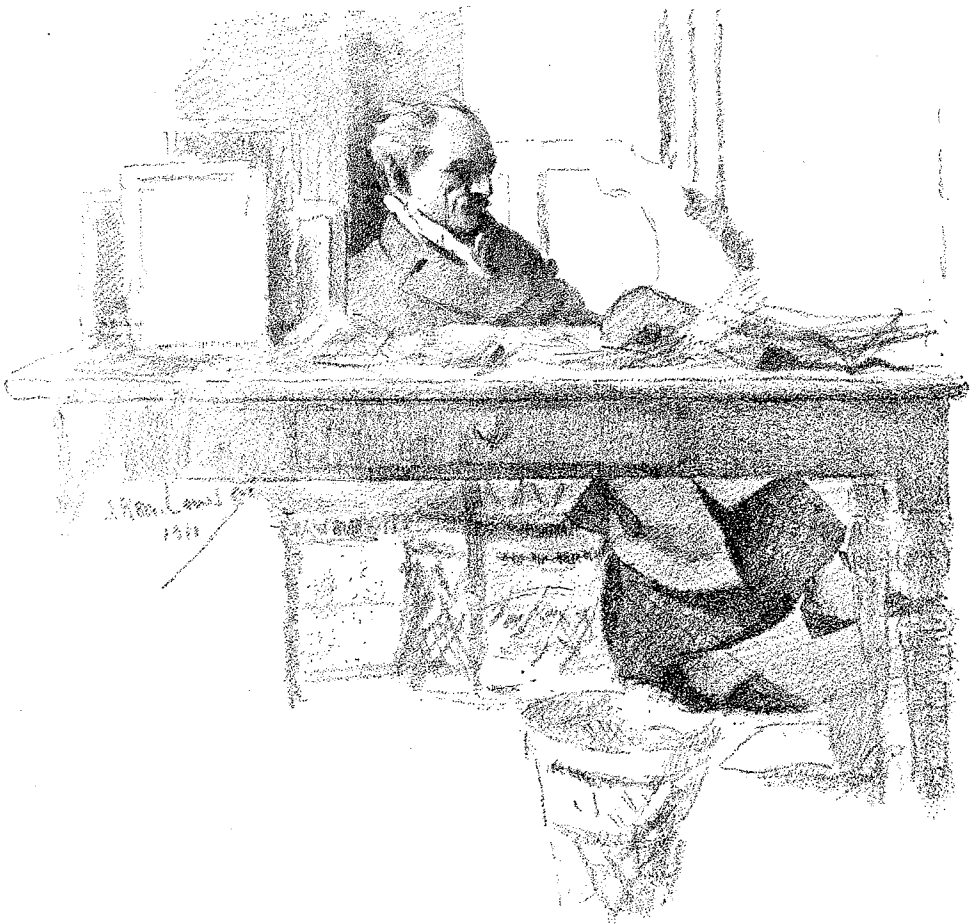
that in him is incarnate all that is most pure and most truly divine in their faith. . . . The Jews in Europe of to-day are the most active and living agents of good and evil. They carry hither and thither the pollen of thought.

The German Gonzague

In Alphonse Daudet's famous *Tartarin sur les Alpes* there is introduced a certain Gonzague, who is so great a liar that he has been nicknamed "The Impostor" even by the volatile Tarasconnese. In time he takes leave of Tarascon, and the intrepid Tartarin stumbles upon him as a guide in the service of a touring company at a time when the Lion of Tarascon is about to attempt the ascent of the Jungfrau. The Lion is in a sad state of funk when Gonzague reassures him. "In the first place," says the latter, "Switzerland! There is no Switzerland! All is a vast Kursaal managed by the Company." "And," queries Tartarin, "if a man should fall into a crevasse—?" "He would fall on snow," Gonzague reassures him. "And an employé of the Company would pick him up, and ask 'Has Monsieur any baggage?'" All of which comes to mind as we read the following from a recent issue of the London *Academy:*

There certainly are times when German enterprise leaves us panting far behind in the race, and an instance is reported in this week's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



MAURICE HEWLETT
By J. Kerr Lawson, in the "English Review"

papers. A certain German company which caters for tourists advertised the familiar trips to the North, with midnight suns, icebergs, seals, and samovars, and all the rest of it included; and the steamer was due to call on the coast of Lapland, according to programme, to afford the intrepid travellers an opportunity of visiting a real Lapp village. One P.M. arrive off coast; 1.30 P.M., lunch in saloon (band plays); 2.30 P.M., Real Lapp Village, as it were, and chats with the Lapps. Unfortunately, it appears, there aren't any Lapp villages on the coast; with a reprehensible disregard of the wishes of visitors the Lapps dwell inland and are only to be interviewed and snapshotted at the expense of a day or two's laborious journeying. Did this embarrass the enterprising company? Not at all! What is easier than to construct a Lapland village? A cosy little hamlet was built on the shore, and in order that it should not be a hamlet without the Prince, as it were, a few unemployed Italian gondoliers were dressed in furs and fish-scales, or whatever the Lapp of the tourist's imagination was supposed to wear, and sent off carriage-paid—this side up, fragile, with care—to the Arctic Circle with a warning (we hope) not to be too free with their own language when the tourist-vessel was sighted in the offing. And the visitors returned to the ship delighted, having seen a Real Lapp Village; the company smiled with a sense of duty well done; and the Italian gondoliers sent money home to their mothers. But is not the whole story worthy of the best methods of the Yankee?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Ancient Rivalry

It would almost seem as though the rivalry supposed to exist between the native Irishman and the Englishman had been carried into the field of letters. Two of the earliest of Macmillan's spring books are of verse, one by Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, of London, and the other by James Stephens, of Dublin. In the matter of priority of publication Mr. Gibson leads, for *Daily Bread* appeared late in January, *The Hill of Vision,* Mr. Stephens's contribution, following early in February. Both poets are new to this country, though Mr. Stephens's *Insurrections* was published in England a year or so ago, receiving much favourable comment here. It is said that his new book is characterised by real Irish wit and by somewhat caustic comment on the existing order of things. The little volume, which is only of one hundred and thirty pages, concludes with a sort of author's apology.

HAIL AND FAREWELL

The poem is sung,
  The picture quite
Finished and hung
  In the candid light;
But poet and painter must go away
Ere they hear what the critical people say.

Age after age,
  Without a break,
A prophet shall rage
  By a lonely lake:
And know not ere he has gone away
Who is to listen to what he'll say.

But the poet shall hear,
  The painter see
The praises dear
  Of their mystery:
And poet and painter and prophet find
The glory they thought they had left behind.

There is an ear
  To hear the song,
An eye to peer
  At the picture long:
A brain to gather the tale and bless
The prophet who spoke to the wilderness.

Daily Bread is not in the least the kind of a book its title might at first imply. It is not composed of religious thoughts for everyday reading, but is rather a collection of dramatic poems dealing with the life of poor, hard-working people—fishermen, miners and stokers as well as the unemployed. The significance of the title is drawn from the fact that all of the little plays—for the poems are written in play form—relate to that which is a vital part of the existence of these people, as near to them as is the bread they eat. Mr. Gibson is looked upon in England as a new poet to be reckoned with, and it is quite broadly hinted by his publishers that *Daily Bread* is but the forerunner of more important books.

Titles from Shakespeare

Very little information has actually been collected on the subject of the naming of books, although writers have, in interviews, frequently had much to say as to their choice. Consequently the four hundred examples in the little volume *Book Titles from Shakespeare* compiled by Mr. Volney Streamer are not only an interesting contribution to Shakespeariana but shed considerable light on the practice of using ready-made titles in preference to the pure product of the author's imagination. The remark is often made that Shakespeare was ignored by his contemporaries, but the historic fact is that during his lifetime, John Marston, George Chapman, and Ben Jonson produced a play entitled *Eastward Hoe!* which may be described as a burlesque on the character of Ophelia. The first recorded use of an exact Shakespearian title dates from 1776, when Isaac Jackman named one of his farces *All the World's a Stage.* For more than a century after that the value of the Bard as a title-mine continued practically to be unrecognised, as the so-far discovered examples are very few, although they include such contributions to permanent literature as Leigh Hunt's *Table Talk,* Hawthorne's *Twice Told Tales,* and Kingsley's *Westward Ho!* But within the past thirty years the rich veins of poetic fancy have been extensively worked by authors, and there is now none of the plays that has not yielded at least one title. In some cases the pre-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cise text is not employed, but the derivation is unmistakable. William Dean Howells has been the most assiduous explorer, for no less than seventeen of his titles—more than three times as many as those of any other writer—are from Shakespeare. Dorothea Gerard is next on the list with five, while Eva Wilder Brodhead and Edgar Fawcett have each taken four. One-fifth of the book-names—eighty-one, to be exact—have been dug from *Hamlet,* while *As You Like It* has proven the next most profitable vein, having yielded thirty. *Julius Cæsar, The Merchant of Venice, Othello,* and *Twelfth Night* stand together in third place with nineteen; *Macbeth* follows with eighteen. *Venus and Adonis* has contributed only one title, and this was discovered by *Mary Cecil Hay.* Many titles have been used over and over again. Thus, the four recorded book-names from *Troilus and Cressida* are all the same quotation, "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin"—some taking one portion and some another of the sentence.

A Vegetarian Distinguishes

A correspondent of the London *Sphere* sends the following contrast between Mr. George Bernard Shaw's sympathy with a dog and a pig. The latter animal, it will be remembered, is the hero of *John Bull's Other Island:*

In "John Bull's Other Island"

KEEGAN (*grimly*): There is danger, destruction, torment! What more do we want to make us merry? Go on, Barney; the last drops of joy are not squeezed from the story yet. Tell us 'gain how our brother was t o r n asunder.

DORAN (*puzzled*): Whose bruddher?

KEEGAN: Mine.

NORA: He means the pig, Mr. Doran. You know his way.

Mr. Bernard Shaw in "The Care"

I have more than once run over a dog and driven away as if nothing had happened. . . .

I can recall at least thirteen cases in which cars in which I was seated have gone over dogs. . . .

Mr. Shaw reports that in ten cases he "left the slain on the field and fled."

The Great Ten

It is not at all likely that any two persons with opinions upon matters of art will agree upon the ten finest paintings in the world. When Thackeray was in this country in 1852 he made a list of those that he thought best, and this list is worthy of consideration not only because Thackeray wrote *Vanity Fair* and *Esmond,* but because if he was a poor artist himself, he had made a very profound study of art. It was his first visit to America, and in Philadelphia he was a frequent visitor to the house of an American friend. The only daughter of the household was a pretty girl of twenty devoted to art. One evening when Thackeray was dining with the family, she asked him to give her a list of the ten best pictures of the world. The novelist confined himself to those paintings which he had seen.

The Last Judgment. Angelo.
The Adoration of the Shepherds. Correggio.
The Last Supper. Da Vinci.
The Immaculate Conception. Murillo.
The Transfiguration. Raphael.
The Sistine Madonna. Raphael.
The Lesson in Anatomy. Rembrandt.
The Descent from the Cross. Rubens.
The Assumption of the Virgin. Titian.
The Surrender of Breda. Velasquez.

The First Sirloin

In Frederick W. Hackwood's *Good Cheer: The Romance of Food and Feasting,* published by the Sturgis and Walton Company, there is an account of the origin of the sirloin. Charles II is said to have returned from Eping Forest literally as hungry as a hunter to that hospitable mansion Friday Hall, Chingford. His delight at beholding on the table a huge loin of beef, steaming hot, was such that he exclaimed, "A noble joint! by St. George it should have a title!" And drawing his sword, he raised it above the gallant joint, crying with mock dignity, "Loin, we dub thee knight—henceforward be Sir Loin."

Dryden, Mr. Hackwood tells us, honestly liked the flitch of bacon better than more delicate fare; as he said, he had

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Copyright, 1911, by Harper and Brothers.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT

"a very vulgar stomach." When Charles Lamb and his sister gave their little parties in the Temple, they generally provided beef and porter, to which every guest, in the same spirit of unaffected simplicity, helped himself according to his fancy. Yet Lamb was an epicure in his eating as he was in his reading, and he considered cookery as one of the fine arts. Pope's physical weakness forced him to be extremely careful. "Two bites and a sup" more than that his stint would cause him great suffering. Yet he was fond of highly seasoned dishes, and liked his friends to send him delicacies. A dish of lampreys, though it invariably cost him dear, was one from which he was unable to abstain. Dean Swift suffered from chronic indigestion, and in consequence his simple repast was usually mutton pie and a half a pint of wine. Byron had fits of intemperance, generally followed by a strict regimen of rice, vinegar and water. He had a dread of growing fat and always preferred simple food. When he went to Greece he lived chiefly on toast, cheese, vegetables, olives and light wine. Shelley was careless about his meals. His wife often sent food to his study, which

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he usually forgot to eat, and coming out of the room would, in his abstraction, ask: "Mary, have I dined?"

"Little Women" on the Stage

At last there is to be a stage version of *Little Women*, that story which since its publication in 1868 has appealed to so many generations of readers. The dramatisation has been made by Miss Jessie Bonstelle (Mrs. Alexander Stuart), who for eight years has been working to obtain the necessary permission. The copyrights were in the possession of Miss Alcott's two nephews, the famous twins, "Daisy" and "Demi" (John and Demijohn), sons of Miss Alcott's last surviviing sister, Mrs. Anna B. Pratt, to whom one of the editions, published by Little, Brown and Company, in 1889, was dedicated in these words: "The Sole Surviving Sister of Louisa M. Alcott, and Her Never Failing Help, Comforter and Friend from Birth to Death." In Boston the two Pratt boys when growing up were pointed out as the famous twins, just as Vivian Burnett was pointed out as Little Lord Fauntleroy. There has been a certain New England prejudice against making a play of the story, although Miss Alcott herself was fond of the theatre and actually wrote herself a short comedy which was produced at the Boston Theatre.

The original publishers of *Little Women* were Roberts Brothers of Boston. In September, 1867, they issued *Hospital Sketches*, an account of Miss Alcott's experiences during the war, which had appeared serially in the *Commonwealth*. The following year, in response to their request for a girl's book, Miss Alcott wrote *Little Women*, which was originally called "The Pathetic Family." Of the two hundred thousand dollars earned by Miss Alcott in literary work the greater part represented the profits from the "Little Women Series," which consisted of eight volumes—*Little Women, An Old Fashioned Girl, Little Men, Eight Cousins, Rose in Bloom, Under the Lilacs, Jack and Jill* and *Jo's Boys*. Miss Alcott did not hesitate to say that parts of *Little Women* were taken from life. This is her own statement:

> *Little Women*—The early plays and experiences; Beth's death; Jo's literary and Amy's artistic experiences; Meg's happy home; John Brooke and his death; Demi's character. Mr. March did not go to the war, but Jo did. Mrs. March is all true, only not half good enough. Laurie is not an American boy, though every lad I ever knew claims the character. He was a Polish boy Ladislas Wisinewski met abroad in 1865. Mr. Lawrence is my godfather.

"The War God"

Widely at variance are the comments on the production in London of Zangwill's new play *The War God*. By some of the critics it is hailed as an achievement; by others its dramatic merits are doubted, but by all it is declared to be original. With Count Tolstoy and Bismarck as the principal characters this claim could hardly be denied. Of course Zangwill has not been guilty of calling his people openly by these names, but any one with half an eye can see that in the Chancellor of Gothia, who personifies War, and in Frithiof, who stands for Peace, Bismarck and Tolstoy are meant. The whole question of war is one on which Mr. Zangwill feels very strongly, being one of its bitterest foes. On several occasions he has maintained that he would like to go down in history as an advocate of peace. In a recent interview he was reported as having said:

> Certain nations were of much finer quality before they became aggressive. Italy, for instance, gained its soul when it won its independence and realised Italian unity. What is it doing with its dearly bought freedom? It has embarked on a commonplace career of imperialism and its 'scutcheon is stained with the horrible atrocities at Tripoli.

The War God is not alone a protest against the actual taking up of arms, however, but is also a plea for less aggressiveness in twentieth century life. In one instance Frithiof says, "The God of War is now a man of business—with vested interests," which sentiment strikes the keynote of the play.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DEATHLESS

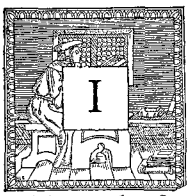
BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

O Love, if our life here be only this—
A casual record on Time's mystic scroll,
A memorandum that the years can roll
In the absorbing night of some abyss,
And utterly extinguish; if our bliss
Is thus to perish; heart and brain and soul
To be removed beyond our poor control—
Need we forget one single hour to kiss?

Nay, we must love until the stars are tossed
Into the darkness of oblivion;
Until in wasted ashes burns the sun,
And the mad moon hang like a disc of frost;
Then on Life's loom, where every thread is spun,
Our golden pattern never shall be lost.

THE FUNCTION OF DRAMATIC CRITICISM

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON



IF I were asked to name the one thing that the drama in America stood most in need of at the present moment, I should say dramatic criticism. In order to cultivate the finest flower of any art, it is necessary to coördinate to a common end the complimentary activities of the productive spirit and the critical spirit. The theatre in America is at present fairly healthy on the productive side. We have at least one native dramatist whose work is worthy of serious consideration; we have several native playwrights of real promise; we have many able actors; we have three or four great stage-directors; and we have one or two managers who import the best plays of other nations, and make it possible for us to see them on our stage and to compare them with our own. But our dramatic movement is deficient on the critical side. We have at present no dramatic critic of the first rank,—none who may be classed, for instance, with Mr. A. B. Walkley of the London *Times;* and we have only three or four writers who seem to be making any earnest effort to achieve the purpose of dramatic criticism. It is not that our newspapers and our magazines devote too little attention to the theatre; they devote, indeed, too much; but this attention is not critical in spirit. Nearly every newspaper in the country gives up many columns every week to comment, of some sort, upon the theatre; and many of our magazines conduct departments that are devoted to the stage. But the more we read the newspapers and the magazines, the more we shall perceive that the great majority of our professional commentators on the theatre are not, in the true sense, critics, and do not even aim to be. In fact, the one feature of their writing that strikes us most emphatically is the absence of any endeavour or desire to fulfil the function of dramatic criticism.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Concerning the function of criticism in general, there can be, I think, no question. It was stated once for all by Matthew Arnold, in one of those luminous phrases which, as soon as they are formulated, seem to have been graven forever upon granite. He defined criticism as "a disinterested endeavour to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world, and thus to establish a current of fresh and true ideas." From this we may derive the definition of dramatic criticism as "a distinterested endeavour to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the theatre of the world." The critic incurs a double duty,—first, to learn, and secondly, to teach:—to study in general the theatre of the world, and in particular the theatre of his own place and time, in an unfaltering endeavour to discover what is best in the current drama; and then to teach the public what is best by making clear the reasons why. His ultimate responsibility is not to the creator but to the public. It is not his duty to teach Sir Arthur Pinero how to write plays (supposing that were possible!): it is his duty to teach the public how Sir Arthur Pinero *has* written them. But to do this, he must first have learned, and learned from the creative masters of the art.

The first mark of the true critic is, therefore, the eagerness to learn. Criticism requires, as a firm foundation, both a broad and general culture and a deep particular equipment for the work in hand. The critic must be cognisant of life; for the drama is a visioning of life, and how can he judge the counterfeit presentment unless he knows the zest and tang of the original? He must be familiar with the aims and methods of the other arts; for how else can he judge that complex product, a modern acted play, where all the arts do seem to set their seal? He must have studied thoroughly the drama of other times and lands; for by what standard, otherwise, can he appraise the merit of the drama now at hand? And all these studies should have furnished him material from which to derive inductively the principles to guide him in his judgment. These principles (which are empirical always, and never *a priori*) he should build into a body of belief; and this philosophy of the dramatic art he should expound, whenever necessary, to the public, and should illustrate, whenever possible, in each particular review.

So much for the necessity of culture. Let us turn now to that other necessity of a particular equipment for the work in hand. The art of the drama is a living thing, and like all living things is growing. As a consequence, the philosophy of the drama, in any period of criticism, can be regarded only as pragmatical. A principle will serve only so long as it will serve. A new invention (like electric-lighting, for example) may quickly revolutionise the making of plays and require a consonant revolution in the principles of judging them. The very next play to be produced may demand of the critic that he shall broaden, or materially alter, his body of belief: for—let us insist again—the purpose of criticism is never to announce dogmatically how plays shall be made (for that would be absurd), but always to explain how they *have* been made, and to elucidate the reasons why. The critic, therefore, can never rest upon his oars; he can never be certain that what he knows already has equipped him fully to appreciate the next important dramatist who may appear. Therefore, he should keep his mind forever fresh and open, to receive and to evaluate each new impression, with all its possibilities of principle. The dramatic critic must be a tireless theatre-goer. To be a theatre-goer is not considered, by most people, difficult; but to maintain a tireless and searching mind amid a making of many plays to which there seems to be no end requires a moral power which ranks only a little on the hither side of the heroic.

And there are other moral qualities without which a writer cannot serviceably fulfil the function of dramatic criticism, however broad his culture, however thorough his equipment. The first of these is sympathy; and this quality is rare. The critic must exercise an eager catholicity of taste. He must appreciate not only what he likes but also what he does not like, provided that there be any adequate reason why other people like it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In his tireless and impersonal searching for the best, he must equably evaluate whatever is good of its kind in any type of play. He should judge a given work in accordance with the endeavour of the author. He must find out what sort of effect the author intended to produce and then determine to what extent he has succeeded in producing that effect. Ibsen intended a certain effect in *Hedda Gabler;* and if that were a new play, it would not be at all fair for the critic to prejudge it adversely because that effect is totally different from the effect, for example, that Shakespeare intended in *As You Like It.* Though a man may write of Shakespeare with the eloquence of angels, he is still an inefficient critic unless he can both learn and teach the merits of Ibsen, who has made some stir in the theatre of the world with work of an entirely different order. The critic should have no prejudices. Although he may have suffered through ten successive bad plays by a certain author, he must always be ready to recognise the merit of that author's eleventh play if it surprisingly surpasses its predecessors. Authors sometimes grow up. *Bought and Paid For* is written by the author of *An International Marriage* [we beg his pardon for recalling it]; and *Kismet* is the work of the same playwright who perpetrated *The Cottage in the Air.* The sympathetic critic should never give up hope: even Mr. Israel Zangwill may ultimately write a good play, if he lives to the allotted age of man.

Since the endeavour of real criticism is to learn and propagate the best, it is evident that its function is not destructive but constructive; and this is another reason why the critic must be richly endowed with sympathy. There seems to be a prevalent impression that the business of the critic is mainly to make adverse remarks concerning plays that happen to be bad; and this impression—utterly fallacious as it is—is emphatically detrimental to the cause of criticism. It is not the proper function of dramatic criticism to waste good thought upon the subject of bad plays. Most bad plays would die a natural death if they were merely let alone; and the critic should ignore them. His duty is to discover what is good, to explain why it is good, and to do all in his power to make the good prevail. This is more than enough to keep him busy; and to ask him to explain why a bad play is bad is to impose a superfluous task upon his patience. From the point of view of the ideal of criticism, it is surely a mistake for our newspapers to devote an almost equal amount of space to the review of every new play, irrespective of the nature of its aim or the quality of its execution. When a bad play is produced, it would be better to review it in some such terms as these:—"Last evening a play called *Crime,* by John Smith, was produced at Brown's Theatre, with Mary Jones in the leading rôle. The audience seemed to like it (or seemed not to). There is nothing in it that requires critical consideration." Sometimes, of course, when a bad play has succeeded and is being patronised by the public in preference to several better plays, it may become the duty of the critic to prove that it is bad, in order, by this negative procedure, to help the better to prevail. When great numbers of innocent theatregoers seem to think that *Everywoman,* for example, is a work of literature, it becomes necessary for the critic to protest; but even this duty is of minor importance compared with some constructive task of criticism,—the task, for instance, of explaining clearly to the public in what ways *The Thunderbolt* is a masterpiece of craftsmanship. Our magazine writers are granted this great advantage over our newspaper writers,—that they are permitted to ignore unworthy work; but they seem to be expected to devote more space to the consideration of plays that have succeeded than to plays that have failed. This latter editorial requirement leads them often into error. Any question of financial success or failure is impertinent to criticism. Criticism seeks the best; and for the critic it is more important to write at length about a good play that has failed in a night than about a poorer play that has crowded the theatre for an entire season.

But an even more important moral quality that is required of the critic is the delicate faculty of disinterestedness. He should always tell the truth as he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sees it, for the sole and self-sufficient reason that that is how he sees the truth, and should remain impervious to any ulterior consideration. But it is very difficult to be disinterested. Some years ago, when Mr. Belasco was fighting against the organised power of the so-called "theatre trust," our reviewers seemed to find it difficult not to help him in that worthy cause by praising all of his productions, irrespective of whether they happened to be good or bad. Our newspapers seem to have a habit of judging certain plays according to what is called their "news value," instead of according to their quality as works of art. *The Garden of Allah,* for example, which is so bad a play that it should be dismissed by the critic in a single summary paragraph explaining the essence of its ineffectiveness, has been talked about for column after column,—because the scenery is expensive, or the theatre used to be the New Theatre, or the camels are real camels, or the Arabs are imported from the desert, or Mr. Waller's salary is high, or any other of a multitude of reasons beyond the ken of criticism. Meanwhile, Mr. Charles Kenyon's profoundly sincere and moving play entitled *Kindling* is allowed to linger along with very little notice, because it is not supposed to have any "news value."

The disinterested critic will not be influenced by that fetish of editors and publishers whose name is "what the public wants." If the public invariably and infallibly wanted the best that is known and thought, there would be no work for criticism to accomplish. If the public wants *The Never Homes* and does not want *The Thunderbolt,* that is the very reason why the critic should ignore the noisy "show" and write a dozen articles to explain the merits of Sir Arthur's artistry. And, in the pursuance of his labour to help the best art to prevail, the critic should never for a moment consider whether or not the public is likely to enjoy the things he has to say. He should never write for popularity; he should always be inconsiderate of himself; and this is, perhaps, the finest flower of disinterestedness.

The final mark of the true critic is the eagerness to teach. "Every great poet is a teacher," said Wordsworth, "I wish to be considered as a teacher or as nothing." Concerning this conception of the poet's function there may be some question; but I do not think that any one can doubt that every great critic is a teacher. What other word than this so aptly fits a writer whose endeavour is to "propagate the best that is known and thought"? It is the critic's privilege to teach the public what he himself has learned from his tireless study of the works of the creators. The theatre-going public is not tireless; it lacks, because it is a crowd, both culture and equipment; it is deficient in appreciation, in poise, in sanity, in judgment. It needs the service of the critic to estimate for it the value of its own experience. And the dramatist also needs the service of the critic to elucidate his message and explain his merits to a public that otherwise might miss the aim of his endeavour. The critic acts as a mediator between the artist and the multitude, explaining the one to the many, gathering the many to a fresh and true appreciation of the one.

This point,—that the critic must be considered as a teacher or as nothing,—seems to me to be, in any high view of the question, unassailable; and yet this is precisely the point that is missed in all but a very little of that vast volume of writing concerning the contemporary theatre which pours from the presses of our American newspapers and magazines. Most of our dramatic columns and departments seem to be edited with the idea that the function of the critic is not to teach, but to entertain, not to think, but merely (heaven knows why!) to be facetious. The critic of painting is not expected to be funny about Velasquez, but the critic of the drama seems to be expected to be funny about Ibsen. Of course there are times when the most effective way to teach a certain truth is by laughing very hard: consider, as an illustration, Mr. Chesterton's bracing habit of leading us to laugh our way into the very presence of his God. But there are also times for giving over laughter, and removing our hats decorously,—in the presence, say, of M. Maeterlinck.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The persevering triviality of the treatment of the drama in our press seems to be due to the fact that the majority of our American publishers have misconceived the sort of interest that our public has begun, latterly, to take in the dramatic art. Our drama is no longer a thing to joke about. Serious works by serious-minded playwrights are being set forth, with adequate acting and exemplary stage-direction, by serious-minded managers; and these works are being patronised by serious-minded people. The mere fact that thousands and thousands of people all over the country paid their money for several successive years to see *The Witching Hour* proves that our public is not only willing but eager to take an intelligent interest in our best dramatic art. These people—and their name is legion—must be willing also to listen to serious dramatic criticism. Our publishers, for the most part, are a tremulous lot. They are beset forever with the fear—to use their own phrase—of "talking over people's heads." They do not dare to teach, for fear that nobody will listen. But the heads of those who read about the theatre in our various publications loom far higher than these publishers imagine; and the danger of talking over them is not nearly so considerable as that other danger—never thought about, apparently—of talking under them. The general reader—that genial gentleman who pays our printer's bills—does not read about the theatre unless he is interested in the theatre; and an interest in the theatre is in itself an indication of intelligence. Any person who cares at all about an art must be capable of caring earnestly about it; any intelligent person must be willing to think seriously concerning a subject that he cares about. Why, then, should we treat our theatre-going public as if it were incapable of thought, and eager only to look at pictures of pretty women and read facetious trivialities?

Our theatre-going public has given ample evidence of its willingness to be taught. What else than this is indicated, for example, by the growth of the Drama League of America, in less than two years, to a membership of twenty-five thousand in over thirty different states? By the mere fact of joining the League these people have practically said,—"We wish to learn the best that is known and thought in the theatre of to-day. We want to patronise the best plays. Tell us which are the best plays, and tell us why." If we had a single great dramatic critic, like Francisque Sarcey for example, the answer to these people would be easy. The League could answer, "Read his writings; read everything that he writes." But instead of this condition, we observe a multitude of people asking eagerly to be taught, and finding nobody to teach them. And this is the condition that the great majority of our editors confront with an apparently unalterable conviction that the theatre-going public does not want to be taught but wishes merely to be entertained.

But not only is dramatic criticism wanted by the theatre-going public; it is also wanted—it is indeed desperately needed—by our best creative artists in the drama. The dramatist who has written a good play does not need to be told why it is good; but he *does* need that the public shall be told why it is good, by some one whose judgment the public has learned to respect. We are at present passing through a period of overproduction in our theatre; and amid the multitudinous bewilderment of presentations, the average theatre-goer is left at a loss to know which plays to patronise. Hence the intervention of the critic is absolutely necessary, in order that the best plays may be assisted to prevail. Not until the function of dramatic criticism assumes among us the dignity and the authority which it exercises now in Paris shall we be at all certain that the best plays will prevail and the poorest plays go under. And how, unless we can be fairly certain that the best plays will prevail, shall our promising dramatists be encouraged to stride forward boldly in their art,—to conquer new provinces of truth in the expectation of a new appreciation?

For, as Arnold said, it is one of the functions of criticism to prepare the way for new creative effort by establishing a current of fresh and true ideas. The drama, in particular, is an art that derives its inspiration from the attitude of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the general and public mind. You cannot give a drama of ideas to an audience devoid of them; but to an audience that has been taught to think, you can give a drama that makes it think profoundly. The critic, by teaching the public to appreciate what is best in the plays it has already seen, may prepare it to appreciate what is best in the plays that our advancing dramatists will set before it ten and twenty years from now. Thus criticism not only follows but precedes creation. The critic is not only an expositor of the best that has been done; he is also a herald and annunciator of the best that is to be.

GOING TO THE OPERA IN PUERTO RICO

BY FREDERIC DEAN

E was immaculately clean and he whistled enchantingly. The white trousers through which his black shins protruded, though patched and darned until the original design was entirely obliterated, were as white as the cemented pavement of the Plaza at his feet. The youngster —possibly fourteen—was sitting on one of the marble benches at the upper end of the playground, where, screened from the morning sun by the overhanging Pavona trees, he was scanning the announcement of the coming opera season at the Teatro Municipal and lovingly vocalising each favourite as he came to it. Excerpts from *Favorita* and *Faust; Giaconda* and *Bohème;* the Prologue from *Pagliacci,* "Celeste Aïda," the Sextette from *Lucia,* "Spirito Gentil" and scraps from *Madama Butterfly* punctuated his perusal of the bill, which told him that the "compania de Italiana" was returning from Venezuela for a second capture of the Island's dollars. True Islander that he was, this child in his clean tatters knew his scores as well as many a paid critic on an influential northern daily, and was scheming as he read and whistled how he could make his pennies carry him through the entire season and enable him to lean over the Paraiso rail at least two nights a week and rehear some of his favourites of the musical menu offered.

The Teatro Municipal is a huge rectangular structure built for hot weather and facing the Plaza Colon. Old Andres Crosus will tell you all about the building of the "big barn" in his father's time, way back in 1790, and of the wonderful opera nights in his own youth, when the box-holders and their ladies crowded the newly gilded La Mallorquina and enjoyed their cakes and wine after *Trovatore* and *The Barber of Seville.* Like all Puerto Rican houses the Teatro is built for strength and protection, and to its thick walls is due, in large measure, the delightful temperature that at all times pervades it. The foyer, running round three sides of the building, is fully twenty feet wide and is cooled by the breezes from the bay that sweep in through high windows screened with latticed doors—there is no glass in the building—that open to the floor. Still other doors permit one to step into the boxes direct from the foyer—lattices through which generations of caballeros have flirted with the gentle señoritas within. The orchestra seats but three hundred and forty, and the surrounding boxes number but twenty, while the second tier of boxes—fully as fashionable—claims but one more, making but forty-one in all, and the third floor, called the "Paraiso," has but six rows of seats, every one of which is cool and comfortable, however, the builder of the house evidently believing in the maxim that onlookers and listeners must not be stinted as to room.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TEATRO MUNICIPAL

GRAN COMPAÑIA

DE OPERA ITALIANA

EMPRESA PUERTO RICO

Segunda y última temporada de San Juan, P. R.

MAESTRO CONCERTADOR Y DIRECTOR DE ORQUESTA
CAV: GINO PUCCETTI

MARTES 6 DE DICIEMBRE DE 1910
A las ocho y media de la noche

PRIMERA FUNCION
EXTRAORDINARIA

TOSCA

Gran Efecto Orquestral,
Con la hábil combinación de las
CAMPANAS TUBULARES
Ideadas por Puccini

Al Público y á la Prensa de San Juan:

Los Artistas y la Empresa, en su SEGUNDA Y ULTIMA VISTA A LA GENTIL Y SIMPATICA CIUDAD DE SAN JUAN, saluda cariñosamente al bondadoso público y á la Prensa que tan gallardamente acogieron nuestra labor artística.

Fieles á nuestra promesa, ofrecemos realizar la última temporada con las obras más selectas del repertorio, entre ellas algunas nuevas que serán presentadas con la perfección y el lujo escénico á que es acreedora esta culta Capital, donde siempre vive latente el sentimiento artístico.

TOSCA

la brillante inspiración del celebrado MAESTRO PUCCINI, es la obra elegida para el DEBUT y si la labor artística de hoy alcanza igual acogida que la que mereció ayer, se verán realizados nuestros más vehementes deseos.

LOS ARTISTAS.—LA EMPRESA

Programa

La célebre ópera en 3 actos del Maestro Puccini,

TOSCA

REPARTO

FLORA (TOSCA) ..... SRA. DE REVERS
CAVARADOSI ..... SR. DE BERNARDO
SCARPIA ..... SR. BARETTIN
ANGELOTTI ..... SIG. TONDINI
EL SACRISTAN ..... SR. BERDOGNI
SPOLETA ..... SR. DOMENICHETTI
SCHARONE ..... SR. FABRO
CARCELERO ..... SR. FABRO

SOLDADOS, ETC.—CORO GENERAL

NOTAS IMPORTANTES

Habrá Trolley despues de la función para el público de Santurce y Río Piedras.
Media hora despues de la función saldrá para Cataño la lancha "MI LANCHA" propiedad del Sr. Alamo
No se suspende la función por lluvia
No se repite función á los Sres. abonados.
Habrá función todos los dias.
Quedan prohibidas las entradas de favor.
A los Sres. abonados se les reservarán sus localidades hasta las 2 de la tarde del dia de la función.
Las localidades de oficio, son personales é intrasmisible.

Precios

Palcos	$ 12.00
Lunetas 3er Piso	5.00
Luneta	2.50
Entrada general	1.00
Balcón con entrada	1.25
PARAISO	0.50

PRECIOS DE ABONO

Palcos sin entradas . .	$ 100.00
Lunetas con entradas .	22.00
Balcones " "	12.00

PROXIMAMENTE

LUCIA, por el tenor Sr. De Bernardo,
Y MANNON.

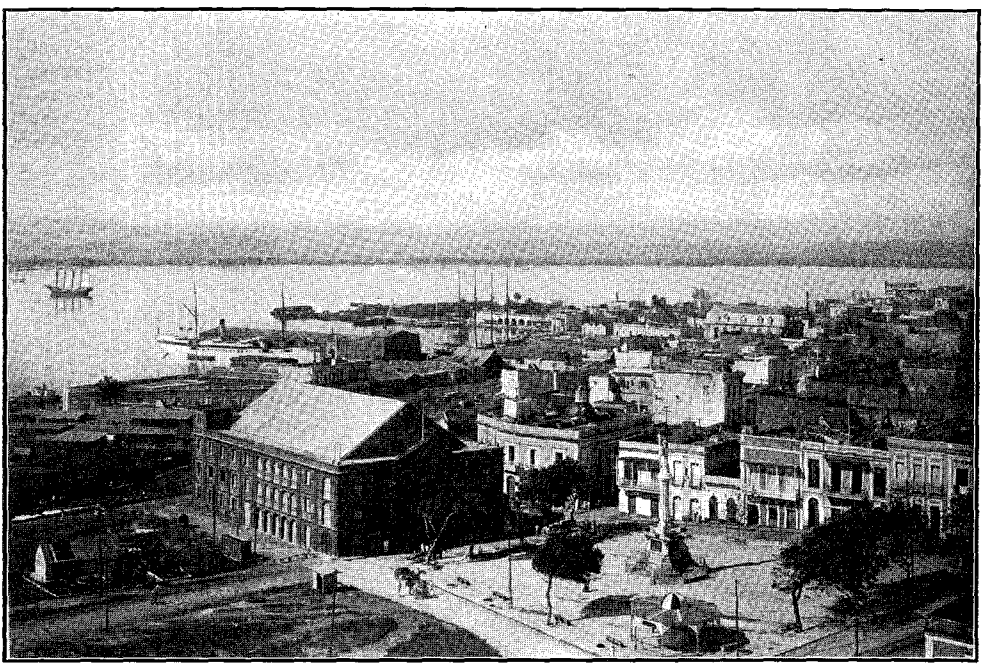
PRESENTING "LA TOSCA"

Even the chairs in the boxes are cane-seated and enticingly wide and are placed far apart—a box with room for ten holding but six chairs. The only uncomfortable-looking places in the entire auditorium are the six proscenium loges that are perched over the stage, three on a side. Fortunately these are seldom for sale, but are kept for the dignitaries.

Signor Marin, the Puerto Rican impresario who was bringing this particular company from South America, and who, for the last quarter century has been bringing company after company from all parts of the world to this particular market, has all of the characteristics that go to make for success in his peculiarly hazardous calling. Half Italian and half Spanish, he was born with a superb audacity and an inordinate love of all that was sumptuous, glittering—radiantly magnificent. As a youth he proved himself to be a prodigy of amiability and cleverness, and he has risen to his present eminence by his unflagging energy and daring industry—qualities rarely found in the Latin. Far too clever to busy himself with the details of rehearsals and the every-day squabbles among the members of his little coterie of mimes, he has plenty of time to see that his subscription list is in advance of last year's and that the repertory chosen will suit the varied tastes of all that can afford to pay the prices asked. Swarthy of face and short of stature, he is, nevertheless, a presence, as he stands at the entrance gate, fan in hand, and salutes the prominent patrons by name, not forgetting to compliment every lady that sweeps up the broad staircase to her place.

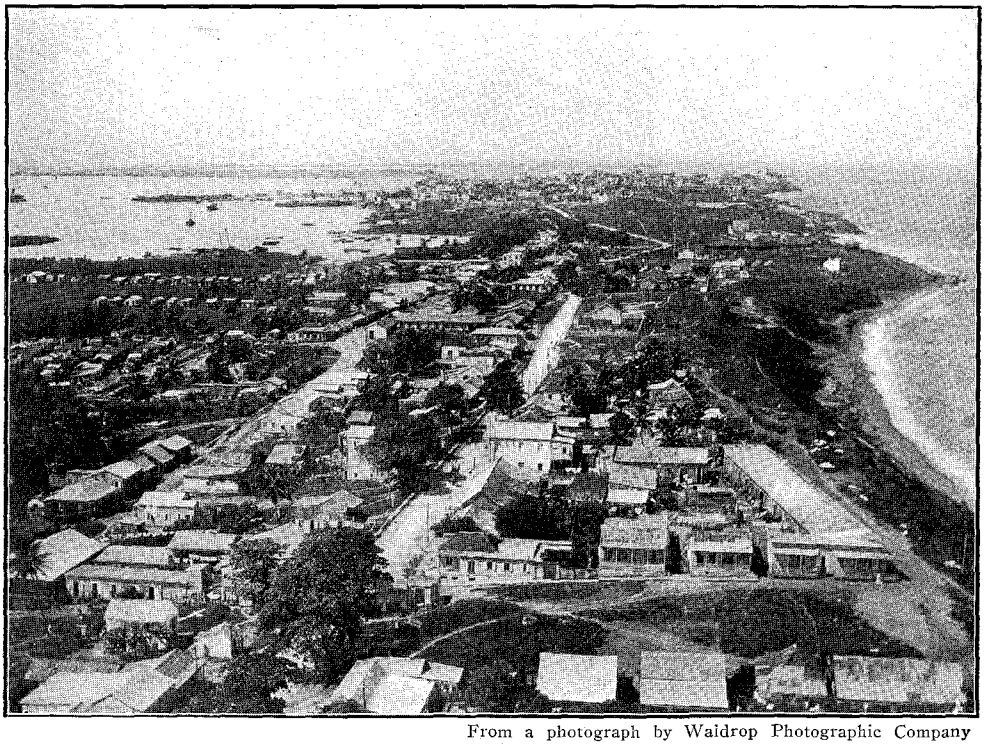
The season is formally opened with Puccini's *Tosca*. The performance does not commence until twenty minutes to ten, but it is worth the wait to have the opportunity of studying the house. The head usher, a curly-headed gentleman in white, never allows his cigarette to go out and waves you to your seat with the air of a prime minister without removing his cigarette from between his lips—answering your questions, meanwhile, with kindly courtesy. The scene is a brilliant one. Diamonds blaze in the boxes and the hundreds of pretty scarfs

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From a photograph by A. Moscioni

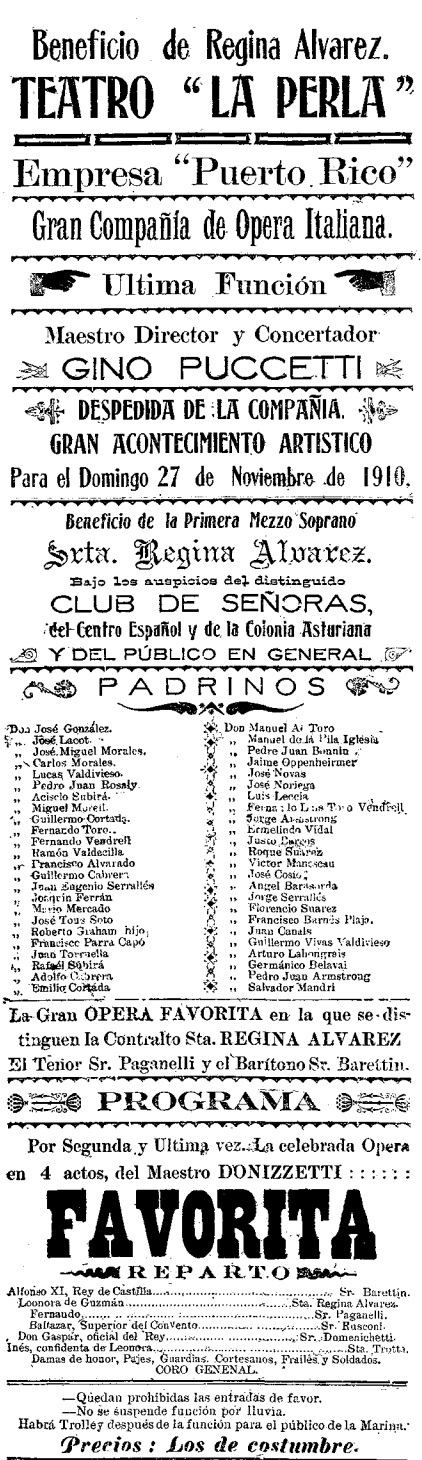
THE TEATRO MUNICIPAL AND PLAZA COLON AT SAN JUAN



From a photograph by Waldrop Photographic Company

GENERAL VIEW OF SAN JUAN, SHOWING THE TEATRO MUNICIPAL

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Beneficio de Regina Alvarez.

TEATRO "LA PERLA"

Empresa "Puerto Rico"

Gran Compañía de Opera Italiana.

Ultima Función

Maestro Director y Concertador

GINO PUCCETTI

DESPEDIDA DE LA COMPAÑIA.

GRAN ACONTECIMIENTO ARTISTICO

Para el Domingo 27 de Noviembre de 1910.

Beneficio de la Primera Mezzo Soprano

Srta. Regina Alvarez.

Bajo los auspicios del distinguido

CLUB DE SEÑORAS,

del Centro Español y de la Colonia Asturiana

Y DEL PÚBLICO EN GENERAL

PADRINOS

Don José González.
" José Lacot.
" José Miguel Morales.
" Carlos Morales.
" Lucas Valdivieso.
" Pedro Juan Rosaly.
" Aciselo Subirá.
" Miguel Morell.
" Guillermo Cortada.
" Fernando Toro.
" Fernando Vendrell
" Ramón Valdecilla
" Francisco Alvarado
" Guillermo Cabrera
" Juan Eugenio Serrallés
" Joaquín Ferrán
" Mario Mercado
" José Tous Soto
" Roberto Graham hijo
" Francisco Parra Capó
" Juan Torruella
" Rafael Subirá
" Adolfo Cabrera
" Emilio Cortada

Don Manuel A. Toro
" Manuel de la Pila Iglesia
" Pedro Juan Bonnin
" Jaime Oppenheirmer
" José Novas
" José Noriega
" Luis Leccia
" Fernando Luis Toro Vendrell
" Jorge Armstrong
" Ermelindo Vidal
" Justo Burgos
" Roque Suarez
" Victor Manceau
" José Cosio
" Angel Barasorda
" Jorge Serrallés
" Florencio Suarez
" Francisco Barnés Plajo.
" Juan Canals
" Guillermo Vivas Valdivieso
" Arturo Labongrais
" Germánico Belavai
" Pedro Juan Armstrong
" Salvador Mandri

La Gran OPERA FAVORITA en la que se distinguen la Contralto Sta. REGINA ALVAREZ El Tenor Sr. Paganelli y el Barítono Sr. Barettin.

PROGRAMA

Por Segunda y Ultima vez. La celebrada Opera en 4 actos, del Maestro DONIZZETTI : : : : : :

FAVORITA

REPARTO

Alfonso XI, Rey de Castilla..... Sr. Barettin.
Leonora de Guzmán..... Sta. Regina Alvarez.
Fernando..... Sr. Paganelli.
Baltazar, Superior del Convento..... Sr. Rusconi.
Don Gaspar, oficial del Rey..... Sr. Domenichetti.
Inés, confidenta de Leonora..... Sta. Trotta.
Damas de honor, Pajes, Guardias. Cortesanos, Frailes y Soldados.
CORO GENENAL.

—Quedan prohibidas las entradas de favor.
—No se suspende función por lluvia.
Habrá Trolley después de la función para el público de la Marina.

Precios : Los de costumbre.

Tip. "La Defensa" Mayor esquina á Comercio Ponce. P .R.

PRESENTING "FAVORITA"

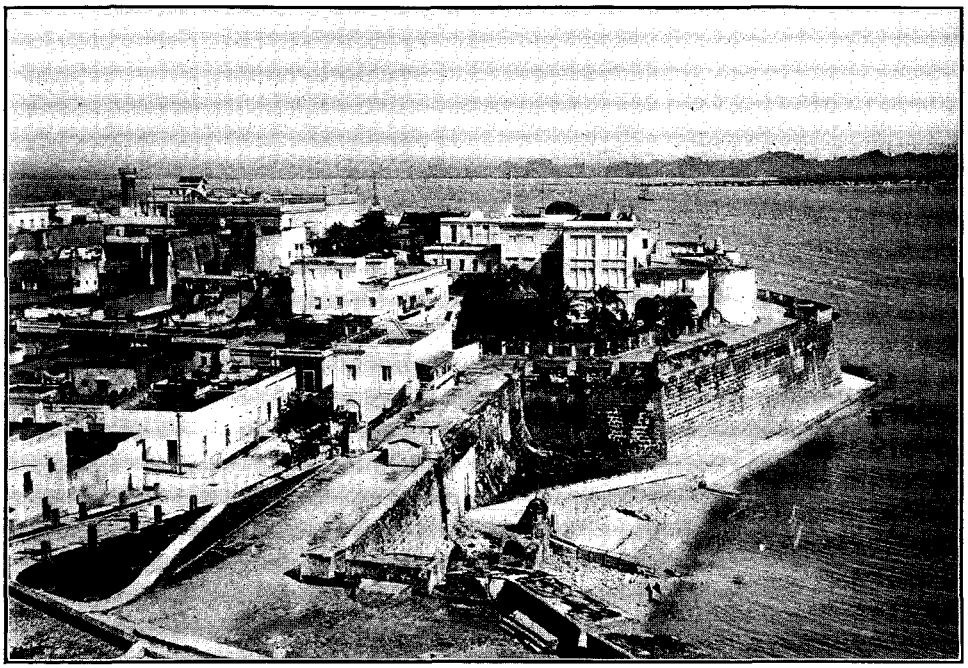
of varied hues—every lady present wears or carries one—make a mass of ever-changing tints extending from orchestra to Paraiso, giving to the entire auditorium an added brilliance and resembling for all the world terraced tiers of tropical flowers swaying in the breeze. Very few of the men are in black, preferring for the most part their far more comfortable linens—linens of white, of buff, and brown, and even of twilled blues and soft greys. Here and there an officer of army or navy makes a pretty showing of epaulettes and gold lace, and the women shine in gorgeous raiment. Filmy laces from the looms of Valencia and creations from Paris and Barcelona caress the shoulders of the Island beauties; and always and everywhere is the inevitable fan. No woman in the world can fan so gracefully as the Spanish señorita. No women in the world have such adorable hands and wrists—and, possibly, no woman in the world knows so well that she has them. The Puerto Rican gentleman is not only well-to-do but rich, and his wife and daughters buy their jewels with consummate taste; and, compared with presentations of opera elsewhere the world over, be it at the Metropolitan in New York, the London Covent Garden, or the Paris Opéra, there is in this display at the Teatro Municipal at San Juan—save that it is on a very much smaller scale—quite as much beauty, quite as much dress and display of jewels, quite as much aristocracy, charm of manner, and good breeding. That exquisitely gowned lady who is holding court in the centre box of the second tier is Señora de Georgetti, wife of the owner of the Plazuela sugar plantation. Tall, slender, with the skin of the clearest olive, masses of luxuriant hair as fine as spun gold and as black as a raven's wing, and with eyes as deep and as purple as a mountain pool, la Señora is as charming and accomplished as she is beautiful. On both sides of her are the boxes of rival society leaders, and scattered throughout the house are prominent members of the "Club de Damas," an association of great social prominence. Vivacious señoritas, descendants from old Castilian families, are present by the score, modishly

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gowned and richly jewelled. Among the Americans on the Island Governor Colton and his sister, Miss Margery, "the first lady of the land," are often seen at the opera; members of the Country Club and residents of Santurce, one of San Juan's most picturesque suburbs, motor in for an act or more, and the good people from Cataño and Bayamon sail across the bay to hear their favourites.

Not only the paying public but the paid orchestra is worth studying. The concert-meister is a slip of a Florentine scarcely twenty-two, but he loves his art, and this particular score makes his eyes gleam and his fiddle sing. His left-hand neighbour is a mulatto girl, brought by the company from Caracas. She, too, plays extremely well, but she is perfectly oblivious of the fact that her dress is a brilliant red and that it shines out from among the black coats like a vivid geranium. The entire orchestra numbers but thirty-four and is recruited from many sources. Some of the best wood-winds are from Señor Miranda's regimental band that plays every Thursday in the Plaza Principal. The celebrated flutist, Señor Profesor Rafael Marguez, has left his retirement in San Sebastian Street to add his artistic mite to the company of earnest workers within the musicians' rail; the harpist is known both at the Palace and the Casa Blanca, and, among the strings, are Islanders of artistic prominence.

A loud bell clangs behind the scenes and is answered by a still more strident one in the lobby. Men throw away their cigars and hurry to their seats. The buzz of voices is hushed; the lights are lowered, Signor Nino Puccetti steps into the conductor's chair and the opening chords, so full of the solemn, forbidding, gruesome story, are heard, and the curtain is raised. One misses at first the immensity of the stage of the Metropolitan in New York and the army of supernumeraries that the manager of the Paris Opera manages to scatter about in such realistic confusion, but these are but momentary fancies. You are caught up and swirled into the very core of the story before you are aware of any shortcomings of stage furnishings. The conductor is young, energetic and competent. Signora de Nevers, the Floria Tosca, is



From a photograph by Waldrop Photographic Company

THE PALACE. THE AMERICAN GOVERNOR'S RESIDENCE AT SAN JUAN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a thorough Latin, with an exuberant and inordinate personality, who forgets everything but the stress of the moment and has an unpleasant way of sending chills down your back with the slightest movement or the smallest word. Cavaradossi, young de Bernato, has a voice that is rich and full and that reminds you of Caruso at its best. The first few bars of his opening recitative arrest your attention at once, and, with the entrance of Floria and the scene with her lover, you begin to realise that not all opera centres in the better known musical meccas after all. There is a reality about this performance that has been strangely lacking in the work as you have been accustomed to hear it. That woman that just left the stage is no opera singer of the present day singing for so many thousand dollars per night, but a real flesh and blood performer of the time of Scarpia the Great, singing for his pleasure and for his purse, in the summer of 1800, and madly in love with her favourite of the moment, one Cavaradossi, a painter. You forget that the prima donna's gowns are not patterned after sketches made by her artist-husband; you forget that the tenor is not the highest-priced product of his kind; forget that you are down in the tropics, sitting in white linens and listening to the same music you had heard in New York and Paris and Vienna. The intensity of the dramatic action on the stage, the occasional straining of voice to almost snapping point, kindle a like fire among the players of fiddles and horns and drums, and the music comes to you hot and blistered with passion. You agonise with Cavaradossi in the torture chamber, rejoice with Tosca as she hisses broken sentences of scorn into the ears of Scarpia dying at her feet—you even join in the tumult that compels the tenor to repeat his final aria seven times.

They enjoy their opera in San Juan, but they need their long entr'actes of over a half-hour each to cool their brains and ease the strain a bit. At the first drop of the curtain every man rushes from the house into the cool Plaza, where he smokes and strolls and strolls and smokes. The younger and less wealthy ones indulge in the guava paste and soft drinks offered at the kiosks at the corners of the Plaza; others patronise the Café Cavadonga, just across the way, where is dispensed every kind of liquor known from a Scotch high ball to dainty cordials served with cool sparkling mineral waters, and where, to those properly introduced, the genial deaf and dumb host, Señor Cavadonga, in *propia persona* may serve his rare old Spanish wines from queer-shaped flagons, covered with dusty cobwebs.

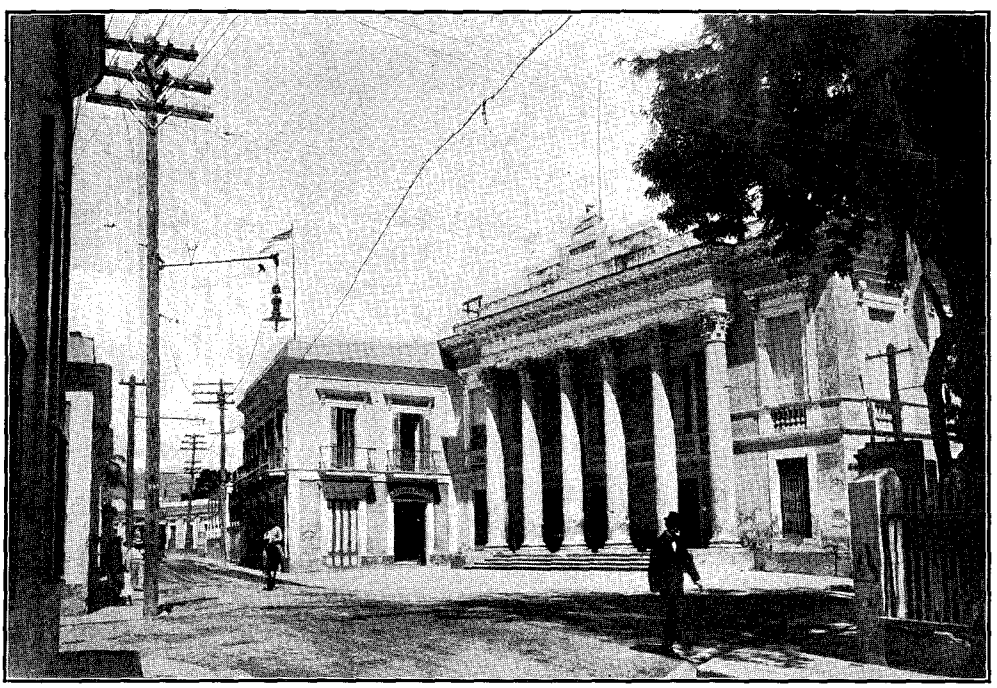
Again the clanging bells and again the resumption of the operatic story in the darkened auditorium, and so, on and on, until long after one in the morning, when the listeners emerge into the inevitable opera crush with tooting autos and jabbering attendants. The Islanders are not late birds as a rule, but one can always find a chosen few sipping their nightcaps at Filippi's or Cavadonga's, or playing a game of billiards at the delightful French Club overlooking the Plaza Principal. The public service, too, is most convenient. There are late trams to carry the stragglers out to Rio Pedres; a launch waits to ferry the last load across the bay to Cataño and Bayamon, and those living on shipboard can always find a nest of little boats at the quay of la Marina, whose willing owners are waiting to paddle out to the black hulls anchored in the bay.

This supplementary opera season lasted four weeks. *Lucia* and *Rigoletto; Aïda* and *Manon Lescaut; Cavalleria* and *Pagliacci; Ernani, The Masked Ball; Otello, Giaconda, Fedora, Mefistofele* and some half dozen others were sung and sung to most appreciative and—though generous—discriminating auditors. For a certain Sunday evening—Sunday is always a gala occasion—*The Masked Ball* was announced, and the usual brilliant Sunday audience had gathered to hear it. In the afternoon, one of the prima donnas was taken violently ill. Too late to make an announcement, another opera—already rehearsed—was put on in the place of the one announced, and the late comers were greeted with the strains of the substituted overture as they entered the doors. "Ah, *Ernani*," they smilingly exclaimed to their neighbours, and softly humming

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the familiar music, they passed down to their places, seemingly taking it as a personal compliment that their individual tastes had been considered and gratified.

In the company were a half-dozen excellent prima donnas. Vaccari, a soprano of the di Murska order, sang Gilda's aria in the second act of *Rigoletto* with an exhibition of pyrotechnics that brought her audience to its feet, and for the moment the clamour from the stalls put to rout all attempted orchestral divertisements. Regina Alvarez, American Bonci," a really delightful lyrist, whose *Spirito gentil* was whistled on the street for weeks after his departure for other scenes of triumph, and Filippo d'Octavo, who wore beautiful costumes and wonderful silver armour, but roared through *Ernani* and *Giaconda* like an untamed bull. Signor di Barrettin, the baritone upon whose shoulders fell the rôles of Scarpia, Tonio, Amanasro and the like, though not so fine an artist as his fellow-worker de Bernardo, was by no means mediocre,



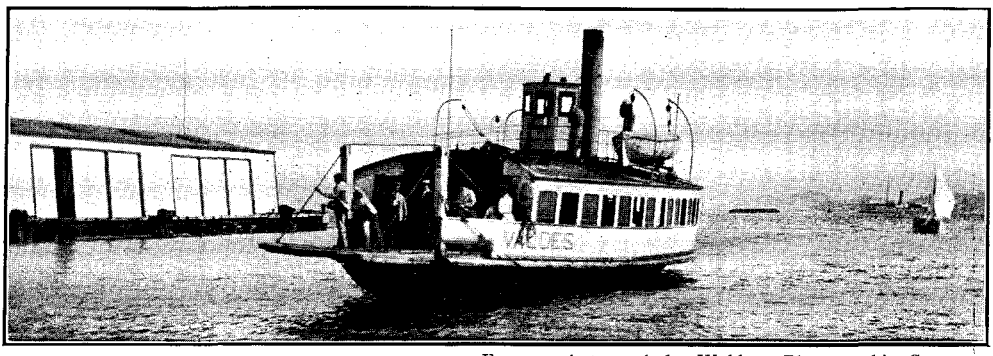
LA PERLE. THE OPERA HOUSE AT PONCE

called "the Carmen of young Spain," was starred in *Aïda,* though she sang the rôle of Amneris, and dominated any work in which she was cast. Her voice is superb, and her hands, her head, her entire torso are equally expressive and beautiful. Signora Massa, a young Roman matron of regal bearing, was most attractive in *Fedora,* and Gina de Martin, the pretty little wife of the director,—French to her finger tips,—made a charming Manon in Massenet's opera and a most seductive Maddalena in *Rigoletto.* And, as for the men, de Bernardo's honours were competed for by Paganelli, the "South and his friend de Belletti, who hails from Verdi's birthplace, Roncone, and is a pupil of Mascagni, was more than acceptable as Ashton in *Lucia,* The High Priest in *Aïda,* and Mefistofele in Boito's narrative opera.

These names sound strange and possibly second class to those who know only the stars of the first magnitude, but, nevertheless, the members of this valiant little company possess in large degree the vigorous simplicity of life that belongs to great creative and executive art, and, at their high stress of emotion, in the culmination of their borrowed pas-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sions, they appeal to and affect their hearers with tremendous force and directness. Their work is saturated with their own personality. They are very eager, very vivid, very tense. Their empire is over the imagination and the passions; they are endowed with a technical skill of high quality; they give of themselves with prodigal profusion, and they are paid for their gifts with an intemperance of admiration such as is unknown in the colder audiences of the north—audiences of much boasted culture and contemplation, rigorously and sedately self-contained, audiences that possibly have never seen and heard and felt and become intoxicated with the joys and the sorrows of the real Aïdas and Santuzzas and Neddas that are found at the opera in Puerto Rico.

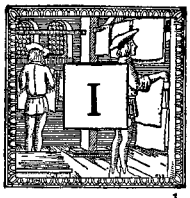


From a photograph by Waldrop Photographic Company

THE FERRYBOAT "VALDES," THAT CARRIES THE OPERA PATRONS TO SAN JUAN FROM CATANO, ACROSS THE BAY

MR. PIPP: TOURIST

BY LOUIS BAURY



IF the place to study Art be in life, then, surely, the place to study life is in Art. Life as it happens from day to day is a helter-skelter, topsy-turvy affair of random occurrence and quite lacking in any sort of coördination. Not until Art has rearranged and lent to the scattered fragments the mystic magic of her touch can they assume their proper proportions and relation. Art, with discriminate fastidiousness, selecting where she lists and rejecting what she will, takes the body of life and gives back to it its soul. The man in the street lives; the artist, from the tower of his own point of view, explains. And for the most part the man in the street must rest content with the explanation thus vouchsafed.

Particularly does this apply to that aspect of life which we somewhat indefinitely style "society." Even when he would and could, the man in the street has no opportunity to form first-hand impressions of the portion of mankind which that classification embraces. For, although the bars have been spasmodically lowered since Mr. Ward MacAllister rather arbitrarily limited its extent to four hundred persons, the average man has to this day been kept scrupulously without. Society must continue, to a certain extent, at least, exclusive if it would remain "society."

One of the reasons why Charles Dana Gibson looms so conspicuously among the legion of artists who, both in word and in line, would serve here as the public's interpreter, is that he belongs to that small company who know whereof they treat. From youth he has moved in society, while all its pleasures and flurries

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and woes have been exhibiting themselves for his benefit. Just at present Mr. Gibson is in a position where his ideas and his work alike take on a peculiar significance. After a brief foray into the field of oil painting, he has returned again to the medium wherein he first achieved fame. Having lately concerned himself almost exclusively with illustration—a form of work, from its nature, necessarily far less personal than cartooning—he has left us still more or less in doubt as to what the future holds in store. So far we know merely that he has come back with a new and markedly different type of girl and a general

Portrait by Peter A. Juley, New York

CHARLES DANA GIBSON

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

style which on the whole appears freer, easier, and a trifle surer than formerly.

It is inconceivable that a man of such facile creative ability as Mr. Gibson should for long confine himself to a form so limited in scope as illustration. In fact, already he is beginning to bow to the inevitable and furnish us with more of his lively, pleasing cartoons; yet, delightful as these undeniably are, the most striking thing about them has been the fact that they represent the work of a new Gibson—a maturer one, to be sure; yet, none the less, a new one. For that very reason at this time, when he stands upon the threshold of a new era in his development, it becomes doubly interesting to glance back over the work of the old Gibson. That work represented the triumphant outpourings of exuberant youth—just as did Kipling's work in *Soldiers Three* and *Plain Tales*—and at the same time a youth which, happily, never lapsed into callowness. It endeared itself to us on that account. Sufficient time, too, has now elapsed to permit of our reviewing quite dispassionately the drawings of that period—the drawings which reached their most intense expression in the "Gibson girl" and in *The Education of Mr. Pipp*.

Copyright, by "Life" Publishing Company

"MR. PIPP.—A LUDICROUSNESS TINGED WITH A VAGUE, ELUSIVE PATHOS, WHICH SERVED ONLY TO MAKE THOSE WHO LAUGHED MOST HEARTILY LOVE HIM THE BETTER"

Of the "Gibson girl" enough has been said already. Perhaps too much. In looking back on her recently the man who fashioned her said: "I see now that she has many faults: She is too cold, a shade too feelingless, perhaps, but—she was the best I could do at the time." In view of the enormous vogue she enjoyed, this seems almost too modest and would perhaps be resented by hundreds of young women who took pains to pattern after her in her day; still there are fashions in women as in everything else and —but it is ungallant to discuss a lady behind her back. With Mr. Pipp, however, no such fault can be found. That nomadic little soul possessed infinite feeling and bore testimony to the fact by running an infinite gamut of facial expression.

The birth of Mr. Pipp—though it is said without the slightest intentional affront to that gentleman—was somewhat in the nature of an accident. A short time before the outbreak of the Spanish War Mr. Gibson found himself in Munich, with a commission to supply for *Life* a series of weekly cartoons, and no very definite notion as to what shape the latter would take. While he was in this quandry there applied to him an elderly German model. He was the sort of man to whom illustrators give occasional employment when there is need for an "old man type," but who is, for the most part, not in extensive demand. Gibson, however, sensed immediately the values latent in that seamed, pliable face with the story of the passing of so many seasons writ in its sagging lines. He revolved the vision of it in his mind, sifted its possibilities, until gradually its most salient features took definite form as Mr. Pipp. Gibson sent for the man, studied his face anew, Americanised him, and then and there set to work on the first drawing of the series that was destined to be *The Education of Mr. Pipp*.

"After that," said the artist in telling of it, "I had a definite and easily recognised type with which I was familiar, and the rest was easy. All that remained was to put him through the most likely adventures and show him as an American of his sort would appear in the various situations." And although this is precisely what Mr. Gibson did, no one observing the sudden, vivid emotions of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Pipp and the philosophic resignation which so speedily follows can fail to perceive the influences of the Teutonic stock from which he sprang.

When we first meet Pipp we find him under pressure. His family confronts him in the Pipp parlour. It is not a sitting-room, nor a drawing-room, nor even a living-room, that apartment; it is an out and out parlour. The few odd chairs of modern design which have been insinuated into it cannot disguise that fact. The horse-hair sofa of the pre-Reconstruction period, the festive Swiss landscape, the quaint pictures of departed Pipps in heroic postures, the mantel ornament of wax flowers with its domed glass protector of the style now given over exclusively to shrouding stock tickers—all these stamp the room irrevocably as a parlour. They are undoubtedly heirlooms brought from the country. For there is no mistaking that originally the Pipps emanated from bucolic soil. That the migration occurred some time ago is attested by the Misses Pipp—two carefully groomed young women in the early twenties, well-bred and well-ordered. Nothing save the refining influences of the metropolis could have supplied their aloofness and calm poise. But the secret lies revealed in Mrs. Pipp. Where could her arms have gained that muscular solidity but at the wash-tub? Where her hands that gnarled strenuousness if not in the farm-house kitchen? And her tanned, firmly lined skin—what other than country winds and suns could have given to it that leathery texture? Mrs. Pipp's plumpness, too, is not the embonpoint which sometimes falls in middle age upon the carefully nurtured and unwisely fed. It is the kind of fatness bred of long scorn for those mysterious devices with which we are informed on good authority the "frail sex" seek to enhance their youth and charm. It must have been the privations of the country also that have lent to Mrs. Pipp's face its austere and uncompromising severity. She has known hardship, and upon her it has left its imprint.

Copyright, by "Life" Publishing Company

"WHEN WE FIRST MEET PIPP WE FIND HIM UNDER HEAVY PRESSURE. HIS FAMILY CONFRONTS HIM IN THE PIPP PARLOUR"

Now, however, the time has come when she should reap her just reward. Of course, she no longer has physical labours to perform, but she deserves more than mere idleness. She has merited some pleasure and diversion. Does not Mr. Pipp think so himself—after all the toil she has gone through for his sake? And what of their daughters? They

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have now become young women; they are at a marrying age. Does not the position which Pipp has gained entitle them to some advantages?

It is under these questions that, in our first glimpse of him, we see Mr. Pipp fidgeting. Doubtfully he enquires just what is desired, and unflinchingly Mrs. Pipp responds: "We must make a place for ourselves in society; and we must begin right now with a trip abroad." A worried, frightened expression distends Mr. Pipp's countenance. He is tired after his years of work, and it seems a tremendous effort. Gently, coaxingly, then the two Misses Pipp begin to urge him. He needs relaxation himself; he has tired himself out piling up so many millions for them—he should enjoy the benefits of some of them himself. And the Pipp Iron Works, if they're what's worrying him—he ought to know that with Mr. Willing in charge they'll be perfectly safe—and *they* aren't little girls any longer, he must remember—and it would make them so, so happy to go—just for a few weeks even. The dark-haired Miss Pipp is a most persuasive, seductive young person, and the fair one *so* affectionate; and Pipp in his tender old heart loves them both very much. Perhaps, he thinks, it is high time he took a rest after all. And besides, there is Mrs. Pipp sitting with lips unyieldingly compressed as she remarks: "I think I've earned it: That's all I have to say." Stock markets and iron plants Pipp may sway with a breath, but before Mrs. Pipp ever has he quailed. There is really no way out. His half-hearted resistance falters and—he agrees.

The trip over, when the time came, was misery for him. Mrs. Pipp—cast-iron woman!—bore it unrufflledly, as might have been expected, while the girls were naturally too utterly overjoyed at the prospect before them to be dismayed at anything; but the rapid breakfasts and luncheons for which the American business man is so derided had accomplished their fell work upon Pipp, and all the way he inwardly bemoaned the lack of some means of return. Not until London was reached did he really recover from his misgivings. Once there, however, he caught the spirit of the expedition and threw himself with zest into the business at hand.

Theatres, dinners, dances, museums, churches, "historic nooks"—he fairly revelled in all the madnesses dearest to the heart of the virginal tourist, topping them off with a conventional call at the United States Ambassador's. Mrs. Pipp, as became her nature, performed all the rites of the sightseer as a solemn and awful duty, yet looked kindly upon the delight of her daughters and carefully refrained from doing aught to dampen their ardour, although such precaution was entirely superfluous, for nothing in the world could have dampened it. And Pipp—why, Pipp simply became the "life of the party." He had no idea—bless his unsuspecting soul!—that the reason the young Englishmen so flocked around him and vied with one another to show him attentions was—none other than the presence of the alluring Misses Pipp. To tell the truth, he didn't greatly care what the reason was. For the first time in he couldn't remember how long he found himself having a royal good time, and that was sufficient for him.

He differed from the average tired American business man of his age and wealth chiefly in that, now his holiday time had come, he was still capable of enjoying it. His wide, thin-lipped mouth, though its corners did droop a bit wearily, could still spring into a grin as delighted as a schoolboy's at the donation of a lollipop. The anxious, somewhat furtive lines which the stress of trade had ploughed on his forehead would not banish, but the shrewd, alert little eyes could twinkle and scintillate with a keenness of fun which many a younger man might have envied. And if his abrupt mutton chops and the tiers of furrows grid-ironing his cheeks and his far too ample nose and the hair that bushed out over his ears and collar and the little wisp of it on top standing bolt upright as if in very astonishment at the sights it beheld and waving like some triumphant pennant—if all these things did make him seem a trifle ludicrous, it was ludicrousness tinged with a vague, elusive pathos, which served to make those who laughed most heartily but love

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

him the more. And what difference did it make to Pipp, anyway? Not a particle! He had begun to enjoy himself and, having begun, he purposed with native prodigality to—as he would have phrased it—"go the whole blamed hog!"

When his daughters proposed a move to Paris, therefore, he hailed the idea with glee, and somehow—perhaps he was becoming more accustomed to sea travel—the passage across the Channel seemed less arduous. It was only to have been expected, though, that the Opera and the Louvre and such stereotyped diversions should bore him, and he did demur when Mrs. Pipp and the girls dragged him, willy-nilly, to the modiste's. But what could he do? Mrs. Pipp, despite all, was his master yet; and he had to admit that the girls did appear glorious when the new finery was completed and donned. Most miraculous of all, however, was the effect upon Mrs. Pipp. Her tiny husband, gazing up at her, could scarce believe his eyes. Under the practiced blandishments of Parisian modistes she had become almost giddy. She began to evince as absorbing an interest in the trimming of hats and the colours of gowns and the meshes of veils as if no other matters had concerned her from youth. Her satisfaction in herself became so ardent that the girls simply could not find the heart to tell her how ridiculous she appeared in her incongruity, while Pipp, even had he possessed the temerity, couldn't have been induced to say a word. This incredible transition on his wife's part made him feel as one emancipated.

Ever since the Channel had been crossed he had been fairly bursting with impatience to test those rose-tinted enjoyments, centering chiefly about the cafés, for which Paris is so justly renowned. With Mrs. Pipp, as if by special arrangement of some benign Providence, prostrating herself before the nimble goddess, Fashion, his chance arrived. Out he slipped to mingle with the merrymakers of the boulevards, where jewelled lights gleam and flit like monstrous fireflies, and there is music seductive as a woman's eye, and mad, glad dancing, all touched into exquisite, swirling ecstasy by angular smiles from the piquant lips of ladies whose race invented smiles. Pipp liked it immensely. He took pains to tell everyone that, though he was a patriotic denizen of the United States and subscribed liberally to Fourth of July Celebration Funds, there were ways —some ways, you understand, in which Paris absolutely could not be surpassed.

Copyright, by "Life" Publishing Company

"THERE CAME AN EVENING—THERE WAS A SMALL PARTY OF FOUR, MOST COZY AND SELECT—THERE CAME AN EVENING WHEN VALOUR PROVED THE BETTER OF DISCRETION"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For a time Mr. Pipp was as discreet and clandestine about it all as the most seasoned old rounder, but there came an evening—there was a small party of four, most cozy and select—there came an evening when valour proved the better of discretion. More bottles were opened than Pipp realised and, in the exuberance of the moment, he really lost track of the hour. It was fatal carelessness, for Mrs. Pipp and the girls returned to the hotel long before him. Grimly his spouse sat up to await him—the girls kimonoed and very worried in the background—and when finally he put in an appearance—well, if the truth must be told, Pipp's explanations *were* lacking somewhat as to coherency, so possibly her wrath was more or less justified.

But in the morning, although Mr. Pipp's head was painfully assertive, the doctors who were summoned could tell at a glance that nothing serious was wrong, and so, if the true facts were known, it is more than likely that Mrs. Pipp herself would be found to have been behind that trip to the Alps which was so peremptorily prescribed. In fact, she had said in so many words to the girls the night before, after they had conducted Mr. Pipp to bed, that she "guessed their father had had about enough of Par-*ree*." And what would further heighten the impression was the amazing promptitude with which she produced a courier for the expedition—"such a pleasant gentleman; a reduced nobleman who never did anything of the sort before—really it's a great concession on his part to come at all."

Pipp cared not for the individual thus thrust upon them. There was something in his Svengali-like eyes that he did not trust, and his oily manner appeared rather more in character with one of those mysterious people who dub themselves "unexcelled tonsorial artists" than with a reduced nobleman. But, then, Pipp's experience with reduced noblemen had not been extensive and, considering all things, he was not clamorous for an argument with Mrs. Pipp at that precise time. As a matter of fact, they had not been long under way before he was offering up blessings that they had taken the man along, for there was a grieved, shocked reproach in Mrs. Pipp's attitude toward him now. Her accusing silence, her disapproving looks, whenever they were together, made him ceaselessly aware of the enormity of his misdeeds, so that really it became a distinct relief to have their titled courier relieve his embarrassment by usurping so much of his lady's time—even though he were too flattering and unctious in the way he went about it.

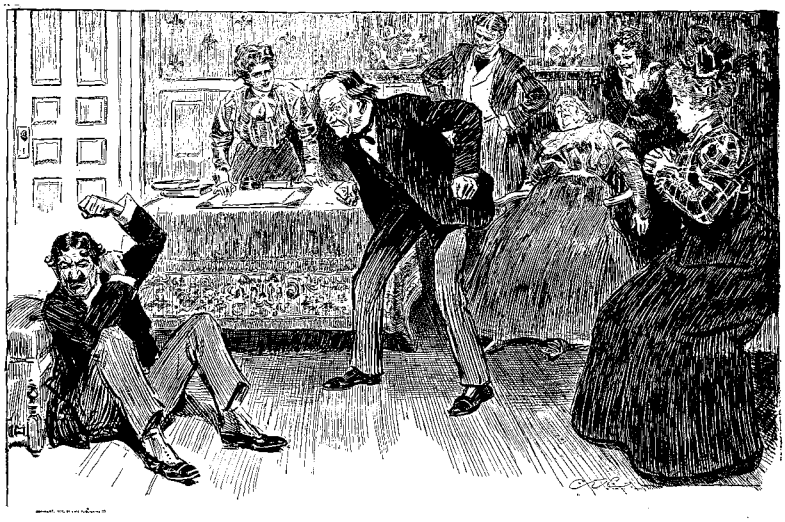
That trip to the Alps had far-reaching results. Frowned upon by all the party, Pipp browsed much by himself, while Mrs. Pipp, enchanted by the attentions of their distinguished guide, permitted him his own way without a murmur—which certainly she would never have done under any other conditions. And that was how it happened that one day Pipp was mooning forlornly along in advance of the others when a quick turn in the mountain pass brought him, quite by chance, face to face with a person toward whom his heart warmed at the first bashful glance. She had the clearest, merriest blue eyes he remembered to have beheld since crossing the Atlantic, and he liked, also, the two little laughter dimples at either corner of her mouth. Not a wrinkle marred her full, fresh cheeks, he noted; her plumpness was not at all of the sort which burdened Mrs. Pipp; and, looking at her, he found it difficult to believe that she had reached middle life—and yet he knew that she must have because, from the resemblance, there could be no doubt that that tall, lithe young man behind her was her son.

Now, this amiable woman upon whom Mr. Pipp had come so suddenly was none other than Viola, Lady Fitzmaurice, of Carony Castle, Herts, although obviously he could not have known that at the time. On the other hand, however, Pipp had been for some time now on foreign soil, and the story of the Pipp Iron Works and the Pipp millions had not failed to keep pace with him and his was not an easy figure to mistake, so that, although he knew her not, it seems highly probable that Lady Fitzmaurice did, in that brief instant, recognise *him*. In truth she must have; else how could one of her position and caution—even though Pipp

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

did bear such a remarkable likeness to her late husband—how could she have made bold to proclaim the fact and make it the excuse for taking a snap-shot of him then and there—and why, furthermore, should she have been so extremely affable to Mrs. Pipp—Mrs. Pipp of all people in the world!—and the Misses Pipp, and even the courier when they all came up? Why should she? Undoubtedly her ladyship must have known. She must have planned the whole thing long before. Perhaps even her suggestion that the Pipp party accompany her son and self on to Rome had been preconceived.

transatlantic impressions as to an Englishman's lack of humour—had absolutely no faults in the eyes of the two Misses Pipp—or, that is, if the fair one did find him at times uninteresting, at least there was no denying that the dark one must have seen in him naught but the crystallisation of perfection, for she took to blushing whenever his name was mentioned; and all the while Lady Fitzmaurice was taking most painstaking care of little Pipp's comfort and making his happiness in every way complete. While the others chatted and wandered here and there, he and she would sit in sheltered byways while she listened to



Copyright, by "Life" Publishing Company

"PIPP, BRISTLING ALL OVER HIS SMALL FRAME WITH FURY, CHARGED AT THE FELLOW AND PUMMELLED HIM UNTIL HE LAY, SPRAWLING AND WHINING, ON THE FLOOR. IT DIDN'T RECOVER THE JEWELS, BUT IT RELIEVED PIPP'S FEELINGS IMMEASURABLY—ON MANY SCORES"

If so, though, none of the Pipps had the faintest intimation of it, and, indeed, they would not have declined if they had, for Lady Fitzmaurice's joviality, well modulated though it was, proved quite infectious. A most charming time they made of it in Rome, too. They went to all the places to which tourists do go when in Rome; and never was party more congenial. Mrs. Pipp and the courier were still devoted to each other; Lady Fitzmaurice's son—the slender-moustached young man whose rather innocuous good looks were of the type which serve to accentuate the prevalent

his stories, his joys and woes. She seemed to agree with him on every imaginable topic, and particularly with regard to the courier. Her ladyship had the peerage of every kingdom at her fingers' ends, and she was positive that no such title as that to which the courier laid claim so much as existed. And those two men whom he had introduced to Mr. Pipp as a prince and a duke—why, it was preposterous! She strongly advised getting rid of the man at once.

Pipp broached the subject to his wife, but immediately her features took on their menacing expression and her con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

versation turned upon Paris in unmistakable terms. So Pipp hardly cared to press the matter. Not a week later, however—it was late at night while they were packing, preparatory to moving on—Mrs. Pipp rushed to him in negligé and consternation. The jewels—her own—the girls'—all the jewels—were gone! A search was set on foot. At that late date it was impossible to prove anything definitely, but all indications of guilt pointed straight at the courier. The terrified, cringing protestations of the man were enough to convict him of themselves. Pipp, bristling all over his small frame with fury, charged at the fellow and pummelled him until he lay, sprawling and whining, on the floor. It didn't recover the jewels, but it relieved Pipp's feelings immeasurably—on many scores.

Mrs. Pipp was compelled to admit the justice of the proceeding, but thereafter she was not the same. It seemed to have broken her spirit. She was not accustomed to being in the wrong. Somehow the sight of her husband in the ascendant over her humiliated the good soul. Even Monte Carlo failed to cheer her. Pipp, determined now to let nothing interfere with his good time, unconcernedly sallied out and broke the bank amid the admiring and envious acclaim of thousands. Yet even this change of fortune failed to restore Mrs. Pipp to her wonted spirits. It was while she was in this woebegone frame of mind that she ran across Mrs. Firkin—dear, garrulous, sympathetic Mrs. Firkin; wife of Firkin, the Congressman. They fell into each other's arms and wept, after the manner of ladies of their age under such circumstances. It developed that the Firkins were sailing back to the States that week. Talk turned upon home and matters pertaining thereto. Mrs. Pipp wept fresh floods. Europe was a bad, deceitful place. She had had enough of it. Could she but sleep in her own bed once again it would make a new woman of her. She didn't want to spoil anybody else's pleasure, but the flat truth was she was homesick. The others didn't necessarily have to accompany her, but couldn't she please go back with the Firkins?

Pipp rose supremely to the occasion these sentimentalities offered. He achieved positive subtlety. He behaved as if he were actually bestowing the greatest of favours upon Mrs. Pipp in granting her request. To have heard him talk—sly little chap!—one would have thought he was making a downright sacrifice, and to this day Mrs. Pipp has no conception of the frolicsome glee rampant in his heart as he saw her off. Undoubtedly foreign travel was beginning to give Pipp a long-needed polish.

With Mrs. Pipp out of the way, it didn't require a great deal of coaxing on the part of the girls to induce their father to fly back to Paris. Meanwhile, Mrs. Pipp's place in the party had been filled by John Willing, manager of the Pipp Iron Works, whom, in his anxiety about the business, Pipp had summoned to him. And now, of course, he was asked to accompany them; and, equally of course, he accepted, for, despite his responsible position, Willing was still under thirty, and when one is—well, it has been mentioned that the Misses Pipp were most irresistible young creatures, and if Willing did shamefully neglect the dark one for her fairer sister it was a partiality quite subconscious on his part, and as for the dark one—what cared she? Did she not have for consolation a mysterious daily letter bearing a crest? She did! Quite in confidence—although for some reason she had made no mention of the fact—she had been receiving one of those same letters without the omission of a single day ever since they had quit the Fitzmaurices at Rome.

In Paris without his wife to chide, Pipp had as gay a time as ever he pleased. And what a dance the girls led him! With his Monte Carlo winnings they persuaded him to replace their lost gems—taking excellent care that they were by no means worsted in the substitution—they took him to the Carnival, and whirled him dauntlessly through a bewildering round of jollity. But even a tourist's endurance has its bounds—yes, even Pipp's had. The brunette daughter, too, had long been voicing insinuating eulogies on the beauty of spring in England. At last she prevailed and, toward the close of April, thither they all journeyed again. Pipp wrote Lady Fitzmaurice of their coming

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—for, of course, that hospitable lady had not lost track of them—and at the Court of St. James, whither his Ambassador had had Pipp bidden, a glad reunion occurred. As sympathetically interested as ever was Lady Fitzmaurice as she listened to all that had befallen since their parting, and when Pipp confided to her that taking a rest was tending to become a somewhat fatiguing operation she would hear of nothing but that they should come to Carony Castle for a good long visit—a month at least—and, surely, afternoon, novels which demanded not too much of the mind—these were the things which made up those delicious, limpid days. And in the evenings there would be cards, or perhaps the young people would gather about the piano, while in an adjoining room, where the music filtered in to them through the drowsy blossoms of potted plants, Lady Fitzmaurice and Pipp engaged in a quiet game of chess or cribbage. Ever and again, too, they went out for an evening. On one of these occasions—a dance as it

Copyright, by "Life" Publishing Company

"THE YOUNG PEOPLE WOULD GATHER ABOUT THE PIANO, WHILE IN AN ADJOINING ROOM, WHERE THE MUSIC FILTERED IN TO THEM THROUGH THE DROWSY BLOSSOMS OF POTTED PLANTS, LADY FITZMAURICE AND PIPP ENGAGED IN A QUIET GAME OF CHESS OR CRIBBAGE"

they must bring that nice Mr. Willing with them.

Under the influence of that English springtime, whose miracle has lured fair, rare symphonies from poets' lutes Pipp became again rejuvenated. The atmosphere at Carony Castle was delightfully, languidly soothing. There was something ineffably comforting, after such a long succession of hotels, in the distinctly personal, yet unostentatious, fashion in which one's every desire was anticipated. Things couldn't have been more perfect. Golf, croquet, long, lazy walks and drives, tea in the chanced—asked to meet a "distinguished foreigner," they were confronted with—of all people in the world—that execrable courier whom Pipp had left writhing on the hotel floor in Rome. Then was given to them the supreme satisfaction of exposing him to his host and warning all England against him; and so that old score of the jewels was pretty nearly evened.

That, however, was the only incident at all approaching the unpleasant which came to mar their visit. To be sure, at Sir Humphrey Plungington's and one or two such establishments where they

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dined, Pipp was rather out of it during coffee and cigars, when the men's conversation was of nothing save the now rapidly approaching Derby, but he always had the consolation of knowing that when they repaired to the drawing-room Lady Fitzmaurice would take him under her wing again and cheer him up. In fact from morning till night, her ladyship never ceased ministering to him. She was a charming hostess and a most devoted mother, was Lady Fitzmaurice. Her son, too, had a much easier time than he had had at Rome, for, with Mr. John Willing absorbing every available instant of the fair Miss Pipp's time, it made it far less noticeable for him to confide the many things which he wished to the dark Miss Pipp—things which, apparently, had to be recounted in the strictest confidence.

When Derby Day came they all attended in a body, travelling to Epsom Downs in the Fitzmaurice drag, with its highly laquered lozenge gleaming proudly from the panel in the sunlight. Pipp essayed a few modest wagers and, some of his choices finishing "in the money," waxed wildly excited and, standing on one foot, flung his hat in air and hurrayed with the boldest of them. In his enthusiasm he paid scant attention to his daughters and their escorts, but, as the party wended its way homeward that night, very tired and a little breathless, they vowed that never had they had such a delightful time. There are many possibilities in the sport of kings—and the jockeys and horses have not preëmpted them all, either.

Time was growing short now, however. Pipp had been gone some time from his business. He felt that he should get back to the Iron Works, if only to walk through them, and—although it astounded him to realise it—he positively began to find himself long-

Copyright, by "Life" Publishing Company

"AT SIR HUMPHREY PLUNGINGTON'S AND ONE OR TWO SUCH ESTABLISHMENTS WHERE THEY DINED, PIPP WAS RATHER OUT OF IT DURING COFFEE AND CIGARS, WHEN THE MEN'S CONVERSATION WAS OF NOTHING SAVE THE APPROACHING DERBY"

ing for a sight of Mrs. Pipp again. It's extraordinary what travel and separation will do for a man. But Lady Fitzmaurice, learning from his daughters that Pipp's birthday was hardly a fortnight off, wouldn't hear of his going until that occasion had been fittingly observed—and when Lady Fitzmaurice was set upon an entertainment it was a mere waste of rhetoric to argue the point with her.

It was a dance that she finally decided to give in his honour. A gorgeous dance it was, too. Every peer for twenty miles round was in attendance, while a host of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bewitching creatures dropped all engagements and came down right in the midst of the London season on purpose to pay homage to Pipp. And Pipp—why, Pipp danced with every one of them and wielded fans and bandied compliments and flew about fetching ices as spry as a boy at play, while in the joy of it all his grizzled old face beamed until it seemed as if twenty years must have slipped away beneath that twinkling mask of laughter, instead of another come to keep the old ones company. Finally, to the tune of a rollicking Highland fling with scores of congratulatory hands clapping on either side, hand-in-hand he and Lady Fitzmaurice, down the centre of the floor, danced the evening to a triumphant close.

But Mr. Pipp was not the only one to make the most of the opportunities of that occasion. Next morning, while yet he was tingling with sprightly recollections, came to him Mr. John Willing and Lady Fitzmaurice's son. The fair Miss Pipp was with the former, while blushing on the arm of the latter clung her dark sister. And they asked of Mr. Pipp then the greatest sacrifice of his life. It came as a thunder-clap upon him. Pipp, guileless, effervescent, unsuspecting little Pipp, had seen nothing. The very suddenness of it, too, made it harder—and still in a sense easier to bear. To have both his girls—his little bits of girls, as he thought of them—taken from him at once was more than he had ever anticipated. But how could Pipp, unselfish, gentle-hearted little Pipp, let his desires interfere with the happiness of his children? In all his life he had never refused them anything, and so—though he does it with a tear glistening in each eye—he leads them to the altar, one on either arm, and seeks what consolation he can find in the thought that the double wedding has been, as Mrs. Pipp—who, of course, has to come over for the ceremony—points out, "without a doubt one of the most brilliant affairs of the season."

After this we get but one more glimpse of Pipp. It is a couple of years later, and we are pleased to see that his inimitable grin has returned. On one knee he holds the Honourable Viola Fitzmaurice, while on the other is propped Master Hiram Pipp Willing, already living up to his name by having his one visible wisp of hair rocketing gladly heavenward. Before them Lady Fitzmaurice dangles a delectable jumping-jack; beyond the debris of strewn tin soldiers, wadded elephants, toy trains, building blocks, and other infant paraphernalia the two young fathers look proudly; Mrs. Pipp beams with placid benignity from the side; and in the background his two daughters, a trifle more settled in their motherhood, cast sweet, caressing looks at the little ones over grandfather's shoulder. And in the midst of this family group, resolutely smiling, we leave Mr. Pipp. As his creator says, although his education is still incomplete he has learned that he has not lived in vain.

It is not a very deep story nor far-reaching, yet it is one which refuses to be forgotten. In narrating it Mr. Gibson has crowded his canvas with living, breathing mortals who walk across it straight from life, and promptly return whence they came. Not only with regard to the principals does this hold true, but with a host of minor characters who flit in and out across Pipp's path. The group about Sir Humphrey Plungington's table—the patient, trusting, old lady at Monte Carlo with her mascot, a little carved dog, poised in a "begging" posture—the waiter watching Pipp prepare for the Carnival, a man who never was and never will be anything but a Parisian waiter—the street group of which Pipp enquires his way when lost—the beguiling young women who lured Pipp on that memorable night of escapade in Paris—all these are vibrant with life, indelibly allied with their various spheres. And by no means the least attractive part of the series is found in the asides which Mr. Gibson makes from the wings, as it were, while his characters are enacting their little drama on the stage. Some of the best sketches in the book are included in these marginal reflections.

From the whole thing it would be far too easy to surprise a definite thesis—a well-defined message. That office may be performed for almost any writer or

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

artist whose work seems to warrant the effort involved; but in Mr. Gibson's case it would scarcely be fair. He has never intentionally preached, never sought to probe deeply beneath the surface or in any way do other than give a light running comment on the life he chose to depict. Yet there is too much substance to his work, too unerring a point of view, too evident a sincerity, to have it remain wholly superficial. Certain ideas will obtrude and insist upon reiterating themselves until they cannot be altogether ignored.

Copyright, by "Life" Publishing Company

"AND IN THE MIDST OF THIS FAMILY GROUP, RESOLUTELY SMILING, WE LEAVE MR. PIPP"

Obviously the most striking, as it is the most amusing, fact about American society is the number of people trying to get into it; and this is a theme upon which Mr. Gibson is never tired of sounding the variations. At the very outset of Mr. Pipp's wanderings he finds expression for it when he lets it inferentially serve as the original impetus for the trip abroad. And one who has looked at all the Gibson cartoons and studied enquiringly those pertaining to Mr. Pipp cannot but feel that that little man's education really consisted of discovering, after he had duly weighed all things, that society is a rather flippant, sometimes clever, usually pushing, always self-centred, sophisticated, bored aggregation, frantically in quest of surcease from ennui, tremendously respectful—not necessarily of money, but always of financial power, and having for its only really serious business the suitable marrying off of young people. Such, at least, was the society which the Gibson of old showed to Mr. Pipp and, in most of his other cartoons, to the world. Whether he will from now on probe further beneath the surface or whether he will take an altogether different angle it is idle to speculate. That it is indeed a different Gibson who confronts us to-day, however, is illustrated by a recent remark of his in regard to Pipp.

"If I were doing Mr. Pipp now," said he, "I think I should be inclined to treat him rather differently. We have travelled far, here in America, during the last fifteen years. There are still, it seems to me, many Pipps among us, but they are hardly as representative or as numerous as they used to be. Attitudes have changed. I think that now, instead of making the man always the under dog, the dupe of the woman—I think

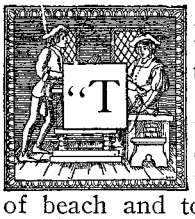
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

there's a possibility that I might occasionally reverse the order."

It may be that this new Gibson is destined to give us something very much better than ever issued from the pen of the old, difficult as the feat now appears. But, however that may be, it will tax even his graceful pen to evolve any other character who will so completely win our hearts. Pipp is an essential, indispensable part of American history. Beyond question, as he stands and considering for what he stands, he is largely idealised. Also it must be admitted that, as Mr. Gibson has set him down, he possesses his faults. But what of that? They are distinctly minor faults, and in the last analysis they serve only to make Mr. Pipp all the more human—all the more lovable for having them.

THE SEA-FARMER

BY JACK LONDON



"THOT wull be the Doctor's launch," said Captain MacElrath.

The pilot grunted, while the skipper swept on with his glass from the launch to the strip of beach and to Kingston beyond, and then slowly across the entrance to Howth Head on the northern side.

"The tide's right, and we'll have you docked in two hours," the pilot vouchsafed, with an effort at cheeriness. "Ring's End Basin is it?"

This time the skipper grunted.

"A dirty Dublin day."

Again the skipper grunted. He was weary with the night of wind on the Irish Channel behind him, the unbroken hours of which he had spent on the bridge. And he was weary with all the voyage behind him—two years and four months between home port and home port, eight hundred and fifty days by his log.

"Proper wunter weather," he answered, after a silence. "The town is undistinct. Ut wull be rainun' guid an' hearty for the day."

Captain MacElrath was a small man, just comfortably able to peep over the canvas dodger of the bridge. The pilot and third officer loomed above him, as did the man at the wheel, a bulky German, deserter from a warship, whom he had signed on in Rangoon. But his lack of inches made Captain MacElrath a no less able man. At least so the Company reckoned, and so would he have reckoned could he have had access to the carefully and minutely compiled record of him filed away in the office archives. But the Company had never given him a hint of its faith in him. It was not the way of the Company, for the Company went on the principle of never allowing an employee to think himself indispensable or even exceedingly useful; wherefore, while quick to censure, it never praised. What was Captain MacElrath anyway, save a skipper, one skipper of the eighty-odd skippers that commanded the Company's eighty-odd freighters on all the highways and byways of the sea?

Beneath them, on the main deck, two Chinese stokers were carrying breakfast for'ard across the rusty iron-plates that told their own grim story of weight and wash of sea. A sailor was taking down the life-line that stretched from the forecastle, past the hatches and cargo-winches, to the bridge-deck ladder.

"A rough voyage," suggested the pilot.

"Ay, she was fair smokin' ot times, but not thot I minded thot so much uz the lossin' of time. I hate like onythun' tull loss time."

So saying, Captain MacElrath turned and glanced aft, aloft and alow, and the pilot, following his gaze, saw the mute but convincing explanation of that loss of time. The smokestack, buff-coloured underneath, was white with salt, while

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the whistle-pipe glittered crystalline in the random sunlight that broke for the instant through a cloud-rift. The port lifeboat was missing, its iron davits, twisted and wrenched, testifying to the mightiness of the blow that had been struck the old *Tryapsic*. The starboard davits were also empty. The shattered wreck of the lifeboat they had held lay on the fiddley beside the smashed engine-room-skylight which was covered by a tarpaulin. Below, to starboard, on the bridge-deck, the pilot saw the crushed mess-room door, roughly bulkheaded against the pounding seas. Abreast of it, on the smokestack guys, and being taken down by the bosun and a sailor, hung the huge square of rope-netting which had failed to break those seas of their force.

"Twice afore I mentioned thot door tull the owners," said Captain MacElrath. "But they said ut would do. There was bug seas thot time. They was uncreditable bug. And thot buggest one dud the domage. Ut fair carried away the door an' laid ut flat on the mess-table an' smashed out the chief's room. He was a but sore about ut."

"It must 'a' been a big un," the pilot remarked sympathetically.

"Ay, ut was thot. Thungs was lively for a but. Ut funished the mate. He was on the brudge wuth me, an' I told hum tull take a look tull the wedges o' number one hatch. She was takin' watter freely an' I was no sure o' number one. I didna like the look o' ut, an' I was fuggerin' maybe tull heave to tull the marn, when she took ut over abaft the brudge. My word, she was a bug one. We got a but of ut ourselves on the brudge. I dudna miss the mate ot the first, what o' routun' out Chips an' bulkheadun' thot door an' stretchun' the tarpaulin over the skylight. Then he was nowhere to be found. The mon ot the wheel said as he seen hum goin' down the lodder just afore she hut us. We looked for'ard, we looked tull hus room, we looked tull the engine-room, an' we looked along aft on the lower deck, and there he was, on both sides the cover to the steam-pipe runnun' tull the afterwunches."

The pilot eiaculated an oath of amazement and horror.

"Ay," the skipper went on wearily, "an' on both sides the steam-pipe uz well. I tell ye he was in two pieces, splut clean uz a herrin'. The sea must a-caught hum on the upper brudge-deck, carried hum clean across the fiddley, an' banged hum head-on tull the pipe-cover. It sheered through hum like so much butter, down atween the eyes, an' along the middle of hum, so thot one leg an' arm was fast tull the one piece of hum, an' one leg an' arm fast tull the other piece of hum. I tull ye ut was fair grewsome. We putt hum together an' rolled hum in canvas uz we pulled hum out."

The pilot swore again.

"Oh, ut wasna onythun' tull greet about," Captain MacElrath assured him. "'Twas a guid ruddance. He was no a sailor, thot mate-fellow. He was only fut for a pug-sty, an' a dom puir apology for thot same."

It is said that there are three kinds of Irish—Catholic, Protestant, and North-of-Ireland, and that the North-of-Ireland Irishman is a transplanted Scotchman. Captain MacElrath was a North-of-Ireland man, and, talking for much of the world like a Scotchman, nothing aroused his ire quicker than being mistaken for a Scotchman. Irish he stoutly was, and Irish he stoutly abided, though it was with a faint lip-lift of scorn that he mentioned mere South-of-Ireland men, or even Orange-men. Himself he was Presbyterian, while in his own community five men were all that ever mustered at a meeting in the Orange Men's Hall. His community was the Island McGill, where seven thousand of his kind lived in such amity and sobriety that in the whole island there was but one policeman and never a public house at all.

Captain MacElrath did not like the sea, and had never liked it. He wrung his livelihood from it, and that was all the sea was, the place where he worked, as the mill, the shop, and the counting-house were the places where other men worked. Romance never sang to him her siren song, and Adventure had never shouted in his sluggish blood. He

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lacked imagination. The wonders of the deep were without significance to him. Tornadoes, hurricanes, waterspouts, and tidal waves were so many obstacles to the way of a ship on the sea and of a master on the bridge—they were that to him, and nothing more. He had seen, and yet not seen, the many marvels and wonders of far lands. Under his eyelids burned the brazen glories of the tropic seas, or ached the bitter gales of the North Atlantic or far South Pacific; but his memory of them was of mess-room doors stove in, of decks awash and hatches threatened, of undue coal-consumption, of long passages, and of fresh paint-work spoiled by unexpected squalls of rain.

"I know my buzz'ness," was the way he often put it, and beyond his business was all that he did not know, all that he had seen with the mortal eyes of him and yet that he never dreamed existed. That he knew his business his owners were convinced, or at forty he would not have held command of the *Tryapsic,* three thousand tons net register, with a cargo capacity of nine thousand tons and valued at fifty thousand pounds.

He had taken up seafaring through no love of it, but because it had been his destiny, because he had been the second son of his father instead of the first. Island McGill was only so large, and the land could support but a certain definite proportion of those that dwelt upon it. The balance, and a large balance it was, was driven to the sea to seek its bread. It had been so for generations. The eldest sons took the farms from their fathers; to the other sons remained the sea and its salt-ploughing. So it was that Donald MacElrath, farmer's son and farm-boy himself, had shifted from the soil he loved to the sea he hated and which it was his destiny to farm. And farmed it he had, for twenty years, shrewd, cool-headed, sober, industrious, and thrifty, rising from ship's boy and forecastle hand to mate and master of sailing-ships and thence into steam, second officer, first, and master, from small command to larger, and at last to the bridge of the old *Tryapsic*—old, to be sure, but worth her fifty thousand pounds and still able to bear up in all seas and weather her nine thousand tons of freight.

From the bridge of the *Tryapsic,* the high place he had gained in the competition of men, he stared at Dublin Harbour opening out, at the town obscured by the dark sky of the dreary, wind-driven day, and at the tangled tracery of spars and rigging of the harbour shipping. Back from twice around the world he was, and from interminable junketings up and down on far stretches, home-coming to the wife he had not seen in eight and twenty months and to the child he had never seen and that was already walking and talking. He saw the watch below of stokers and trimmers bobbing out of the forecastle doors like rabbits from a warren and making their way aft over the rusty deck to the mustering of the port doctor. They were Chinese, with expressionless, Sphinx-like faces, and they walked in peculiar shambling fashion, dragging their feet as if the clumsy brogans were too heavy for their lean shanks.

He saw them and he did not see them, as he passed his hand beneath his visored cap and scratched reflectively his mop of sandy hair. For the scene before him was but the background in his brain for the vision of peace that was his—a vision that was his often during long nights on the bridge when the old *Tryapsic* wallowed on the vexed ocean floor, her decks awash, her rigging thrumming in the gale-gusts or snow-squalls or driving tropic rain. And the vision he saw was of farm and farm-house and straw-thatched outbuildings, of children playing in the sun and the good wife at the door, of lowing kine, and clucking fowls, and the stamp of horses in the stable, of his father's farm next to him, with beyond the woodless, rolling land and the hedged fields, neat and orderly, extending to the crest of the smooth, soft hills. It was his vision and his dream, his Romance and Adventure, the goal of all his effort, the high reward for the salt-ploughing and the long, long furrows he ran up and down the whole world around in his farming of the sea.

In simple taste and homely inclination this much-travelled man was more simple and homely than the veriest yokel.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Seventy-one years his father was, and had never slept a night out of his own bed in his own house on Island McGill. That was the life ideal, so Captain MacElrath considered, and he was prone to marvel that any man, not under compulsion, should leave a farm to go to sea. To this much-travelled man the whole world was as familiar as the village to the cobbler sitting in his shop. To Captain MacElrath the world was a village. In his mind's eye he saw its streets a thousand leagues long, ay, and longer; turnings that doubled earth's stormiest headlands or were the way to quiet inland ponds; cross-roads, taken one way, that led to flower-lands and summer seas, and that led the other way to bitter, ceaseless gales and the perilous bergs of the great west wind drift. And the cities, bright with lights, were as shops on these long streets—shops where business was transacted, where bunkers were replenished, cargoes taken or shifted, and orders received from the owners in London town to go elsewhere and beyond, ever along the long sea-lanes, seeking new cargoes here, carrying new cargoes there, running freights wherever shillings and pence beckoned and underwriters did not forbid. But it was all a weariness to contemplate, and, save that he wrung from it his bread, it was without profit under the sun.

The last good-bye to the wife had been at Cardiff, twenty-eight months before, when he sailed for Valparaiso with coals —nine thousand tons and down to his marks. From Valparaiso he had gone to Australia, light, a matter of six thousand miles on end with a stormy passage and running short of bunker coal. Coals again to Oregon, seven thousand miles, and nigh as many more with general cargo for Japan and China. Thence to Java, loading sugar for Marseilles, and back along the Mediterranean to the Black Sea, and on to Baltimore, down to her marks with chrome ore, buffeted by hurricanes, short again of bunker coal and calling at Bermuda to replenish. Then a time charter, Norfolk, Virginia, loading mysterious contraband coal and sailing for South Africa under orders of the mysterious German supercargo put on board by the charterers. On to Madagascar, steaming four knots by the supercargo's orders, and the suspicion forming that the Russian fleet might want the coal. Confusion and delays, long waits at sea, international complications, the whole world excited over the old *Tryapsic* and her cargo of contraband, and then on to Japan and the naval port of Sassebo. Back to Australia, another time charter and general merchandise picked up at Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide, and carried on to Mauritius, Lorenzo Margus, Durban, Algoa Bay, and Capetown. To Ceylon for orders, and from Ceylon to Rangoon to load rice for Rio Janeiro. Thence to Buenos Ayres and loading maize for the United Kingdom or the Continent, stopping at St. Vincent to receive orders to proceed to Dublin. Two years and four months, eight hundred and fifty days by the log, steaming up and down the thousand-league-long sea-lanes and back again to Dublin-town. And he was well aweary.

A little tug had laid hold of the *Tryapsic;* and with clang and clatter and shouted command, with engines half-ahead, slow-speed, or half-astern, the battered old sea-tramp was nudged and nosed and shouldered through the dock-gates into Ring's End Basin. Lines were flung ashore, fore and aft, and a 'midship spring got out. Already a small group of the happy shore-staying folk had clustered on the dock.

"Ring off," Captain MacElrath commanded in his slow thick voice; and the third officer worked the lever of the engine-room telegraph.

"Gangway out!" called the second officer; and, when this was accomplished, "That will do."

It was the last task of all, gangway out. "That will do," was the dismissal. The voyage was ended, and the crew shambled eagerly forward across the rusty decks to where their sea-bags were packed and ready for the shore. The taste of the land was strong in the men's mouths, and strong it was in the skipper's mouth as he muttered a gruff good day to the departing pilot, and himself went down to his cabin. Up the gangway were trooping the customs officers, the surveyor, the agent's clerk, and the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stevedores. Quick work disposed of these and cleared his cabin, the agent waiting to take him to the office.

"Dud ye send word tull the wife?" had been his greeting to the clerk.

"Yes, a telegram, as soon as you were reported."

"She'll likely be comin' down on the marnin' train," the skipper had soliloquised, and gone inside to change his clothes and wash.

He took a last glance about the room and at two photographs on the wall, one of the wife, the other of an infant—the child he had never seen. He stepped out into the cabin, with its panelled walls of cedar and maple and with its long table that seated ten, and at which he had eaten by himself through all the weary time. No laughter and clatter and wordy argument of the mess-room had been his. He had eaten silently, almost morosely, his silence emulated by the noiseless Asiatic who had served him. It came to him suddenly, the overwhelming realisation of the loneliness of those two years and more. All his vexations and anxieties had been his own. He had shared them with no one. His two young officers were too young and flighty, the mate too stupid. There was no consulting with them. One tenant had shared the cabin with him, that tenant his responsibility. They had dined and supped together, walked the bridge together, and together they had bedded.

"Och!" he muttered to that grim companion, "I'm quit of you, an' wull quit . . . for a wee."

Ashore, he passed the last of the seamen with their bags, and, at the agent's, with the usual delays, put through his ship business. When asked out by them to drink he took milk and soda.

"I am no a teetotaler," he explained; "but for the life o' me I canna bide beer or whuskey."

In the early afternoon, when he finished paying off his crew, he hurried to the private office, where he had been told his wife was waiting.

His eyes were for her first, though the temptation was great to have more than a hurried glimpse of the child in the chair beside her. He held her off from him after the long embrace, and looked into her face long and steadily, drinking in every feature of it and wondering that he could mark no changes of time. A warm man, his wife thought him, though had the opinion of his officers been asked it would have been: a harsh man and a bitter one.

"Wull, Annie, how is ut wi' ye?" he queried, and drew her to him again.

And again he held her away from him, this wife of ten years and of whom he knew so little. She was almost a stranger—more a stranger than his Chinese steward, and certainly far more a stranger than his own officers, whom he had seen every day, day and day, for eight hundred and fifty days. Married ten years, and in that time he had been with her nine weeks—scarcely a honeymoon. Each time home had been a getting acquainted over with her. It was the fate of the men who went out to the salt-ploughing. Little they knew of their wives and less of their children. There was his chief engineer—old, near-sighted MacPherson—who told the story of returning home to be locked out of his house by his four-year kiddie that never had laid eyes on him before.

"An' thus 'ull be the loddie," the skipper said, reaching out a hesitant hand to the child's cheek.

But the boy drew away from him, sheltering against the mother's side.

"Och!" she cried, "and he doesna know his own father."

"Nor I hum. Heaven knows I could no a-picked hum out of a crowd, though he'll be havin' your nose I'm thunkun'."

"An' your own eyes, Donald. Look ut them. He's your own father, laddie. Kiss hum like the little mon ye are."

But the child drew closer to her, his expression of fear and distrust growing stronger, and when the father attempted to take him in his arms he threatened to cry.

The skipper straightened up, and to conceal the pang at his heart, he drew out his watch and looked at it.

"Ut's time to go, Annie," he said. "Thot train 'ull be startun'."

He was silent on the train at first, divided between watching the wife with the child going to sleep in her arms and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

looking out of the window at the tilled fields and green unforested hills, vague and indistinct in the driving drizzle that had set in. They had the compartment to themselves. When the boy slept she laid him out on the seat and wrapped him warmly. And when the health of relatives and friends had been inquired after, and the gossip of Island McGill narrated, along with the weather and the price of land and crops, there was little left to talk about save themselves, and Captain MacElrath took up the tale brought home for the good wife from all his world's-end wandering. But it was not a tale of marvels he told, nor of beautiful flower-lands nor mysterious Eastern cities.

"What-like is Java?" she asked once.

"Full o' fever. Half the crew down wuth ut an' luttle work. Ut was quinine an' quinine the whole blessed time. Each marnun' 'twas quinine an' gin for all hands on an empty stomach. An' they who was no sick made ut out to be hovun' ut bad uz the rest."

Another time she asked about Newcastle.

"Coals an' coal-dust—thot's all. No a nice sutty. I lost two Chinks there, stokers the both of them. An' the owners paid a fine tull the government of a hunderd pounds each for them. 'We regret tull note,' they wrut me—I got the letter tull Oregon—'we regret tull note the loss o' two Chinese members o' yer crew ot Newcastle, an' we recommend greater carefulness un the future.' Greater carefulness! And I could no a-been more careful. The Chinks hod forty-five pounds each comun' tull them in wages, an' I was no a-thunkun' they 'ud run.

"But thot's their way—'we regret tull note,' 'we beg tull advise,' 'we recommend,' 'we canna onderstand,'—an' the like o' thot. Domned cargo tank! An' they would thunk I could drive her like a *Lucania,* an' wi'out burnun' coals. There was thot propeller. I was after them a guid while for ut. The old one was iron, thuck on the edges, an' we couldna make our speed. An' the new one was bronze—nine hunderd pounds ut cost, an' them wantun' their returns out o' ut, an' me wuth a bod passage an' lossin' time every day. 'We regret tull note your long passage from Voloparaiso tull Sydney wuth an average daily run o' only one hunderd an' suxty-seven. We hod expected better results wuth the new propeller. You should a-made an average daily run o' two hunderd an' suxteen.'

"An' me on a wunter passage, blowun' a luvin' gale half the time, wuth hurricane force in atweenwhiles, an' hove to sux days, wuth engines stopped an' bunker coal runnun' short, an' me wuth a mate thot stupid he could no pass a shup's light ot night wi'out callun' me tull the brudge. I wrut an' told 'em so. An' then: 'Our nautical adviser suggests you kept too far south,' an' 'We are lookun' for better results from thot propeller.' Nautical adviser!—shore pilot! Ut was the regular latitude for a wunter passage from Voloparaiso tull Sydney.

"An' when I come un tull Auckland, short o' coal, after lettun' her druft sux days wuth the fires out tull save the coal, an' wuth only twenty tons in my bunkers, I was thunkun' o' the lossin' o' time an' the expense, an' tull save the owners I took her un an' out wi'out pilotage. Pilotage was no compulsory. An' un Yokohama, who should I meet but Captun Robinson o' the *Dyapsic.* We got a talkun' about ports an' places down Australia-way, an' first thing he says: 'Speakun' o' Auckland—of course, Captun, you was never un Auckland?' 'Yus,' I says, 'I was un there very recent.' 'Oh, ho,' he says, very angry-like, 'so you was the smart-Aleck thot fetcht me thot letter from the owners: "We note item of fufteen pounds for pilotage ot Auckland. A shup o' ours was un tull Auckland recently an' uncurred no such charge. We beg tull advise you thot we conseeder thus pilotage an onnecessary expense whuch should no be uncurred un the future." '

"But dud they say a word tull me for the fufteen pounds I saved tull them? No a word. They send a letter tull Captun Robinson for no savun' them the fufteen pounds, an' tull me: 'We note item of two guineas doctor's fee at Auckland for crew. Please explain thus onusual expunditure.' Ut was two o' the Chinks. I was thunkun' they hod beri-beri, an'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thot was the why o' sendun' for the doctor. I buried the two of them ot sea not a week after. But ut was: 'Please explain thus onusual expunditure,' an' tull Captun Robinson, 'We beg tull advise thot we conseeder thus pilotage an onusual expense.'

"Dudna I cable them from Newcastle, tellun' them the old tank was thot foul she needed drydock? Seven months out o' drydock, an' the West Coast the quickest place for foulun' un the world. But freights was up, an' they hod a charter o' coals for Portland. The *Arrata,* one o' the Woor Line, left port the same day uz us, bound for Portland, an' the old *Tryapsic* makun' sux knots, seven ot the best. An' ut was ot Comox, takun' un bunker coal, I got the letter from the owners. The boss humself hod signed ut, an' ot the bottom he wrut un hus own hond: 'The *Arrata* beat you by four an' a half days. Am dusappointed.' Dusappointed! When I hod cabled them from Newcastle! When she drydocked at Portland, there was whuskers on her a foot long, barnacles the size o' me fust, oysters like young sauce-plates. Ut took them two days afterward tull clean the dock o' shells an' muck.

"An' there was the motter o' them fire-bars ot Newcastle. The firm ashore made them heavier than the engineer's specifications, an' then forgot tull charge for the dufference. Ot the last moment, wuth me ashore gettun' me clearance, they come wuth the bill: 'Tull error on fire-bars, sux pounds.' They'd been tull the ship an' MacPherson hod O. K.'d ut. I said ut was strange an' would no pay. 'Then you are dootun' the chief engineer,' says they. 'I'm no dootun',' says I, 'but I canna see my way tull sign. Come wuth me tull the shup. The launch wull cost ye naught an' ut 'ull brung ye back. An' we wull see what MacPherson says.'

"But they would no come. Ot Portland I got the bill un a letter. I took no notice. Ot Hongkong I got a letter from the owners. The bill hod been sent tull them. I wrut them from Java explainun'. At Marseilles the owners wrut me: 'Tull extra work un engine-room, sux pounds. The engineer has O.K.'d ut, an' you have no O.K.'d ut. Are you dootun' the engineer's honesty?' I wrut an' told them I was no dootun' his honesty; thot the bill was for extra weight o' fire-bars; an' thot ut was O.K. Dud they pay ut? They no dud. They must unvestigate. An' some clerk un the office took sick, an' the bill was lost. An' there was more letters. I got letters from the owners an' the firm—'Tull error on fire-bars, sux pounds'—ot Baltimore, ot Delagoa Bay, ot Moji, ot Rangoon, ot Rio, an' ot Montevuddio. Ut uz no settled yut. I tell ye, Annie, the owners are hard tull please."

He communed with himself for a moment, and then muttered indignantly: "Tull error on fire-bars, sux pounds."

"Hov ye heard of Jamie?" his wife asked in the pause.

Captain MacElrath shook his head.

"He was washed off the poop wuth three seamen."

"Whereabouts?"

"Off the Horn. 'Twas on the *Thornsby.*"

"They would be runnun,' homeward bound?"

"Ay," she nodded. "We only got the word three days gone. His wife is greetin' like tull die."

"A good lod, Jamie," he commented, "but a stiff one ot carryun' on. I mind me when we was mates together un the *Abion.* An' so Jamie's gone."

Again a pause fell, to be broken by the wife.

"An' ye will no a-heard o' the *Bankshire?* MacDougall lost her in Magellan Straits. 'Twas only yesterday ut was in the paper."

"A cruel place, them Magellan Straits," he said. "Dudna thot domned mate-fellow nigh putt me ashore twice on the one passage through? He was a eediot, a lunatuc. I wouldna have hum on the brudge a munut. Comun' tull Narrow Reach, thuck weather, wuth snow-squalls, me un the chart-room, dudna I guv hum the changed course? 'South-East-by-East,' I told hum. 'South-East-by-East, sir,' says he. Fufteen munuts after, I comes on tull the brudge. 'Funny,' says thot mate-fellow, 'I'm no rememberun' ony islands un the mouth o' Narrow Reach.' I took one look ot the islands an' yells, 'Putt your wheel

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hard-a-starboard,' tull the mon ot the wheel. An' ye should a-seen the old *Tryapsic* turnun' the sharpest circle she ever turned. I waited for the snow tull clear, an' there was Narrow Reach, nice uz ye please, tull the east'ard, an' the islands un the mouth o' False Bay tull the south'ard. 'What course was ye steerun'?' I says tull the mon ot the wheel. 'South-by-East, sir,' says he. I looked tull the mate-fellow. What could I say? I was thot wroth I could a-kult hum. Four points dufference. Five munuts more an' the old *Tryapsic* would a-been funushed.

"An' was ut no the same when we cleared the Straits tull the east'ard? Four hours would a-seen us guid an' clear. I was forty hours then on the brudge. I guv the mate his course, an' the bearun' o' the Askthar Light astern. 'Don't let her bear more tull the north'-ard than West-by-North,' I said tull hum, 'an' ye wull be all right.' An' I went below an' turned un. But I couldna sleep for worryun'. After forty hours on the brudge, what was four hours more? I thought. An' for them four hours wull ye be lettun' the mate loss her on ye? 'No,' I says to myself. An' wuth thot I got up, hod a wash an' a cup o' coffee, an' went tull the brudge. I took one look ot the bearun' o' Askthar Light. 'Twas Nor'west-by-West, an' the old *Tryapsic* down on the shoals. He was an eediot, thot mate-fellow. Ye could look overside an' see the duscolouration of the watter. 'Twas a close call for the old *Tryapsic* I'm tellun' ye. Twice un thirty hours he'd a-hod her ashore uf ut hod no been for me."

Captain MacElrath fell to gazing at the sleeping child with mild wonder in his small blue eyes, and his wife sought to divert him from his woes.

"Ye remember Jummy MacCaul?" she asked. "Ye went tull school wuth hus two boys. Old Jummy MacCaul thot hoz the farm beyond Doctor Haythorne's place."

"O, ay, an' what o' hum? Uz he dead?"

"No, but he was after askun' your father, when ye sailed last time for Voloparaiso, uf ye'd been there afore. An' when your father says no, then Jummy says, 'An' how wull he be knowun' tull find hus way?' An' with thot your father says: 'Verry sumple ut uz, Jummy. Supposun' you was goin' tull the mainland tull a mon who luved un Belfast. Belfast uz a bug sutty, Jummy, an' how would ye be findun' your way?' 'By way o' me tongue,' says Jummy; 'I'd be askun' the folk I met.' 'I told ye ut was sumple,' says your father. 'Ut's the very same way my Donald finds the road tull Voloparaiso. He asks every shup he meets upon the sea tull ot last he meets wuth a shup thot's been tull Voloparaiso, an' the captun o' thot shup tells hum the way.' An' Jummy scratches hus head an' says he understands an' thot ut's a very sumple motter after all."

The skipper chuckled at the joke, and his tired blue eyes were merry for the moment.

"He was a thun chap, thot mate-fellow, uz thun uz you an' me putt together," he remarked after a time, a slight twinkle in his eye of appreciation of the bull. But the twinkle quickly disappeared and the blue eyes took on a bleak and wintry look. "What dud he do ot Voloparaiso but land sux hunderd fathom o' chain cable an' take never a receipt from the lighter-mon. I was gettun' my clearance ot the time. When we got tull sea, I found he hod no receipt for the cable.

"'An' ye no took a receipt for ut?' says I.

"'No,' says he. 'Wasna ut goin' direct tull the agents?'

"How long ha' ye been goin' tull sea,' says I, 'not tull be knowin' the mate's duty uz tull deluver no cargo wuthout receipt for same? An' on the West Coast ot thot. What's tull stop the lighter-mon from stealun' a few lengths o' ut?'

"An' ut come out uz I said. Sux hunderd fathom went over the side, but four hunderd an' ninety-five was all the agents received. The lighter-mon swore ut was all he received from the mate—four hunderd an' ninety-five fathom. I got a letter from the owners ot Portland. They no blamed the mate for ut, but me, an' me ashore ot the time on shup's buzz'-ness. I could no be the two places ot the one time. An' the letters from the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

owners an' the agents uz stull comun' tull me.

"Thot mate-fellow was no a proper sailor, an' no a mon tull work for owners. Dudna he want tull break me wuth the Board o' Trade for bein' below my marks? He said as much tull the bosun. An' he told me tull my face homeward bound thot I'd been half an inch under my marks. 'Twas at Portland, loadun' cargo un fresh watter an' goin' tull Comox tull load bunker coal un salt watter. I tell ye, Annie, ut takes close fuggerin' an' I *was* half an inch under the load-line when the bunker coal was un. But I'm no tellun' any other body but you. An' thot mate-fellow untendun' tull report me tull the Board o' Trade, only for thot he saw fut tull be sliced un two pieces on the steam-pipe cover.

"He was a fool. After loadun' ot Portland I hod tull take on suxty tons o' coal tull last me tull Comox. The charges for lighterun' was heavy, an' no room ot the coal-dock. A French bark was lyun' alongside the dock an' I spoke tull the captun, askun' hum what he would charge, when work for the day was done, tull haul clear for a couple o' hours an' let me un. 'Twenty dollars,' said he. Ut was savun' money on lighters tull the owners, an' I gave ut tull hum. An thot night, after dark, I hauled un an' took on the coal. Then I started tull go out un the stream an' drop anchor—under me own steam, of course.

"We hod tull go out stern-first, an' somethun' went wrong wuth the reversun' gear. Old MacPherson said he could work ut by hond, but very slow ot thot. An' I said all right. We started. The pilot was on board. The tide was ebbun' stuffly, an' right abreast an' a but below was a shup lyun' wuth a lighter on each side. I saw the shup's ridun' lights, but never a light on the lighters. Ut was close quarters to shuft a bug vessel onder steam, wuth MacPherson workun' the reversun' gear by hond. We hod to come close down upon the shup afore I could go ahead an' clear o' the shups on the dock-ends. An' we struck the lighter stern-on, just uz I rung tull MacPherson half ahead.

"'What was thot?' says the pilot, when we struck the lighter.

"'I dunna know,' says I, 'an' I'm wonderun'.'

"The pilot was no keen, ye see, tull hus job. I went on tull a guid place an' dropped anchor, an' ut would all a-been well but for thot domned eediot mate.

"'We smashed thot lighter,' says he, comun' up the lodder tull the brudge—an' the pilot stondun' there wuth his ears cocked tull hear.

"'What lighter?' says I.

"'Thot lighter alongside the shup,' says the mate.

"'I dudna see no lighter,' says I, and wuth thot I steps on hus fut guid an' hard.

"After the pilot was gone, I says tull the mate: 'Uf you dunna know onythun', old mon, for heaven's sake keep your mouth shut.'

"'But ye dud smash thot lighter, dudn't ye?' says he.

"'Uf we dud,' says I, 'ut's no your buzz'ness tull be tellun' the pilot—though mind ye, I'm no admuttun' there was ony lighter.'

"An' next marnun', just uz I'm after dressun', the stewart says, 'A mon tull see ye, sir.' 'Fetch hum un,' says I. An' un he come. 'Sut down,' says I. An' he sot down.

"He was the owner of the lighter, an' when he hod told hus story, I says, 'I dudna see ony lighter.'

"'What, mon?' says he. 'No see a two-hunderd-ton lighter, bug uz a house, alonside thot shup?'

"'I was goin' by the shup's lights,' says I, 'an' I dudna touch the shup, thot I know.'

"'But ye dud touch the lighter,' says he. 'Ye smashed her. There's a thousand dollars domage done, an' I'll see ye pay for ut.'

"'Look here, Muster,' says I; 'when I'm shuftun' a shup ot night I follow the law, an' the law dustunctly says I must regulate me actions by the lights o' the shuppun'. Your lighter never hod no ridun' light, nor dud I look for any lighter wuthout lights tull show ut.'

"'The mate says——' he beguns.

"'Domn the mate,' says I. 'Dud your lighter hov a ridun' light?'

"'No, ut dud not,' says he, 'but ut was a clear night wuth the moon a-showun'.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"'Ye seem tull know your buzz'ness,' says I. 'But let me tell ye thot I know my buzz'ness uz well, an' thot I'm no a-lookun' for lighters wuthout lights. Uf ye thunk ye hov a case, go ahead. The stewart will show ye out. Guid day.'

"An' thot was the end o' ut. But ut wull show ye what a poor fellow thot mate was. I call ut a blessun' for all masters thot he was sliced un two on thot steam-pipe cover. He hod a pull un the office an' thot was the why he was kept on."

"The Wekley farm wull soon be for sale, so the agents be tellun' me," his wife remarked, slyly watching what effect her announcement would have upon him.

His eyes flashed eagerly on the instant, and he straightened up as might a man about to engage in some agreeable task. It was the farm of his vision, adjoining his father's, and her own people farmed not a mile away.

"We wull be buyun' ut," he said, "though we wull be no tellun' a soul of ut ontull ut's bought an' the money paid down. I'm savun' consuderable these days, though pickun's uz no what they used to be, an' we hov a tidy nest-egg laid by. I wull see the father an' hov the money ready tull hus hond, so uf I'm ot sea he can buy whenever the land offers."

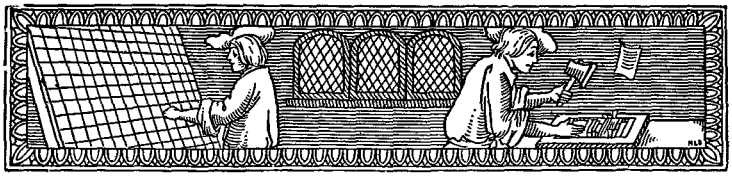
He rubbed the frosted moisture from the inside of the window and peered out at the pouring rain, through which he could discern nothing.

"When I was a young mon I used tull be afeard thot the owners would guv me the sack. Stull afeard I am of the sack. But once thot farm is mine I wull no be afeard ony longer. Ut's a puir job thus sea-farmun'. Me a-managun' un all seas an' weather an' perils o' the deep a shup worth fufty thousand pounds, wuth cargoes ot times worth fufty thousand more—a hunderd thousand pounds, half a million dollars uz the Yankees say, an' me wuth all the responsibility gettun' a screw o' twenty pounds a month. What mon ashore, managin' a buzz'ness worth a hunderd thousand pounds wull be gettun' uz small a screw uz twenty pounds? An' wuth such masters uz a captun serves—the owners, the underwriters, an' the Board o' Trade, all pullun' an'. wantun' dufferent thungs—the owners wantun' quick passages and domn the rusk, the underwriters wantun' safe passages an' domn the delay, an' the Board o' Trade wantun' cautious passages an' caution always meanun' delay. Three dufferent masters, an' all three able and wullun' to break ye uf ye don't serve all their dufferent wushes."

He felt the train slackening speed, and peered again through the misty window. He stood up, buttoned his overcoat, turned up the collar, and awkwardly gathered the child, still asleep, in his arms.

"I wull see the father," he said, "an' hov the money ready tull his hond so uf I'm ot sea when the land offers he wull no muss the chance tull buy. An' then the owners can guv me the sack uz soon uz they like. Ut wull be all right un, an' I wull be wuth you, Annie, an' the sea can go tull hell."

Happiness was in both their faces at the prospect, and for a moment both saw the same vision of peace. Annie leaned toward him, and as the train stopped they kissed each other across the sleeping child.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REPRESENTATIVE ENGLISH STORY TELLERS

I—Joseph Conrad

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

ITH the possible exception of Mr. Henry James, there is no living writer of fiction in English whom it behooves the critic to approach with more modesty and self-mistrust than Joseph Conrad. There is no other writer of similar magnitude whose treatment in the past has been so inadequate, so prejudiced, so blindly narrow and one-sided. From the time when one of his earliest book notices bore the caption, "A Puzzle for Reviewers," his detractors have never become tired of insisting that he does not know how to write English and does not know how to construct a story; and his admirers have expended their energies in explaining and apologising for him—whereas, as a matter of fact, he needs neither apology nor explanation, but merely a far heartier recognition than he has yet received. The attitude of criticism toward him has not seriously troubled Mr. Conrad. As he himself writes, in *A Personal Record*—a unique human document, which is just appearing, and from which it will be profitable to draw freely in this article—"fifteen years of unbroken silence before praise or blame testify sufficiently to my respect for criticism, that fine flower of personal expression in the garden of letters." But, though the author himself can afford to be tolerant of miscomprehension and undervaluation, the serious student of modern tendencies in fiction cannot afford to overlook the fact that Conrad is one of the very few who have added something absolutely new to the art and the technique of his vocation.

I. HIS METHODS

It is worth while before passing on to examine more specifically the qualities of Conrad's fiction, to take up for a moment a couple of special articles of comparatively recent date, that of Mr. John A. Macy in the *Atlantic Monthly* and of John Galsworthy in the *Contemporary Review*. These articles are singled out from a number of others because, while fairly representative in tone, they were put forth with the semblance of special authority and finality. Mr. Macy, while questioning the greatness of modern writers in general, somewhat dubiously suggests Mr. Conrad as the one possible claimant. He extols Mr. Conrad's lofty ideals, and then, on the ground that a writer of such lofty standards must be judged with exceptional rigidity, proceeds to devote a large part of his article to picking flaws in the construction of his author's several stories, as measured by the pocket rule of cut-and-dried technique. The sum and substance of what he has to say is to blame Conrad for not having done as other and lesser writers were contented to do before him—instead of seeking to discover how and why he has succeeded in being splendidly and triumphantly himself.

Mr. Galsworthy's article deserves a brief word for quite a different reason. Here we have a cordial appreciation by a fellow-craftsman who already occupies as dignified a position in his own generation as Mr. Conrad does in his. That Mr. Galsworthy's lack of critical balance is equal to his possession of creative power becomes apparent long before we reach the following paragraph, so extravagant that it largely discounts its own value:

> The writing of these (Conrad's) ten books is probably the only writing of the last twelve years that will enrich the English language to any extent. Other writers will better classify and mould; this writer, by the native wealth of his imagery, by a more daring and subtler use of words, brings something new to the fount of English letters.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The technical side of Joseph Conrad's work does not especially interest Mr. Galsworthy. He is mainly concerned with the attempt to sum up the essential spirit of Conrad in some epigrammatic, easily portable form, in finding some catch-phrase that sounds like an explanation, and which really is as futile as an attempt to reduce a myriad-sided solid to a plane surface. The Universe, in the words of Mr. Galsworthy, "is always saying: The little part called man is always smaller than the whole!"—the writer who recognises the truth of this possesses, according to him, the cosmic spirit. Mr. Conrad's claim to recognition rests upon the fact that he is unique among novelists in possessing this spirit:

> In the novels of Balzac and Charles Dickens there is the feeling of environment, of the growth of men from men. In the novels of Turgenev the characters are bathed in light; nature in her many moods is all around, but man is first. In the novels of Joseph Conrad nature is first, man is second.

Now, if this were literally true, if Mr. Conrad really believed that a rainbow or a water-spout were of more importance to mankind than man himself: then, instead of proving his claim to greatness by pointing out this fact, Mr. Galsworthy would simply have knocked the idol from his pedestal and proved him to be stuffed with straw. It is all very well to have enough of the cosmic spirit to recognise that in the ultimate scheme of things the part is always smaller than the whole, and that, as a rudimentary principle of physics, a mountain contains more molecules than a man. But Mr. Conrad is not writing for an audience of mountains, but for his fellow-men—and no really good work can be done by any living creature, man, beast or bird, whose chief concern is not with his own species. A member of a beehive would make a pretty poor bee if he were not convinced of the supreme importance of bees.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Conrad's books leave no such impression on the mind of the average reader as they seem to have left upon Mr. Galsworthy. It is almost incredible that any one could read them without feeling, above all else, their vital and tremendous human interest. It is perfectly true that he deals by preference with titanic forces: the unbridled rage of the ocean, the invincible sweep of a wind-driven storm, the unmeasured and impenetrable depths of a tropic forest. But everywhere and always his unit of measurement is man; man measuring his puny strength against the universe, and foredoomed to defeat; yet in his defeat remaining always the focal point of interest.

In order to understand how Mr. Conrad has formed his style and built up his literary creed, it is necessary to keep in mind just a few biographical details. Joseph Conrad Korzeniowski—to give him his full original name—was born in the Ukraine in about the year 1857. He comes of an old and illustrious family, distinguished for many services in peace and in war. His father was a poet and critic, and a translator of many English books. When he was still a little lad, he shared the exile of his father and mother, following upon the political disturbances of the early sixties—and it was a result of this exile that his mother lost her life, through the callous refusal of the Russian authorities to allow her time to recover from a dangerous illness. The last thing on earth that his family dreamed of for Conrad was a sea career, and his choice, when announced, aroused much astonishment and some characteristically mild opposition. He has recorded the happenings of a certain day spent with his tutor in the Alps, as being one of the great turning points in his life. "He had long been trying to crush my will," he relates in substance, "and I felt that before we reached the summit of that pass he would succeed." But this was not to be; a chance meeting with others on the way and a sudden turn which the careless talk assumed, touched a certain chord in Conrad; and when they reached the summit, the tutor said to him kindly, "Go your way, I am beaten; you have too much of Don Quixote in you for me to help you." For twenty years, Conrad sailed the waters of the globe, working his way upward in the English merchant-marine service, through all the grades, until he won his Master's certificate and took chief command. There is every reason to believe

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that he was as painstaking and admirable a seaman in those days as he now is an author. But he was unique among seamen for his love of reading—for his choice of books and his understanding grasp of them. No one can study Conrad profitably without keeping these all-important formative years in mind; years spent in the unconscious amassing of infinite and priceless material, in the slow absorption of strange and alien personages, exotic and picturesque cities and harbours, fierce and undisciplined regions on the edge of the world; all the stage-settings and raw materials for human drama in the bulk. And all the while that he was unconsciously assimilating his material, Conrad was, with equal unconsciousness, learning how best to use it, by his tireless and voracious reading,—reading of books which some inborn instinct led him to choose with wonderful wisdom. The French writers were his favourites, and he learned his respect of the *mot juste* from Flaubert, and something of construction from Maupassant. In English, his tastes were similarly healthy. Dickens naturally appealed to him in a mild degree, for he shares with Dickens the love of drawing straight from life odd, grotesque, oftentimes misshapen oddities of humanity, and slightly caricatures them in doing so. But Trollope is an author whose name crops up more frequently in Conrad's autobiographical pages,—and another whose influence is even more potent is Henry James,—Henry James, who, with all his mannerisms, has done more, than any other living master of fiction, to teach those who read him understandingly, the sheer craft of story writing.

These facts: twenty years face to face with hardship and heroism; twenty years of leisure and isolation in which to grow up slowly to a knowledge of precisely how he could make the best use of his material; twenty years to drill himself in a language to which he was a total stranger up to his twentieth year, are a sufficient answer to those critics who were at one time too ready to dismiss Conrad's work lightly, as that of a man who had not learned his craft. The simple truth is that he had learned it with a thoroughness such as is hard to duplicate; that he knows his own reason for every episode, every paragraph, every separate word; that if he makes a mistake, if there are better ways for doing any one particular thing, his fault is at least committed with his eyes open, and in an honest belief that, for him at least, it is the one and only way.

Accordingly, it is well to take up the two reproaches most frequently made against him, and to consider to what extent they are justified. As a matter of fact, it would be easy to take up a hundred apparent faults instead of two, because there is hardly any known rule of technique that Mr. Conrad does not deliberately break when he chooses,—for of what good are rules based on the practice of the older writers save to be broken by the new writer who happens to be big and strong enough to justify his iconoclasm? But the two reproaches in question are: first, that he follows no logical development of a story, but goes zigzagging back and forth, from east to west, from past to future, apparently quite without purpose or orientation. And, secondly, that he has no sense of proportion, that some parts of his stories are inordinately long, and others absurdly short; that he will squander a full length plot on a short story, and amplify a mere episode into four hundred pages. Both these charges are true,—a fact that does not matter in itself, but does vitally matter if he fails to prove that for his specific purpose his way is the one and only way to get the best result.

Did you ever watch a common garden spider preparing to spin its web? From some apparently irrelevant point on a leaf or branch, it suddenly drops a number of inches to some other equally irrelevant point; then it proceeds at a tangent to a new point of departure, hesitates, retraces its steps, picks up some lost thread, crosses and recrosses its path, pausing to tie a knot here and there,—and all of a sudden this apparently aimless zigzagging takes on a definite design, of perfect and marvelous symmetry. Now, it may be cheerfully granted that this would not be the approved method of knitting stockings or weaving calico; there are some purposes, and worthy ones, where the conventional, straight-ahead method is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

praiseworthy. But there are certain types of genius that must work according to their inborn nature: and it happens that Mr. Conrad shares with the spider the genius of the zigzag method, and by the help of it spins fabrics quite as marvellous and inimitable. He cannot help himself; his mind works in that way. When, in *Almayer's Folly,* he tells us the story of the degeneration of a white man exiled in the heart of the Malay Peninsula, and of his crushing disappointment at the marriage of his half-caste daughter with a native, it is characteristic of him that the story should open when the end is already in sight, and that a majority of the chapters should be concerned with filling in the missing links; still more characteristic that a subsequent volume, *The Outcast of the Island,* announced as a sequel, should go back to the earlier days of Almayer's prosperity and his daughter's infancy. A still more convincing proof that this is the way in which Mr. Conrad sees a story is that he adopts the same identical method for telling his own biography. *A Personal Record* is an exceptionally frank and self-revealing document covering Mr. Conrad's entire life, from his earliest recollections down to the present day; but the first of its eight chapters opens during the winter in the early nineties, when he was icebound in the river harbour of Rouen, when he was engaged in writing the tenth chapter of *Almayer's Folly,*—and no two chapters and scarcely two pages are consecutive in point of time. And the reason for this is so palpable that even a dunce could hardly miss it. The greatest adventure that Mr. Conrad's soul ever underwent was his first experiment in fiction: and accordingly his biography is built up with the deliberate intent of making the genesis of *Almayer's Folly,* from its inception to its final publication, the one triumphant *leitmotiv* of his whole life history.

In precisely the same way we may explain the indirect and zigzag progress of his other writings. Your cut-and-dried critic, who insists on measuring a mountain with a footrule and quarrels with it for daring to be out of line, insists also on labelling a certain character *hero* and another *heroine.* And, naturally, when this critic notes that his so-called hero drops out of sight for a considerable number of chapters, and, it may be, the heroine vanishes altogether in mid-channel, he feels himself aggrieved and says that the author does not know how to construct. The truth about Mr. Conrad is simply this: he is more likely than not to take some force of nature as his protagonist; in *Typhoon,* the leading part is taken, not by Captain MacWhirr, nor his under-officer, nor by any one of the two hundred coolies between decks, but by the typhoon itself. And, similarly, in *The Nigger of the Narcissus,* the leading part is not taken by any one of the officers or crew,—not even by the Nigger of the title,—indeed, like *Vanity Fair,* it might be called *A Novel Without a Hero,* and with only one heroine, the treacherous, implacable sea.

And, secondly, as regards the question of sheer material length in story writing. It is a deep-rooted fallacy that there are some themes suitable for a full length novel and others fit only for a short story. As a matter of fact, such a distinction is disastrously misleading. There are some minds who see in a battlefield a long volume epic, a *Peace and War,* a *Débâcle;* there are others who, like Browning, see only an "Incident of the French Camp," material at most for a dozen lines of verse. The difference does not lie in the theme, but in the temperament of the individual, the fashion in which he looks upon life in general and upon some specific story in particular. In the whole range of contemporary fiction it would be difficult to find this truth better exemplified than it is in the work of Conrad. In all of his writings he has set his own pace, fallen into his own particular stride, so to speak, ignoring all precedents regarding a conventional proportion between subject and space, crumpling up a world-wide theme into the narrow limits of a few pages, and stretching out some transitory incident into the bulk of a portly volume,—and yet the very last objection which a critic, who has learned to read understandingly and recognises genius in unfamiliar garb, would dream of making, is that certain of his stories are too short and certain others too long. Take, for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

instance, his *Nigger of the Narcissus*—one of the many English stories whose titles have suffered an unfortunate sea-change during their passage into an American edition. Let any other writer submit the synopsis of the plot to his publisher, and if that publisher knows his business, he will tell the author frankly that there is barely enough plot in it for a Sunday special, to say nothing of a book. Yet Mr. Conrad wove out of it a magic volume, full of the life and breadth and infinite variety of the sea; and, in the centre of the picture, the inert figure of a sickly, malingering negro stands out as clear-cut as an ebony idol against a background of ivory, mysterious, foreboding, the embodiment of fate. Or again, take *The Heart of Darkness,* one of the shortest stories Mr. Conrad has written, and at the same time containing one of the biggest, most suggestive of his themes. It is nothing less than a presentment of the clashing of two continents, a symbolic picture of the inborn antagonism of two races, the white and the black. It pic-

From a drawing by Will Rothenstein

JOSEPH CONRAD

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tures the subtle disintegration of a white man's moral stamina and the stress of the darkness, the isolation, the immensity of the African jungle, the loss of dignity and courage and self-respect through daily contact with the native man and the native woman. The whole thing is a matter of a few score pages, and yet, such is its strength coupled with a certain indescribable trick of verbal foreshortening, that it gives the impression of measureless time and distance. We feel that we have spent years in his company, roaming through the murky atmosphere of physical and moral darkness—and still beyond stretch unexplored vistas, measureless, forbidding, unspeakable.

It must be conceded that Mr. Conrad's style, unique and finished as it is, does not make easy reading. It resembles nothing so much as the depth, the mystery, the riotous luxuriance of those tropical forests wherein so many of his earlier stories were laid. There are whole pages and chapters where you are forced to move forward gropingly, with the caution of a pioneer, peering ahead at the vague forms of thought that you see suggested; and then, suddenly, there comes an open spot, illuminated with the sunshine of perfectly clear mental pictures, crowding tumultuously upon you; a flash and flare of rainbow colouring seems to streak the page with scarlet and purple and gold. That, in brief, is an epitome of Conrad's art; to keep you at one time groping in the dark, shrinking from unguessed horrors, dimly seen through the fog and mist; and the next moment to blind you with the unexpected flood of mental light. And back of his method lies a vein of unguessed richness, an inexhaustible mine of untold stories. He gives you the impression that, instead of pouring out all that he knows of strange lands and alien races, he is holding himself severely in check,—sketching in here and there one face and form out of the hundreds that elbow themselves forward in his memory; condensing these sketches down to the fewest possible, strong, impressionistic strokes, so as to leave space on his crowded canvas for other importunate memories constantly clamouring for recognition. Other writers before Conrad have possessed the art of painting crowds, jostling throngs in the street, armies of men on the march and in the heat of action; but they have produced their effects by a flood of detail poured out upon the page with the reckless lavishness of one who paints with a palette knife. Conrad's distinction lies in the power of suggestion, the ability to make you feel that, however much he shows you of life, there is vastly more that he leaves untold.

To produce these effects, it is not enough merely to will to do so. It is necessary above all to be a consummate master of words, and at the same time to have a profound reverence for them. It is not too much to say that Mr. Conrad is in this respect the peer of Rudyard Kipling,—with this difference: that being an alien by birth, he does, in a deliberate and highly sophisticated way, what the author of *Kim* does by instinct. In this connection, it is profitable to take two extracts from Conrad's own avowal, the first dating back to the beginning of his career as an artist, in about 1897; the second representing his latest utterance. The first appeared in a most interesting personal foot-note in the *New Review:*

It is only through complete, unswerving devotion to the perfect blending of form and substance; it is only through an unremitting, never discouraged care for the shape and ring of sentences that an approach can be made to plasticity, to colour; and the light of magic suggestiveness may be brought to play for an evanescent instant over the commonplace surface of words; of the old, old words, worn thin, defaced by ages of careless usage. The sincere endeavour to accomplish that creative task, to go as far on that road as his strength will carry him, to go undeterred by faltering, weariness or reproach, is the only valid justification for the worker in prose. And if his conscience is clear, his answer to those who, in the fullness of a wisdom which looks for immediate profit, demands specifically to be edified, consoled, amused; who demand to be promptly improved, or encouraged, or frightened, or shocked, or charmed, must run thus: My task which I am trying to achieve is, by the power of the written word, to make you hear, to make you feel—it is, before all, to make you *see*. That—and no more, and it is everything. If I succeed, you shall find there, according to your deserts, encouragement, consolation,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fear, charm—all you demand; and, perhaps, also that glimpse of truth for which you have forgotten to ask.

The second will be found in "A Familiar Preface," which forms the introduction to *A Personal Record:*

He who wants to persuade should put his trust, not in the right argument, but in the right word. The power of sound has always been greater than the power of sense. I don't say this by way of disparagement. It is better for mankind to be impressionable than reflective. Nothing humanely great—great, I mean, as affecting a whole mass of lives—has come from reflection. On the other hand, you cannot fail to see the power of mere words; such words as Glory, for instance, or Pity. I won't mention any more. They are not far to seek. Shouted with perseverance, with ardour, with conviction, these two by their sound alone have set whole nations in motion and upheaved the dry, hard ground on which rests our whole social fabric. There's "virtue" for you if you like! . . .

II. HIS WORKS

Mr. Conrad is not one of the authors whom it is profitable to study book by book. In spite of a few dissenting opinions, he has not greatly grown in the course of years. He is one of those rare Minervas of literature who issued in the first instance of full stature. *Almayer's Folly,* his first volume, the product of five years of intermittent and laborious, although loving work, has remained, there is reason to suspect, the favourite child of his brain. The theme already mentioned,—that of the disintegration of the European amid the debasing surroundings of Eastern barbarism, is one to which he reverts again and again, in his later works. But coming first, it had, not only the glamour of a maiden effort, but, what was infinitely more important to the author, the nostalgia of vanished days, the fascination of *une chose vécue. The Nigger of the Narcissus* is almost equally a personal document. It represents a composite picture of the types of officers and seamen grown familiar through a score of years. It is impossible to appreciate even remotely the personal element of this book without having read a volume which followed it a decade later, *The Mirror of the Sea.* In reading that storehouse of personal reminiscences, one guesses between the lines how much heart-ache, how much lost friendships, what a host of vanished memories went into the making of that wonderful verbal mosaic which American readers know under the name of *Children of the Sea.*

Close upon its heels followed a volume of short stories,—really short stories, in the accepted sense,—entitled *Tales of Unrest.* This is worth an additional emphasis, because it called forth the first big public recognition that Conrad received. Together with Hewlett's *Forest Lovers* and Sidney Lee's *Life of William Shakespeare,* it completed the trio of volumes which at that time the London *Academy* was in the habit of "crowning" each year and rewarding with a prize of fifty guineas. Most of the stories in this volume are wrought from his familiar material of Malays, half-castes, and degenerate Europeans; but there is just one story, "The Return," which is worth signalling, because it is his first, last, and only attempt to do the familiar French analytical story of married incompatibility. It is memorable because it comes so exasperatingly near being a tremendously big story,—and instead, speaking frankly, it is a failure. The scene is London, the chief actors are an average business man and his still more average wife. He thinks he understands her. As a matter of fact, they have through five years been imperceptibly drifting apart. One day he comes home as usual, to find awaiting him a letter from her telling him that she has eloped with another man. His surprise, his conventional dismay, his whole cut-and-dried attitude of mind are interpreted with a skill that baffles praise. But, because she is the hopelessly average woman, she lacks the courage of her revolt; she comes back. And here comes the part that spoils the story. Throughout a dialogue that drifts on endlessly, the woman remains a living, throbbing bundle of nerves, and the man becomes a stilted, unreal mouthpiece of Mr. Conrad's vain imaginings. Mr. Galsworthy was absolutely right when he said that the hero of this story was one of the few instances in which Conrad had

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

drawn a character that was hopelessly wooden.

As already suggested, there is no purpose in analysing one by one all of Conrad's stories. Because of his peculiar trick of foreshortening, many of his longest books may be summed up in a dozen words. *Lord Jim,* which many competent judges regard as his masterpiece, is simply the epic of a man's rehabilitation after being proved a coward. *Typhoon* is an allegory, half epic, half satiric, of the impotence of physical life before the blind, unchained forces of nature,—a fable told with all the forceful brevity of *Le Chène et le Roseau* of La Fontaine. *Nostromo* belongs to a different category. From whatever side you view it, it is too big, too complex, too full of dim, unfathomed places, to be easily or briefly epitomised. More than one critic has openly avowed his preference for this book, and the present writer owns his personal predilection for it. It has, probably, more actual story to it, of a dramatic sort, more of the greed and sordidness and knavery of human nature, than any of his previous books. Primarily, it is the story of a silver mine and a buried treasure, in a little South American republic, where the people, like the republic itself, are volcanic. It is a kaleidoscopic picture of a grasping, rapacious conflict between a government, on the one hand, ever tottering on the brink of revolution; and the private owners of the mine, on the other, for such mutual concessions and privileges as would convert that mine from the white elephant it has always been into a profitable investment. More specifically, it is the story of the life of an exceptional man. Nostromo, as he is called by his English employers, the officials of the Oceanic Steam Navigation Company,—who coin the name out of the Italian words which they misunderstand and mispronounce,—is a Genoese sailor, who decides to remain at Sulaco, in the capacity of *Capataz de Cargadores,* captain of the company's lightermen and caretaker of the jetty. Now, the keynote of Nostromo's character is a curious sort of pride, a love of self-importance. By day and by night, sleepless, vigilant, alert, he is ever at the service of the entire population, native and foreign. Of infinite resource and magnetic temperament, he has worked his way into the confidence and esteem of Spanish officials, English agents, and the scum and rabble of the foreign quarters; and none in Sulaco is too low or too high to touch hat to him and exchange cordial words of greeting. Perhaps the nearest approach to a brief analysis of the complex web of this book is to say that it tells how this Nostromo, whose pride and joy, whose whole stock-in-trade in life is his integrity, his unblemished reputation, becomes a thief,—it is a study of the curse which may come from the secret knowledge of a buried treasure.

Next in importance to the two novels, *Nostromo* and *Lord Jim,* come a number of mid-length stories, including *Heart of Darkness,* already alluded to; and *Typhoon,* that unequalled picture of the titanic warfare between sea and sky, in which a vessel laden with human freight is made the colossal joke of the elements, and we are shown the inimitable sight of two hundred Chinese coolies, together with their sundered chests, hurtling back and forth between decks, clawing and snarling like so many cats, in their vain pursuit of an infinite number of fugitive silver dollars.

Two or three more of these middle-distance stories deserve mention. *Tomorrow* pictures a father who has disinherited his son, driven him from home, and later repented of the act. Through long, lonely years he has comforted himself with the belief that the son will some day return, perhaps to-morrow—and he has brooded upon this hope until it has become a fixed idea, an obsession, that the son will come to-morrow. At last the son does come, but since things in this mtaerial, work-a-day world necessarily happen in the present, and not in the future, the father's clouded brain refuses to recognise him, because he has come to-day, when he should have come to-morrow,—the morrow which must always remain in the future. Equally simple is the structure of *Amy Foster,* the story of a mute, inglorious tragedy. It pictures the fate of a young, slavonic emigrant, driven, together with hordes of his kind, on board an ocean liner, tossed for days in a watery prison, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

then cast by night upon the English coast, the sole survivor of a whole ship's company. Ignorant of his whereabouts, speaking an outlandish tongue, hounded, penniless and hungry, from door to door, a terror to women and children, who think him a madman, he dies at last in destitution, like a homeless dog, having awakened a passing compassion in just one heart, the Amy Foster of the title. In reducing these crowded, concentrated stories of Conrad's to a mere skeleton, it is so easy to over-reach one's self. It is only fair to say, by way of postscript, that there is a second interest in this story. Amy Foster, caught, like many another woman before her, by sheer novelty, marries the refugee, and then, strangely enough, and yet as the doctor says, not without parallel, after her child is born, she conceives growing dislike for him. There is, perhaps, in all of Mr. Conrad's writings, no single scene more poignant than that in which the dying Slav, delirious from fever, forgets his few words of English, and, in his frantic supplications for water, which might have saved his life, frightens out of the house the woman who has vowed to love, honour and obey, and who leaves him to die in agony.

But one of the finest and most characteristic stories that Mr. Conrad ever wrote is *Falk*. Curiously enough, it is drawn in a measure, from a memory of his childhood. There was a family legend of a great-uncle who served under Napoleon, and who, during the retreat from Moscow, owed his life to the capture and utilisation, for culinary purposes, of a very old, very mangy, Lithuanian dog. In his childhood, Mr. Conrad underwent innumerable pleasurable shudders over the story of the cooking and consumption of that dog. He confesses that, in sober middle-age, he still can shudder over the memory of that story. He does not admit any connection between this incident and *Falk*. Nevertheless, it takes no special discernment to realise that without that childhood thrill, something would have been missing from the tale. On the surface, *Falk* gives promise of pure comedy,—a trick not without precedent in Mr. Conrad's method of work. It opens with a grotesque wooing of a Dutch girl, phlegmatic, florid, and opulent of physique, by a thin, taciturn Scandinavian pilot, on board her uncle's vessel in the harbour of a Chinese river port. But Falk is a man haunted by the memory of a revolting deed; he shows it in his face, sombre, taciturn, sinister, and in his manner, his trick of periodically covering his features with both hands, and then drawing them downwards with a slow, shuddering movement, as though to wipe away the vision of a waking nightmare. The truth is that, once under the dire stress of shipwreck and starvation it had become evident that human flesh alone stood between a whole ship's crew and death. In the face of this horror, they had not drawn lots, but had fallen upon one another like wild beasts, and Falk, in whom the lust for life had been strongest, was the sole survivor. For six years this memory has haunted him; and now his suffering is doubled, because he has at last found a woman "generous of form, Olympian and simple, indeed the siren to fascinate the dark navigator," and he is confronted with the question whether any woman could knowingly wed a man who has been guilty of cannibalism.

Of Mr. Conrad's more recent books it is not necessary to speak at this time and in this place. Whatever he does, whether alone or in collaboration, whether in the form of fiction or personal reminiscence, is all essentially imbued with the same spirit, and stamped with the same careful and deliberate workmanship, the same daring originality of style. But the true, the unadulterated soul of Conrad is in the books of his middle period, in the shorter stories, such as *Typhoon* and *Heart of Darkness,* in novels like *Nostromo* and *Lord Jim.* To spend time analysing his tales of anarchists, whether in London, as in *The Secret Agent,* or in Russia, as in *Under Western Eyes,* would be for the present purpose an anticlimax. It is true that Mr. Conrad is a sort of literary amphibian; he is almost as much at home when writing of the land as of the sea. None the less, the latter is his true abode, and his best pages are those that deal with ships and harbours, docks and quays, sluggish tropical rivers, swarming water fronts, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all the motley crowds, the flaring colours, the babel of speech, the unnumbered and indistinguishable mixture of racial types and nationalities, to be found nowhere on earth save where land and sea touch shoulders. Yet, if one were making a prediction, it would be safest to say that Mr. Conrad will live longest in his pages of the life on ships in mid-ocean. In certain unforgettable pages in *The Mirror of the Sea,* he tells us of a first mate under whom he once sailed, and who, during the long weeks spent in an Australian port, habitually returned from shore intoxicated, in the mid watches of the night. And one night, when more unsteady than usual, the mate lingered on deck a moment, swaying heavily and supporting himself on his companion's arm, and voiced his wish that he were out at sea: "Ports are no good; ships rot, men go to the devil!" And that one sentence sums up the difference between Conrad's stories of the sea and of the harbour. They are equally good, equally poignant with truth; but on the one hand, they breathe freely of ozone and clean salt spray, and simple faith and bravery; and on the other, they are redolent of physical and moral decay: "Ships rot, men go to the devil." Throughout Conrad's stories, he shows us man fighting a losing fight; but at sea it is a physical fight, and on land it is a moral one. In either case, his workmanship remains, as it always has been, very nearly flawless.

BIBLIOGRAPHIES OF YOUNGER REPUTATIONS

IV—Joseph Conrad (Korzeniowski)

BY VINCENT SANGER

Our general title calls for amendment in favour of Mr. Conrad. His reputation is of long standing in this country as well as in England. It was made upon the appearance of his first book. On the other hand, he was comparatively unknown until the publication of "Heart of Darkness" and remains to this day conspicuous for a long series of succès d'estime, *uninterrupted by what might be termed a popular success. England has recognised this fact by recently including Mr. Conrad among her literary pensioners.*

I. Published Volumes, with Reviews

Almayer's Folly. A Story of an Eastern River. London: Unwin, 1895, and Nash, 1905 (Popular Edition); New York: Macmillan, 1895. Reviewed, Academy 47, 502; Athenæum '95, 1, 671; Bookman 2, 39.

An Outcast of the Islands. London: Unwin, 1896; New York: Appleton, 1896. Reviewed, Academy 49, 525; Athenæum '96, 2, 91; Bookman 4, 166; New York Times '96, Sept. 23, 10; Saturday Review 81, 509.

The Nigger of the "Narcissus." A Tale of the Sea. London: Heinemann, 1898; New York (under title, *The Children of the Sea. A Tale of the Forecastle*): Dodd, Mead, 1898 and 1904 (Phenix Series). Reviewed, Academy 53, Sup. Jan. 1, 1 and 53, 163; Bookman 8, 91; Book Buyer 16, 350; Ill. London News 112, 50 and 172 (James Payn); Nation (N. Y.) 67, 53; N. Y. Times Sup. '98, May 21, 344; N. Y. Tribune Sup. '98, April 3, 17; Pall Mall Mag. 14, 428 ("Q"); Speaker 17, 83.

Tales of Unrest. London: Unwin, 1898; New York: Scribner's, 1898. Reviewed, Academy 53, 417; Athenæum '98, 1, 564; Book Buyer 16, 350; Literary World (London) 57, 534; Nation 67, 53; N. Y. Tribune Sup. '98, April 3, 17.

Lord Jim. A Tale. London: Blackwood, 1900; New York: Doubleday, Page, 1900. Reviewed, Academy 59, 443; Athenæum '00,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

2, 576; Bookman 13, 187; N. Y. Times Sup. '00, Nov. 10, 770 and Dec. 1, 836 and 839; N. Y. Tribune Sup. '00, Nov. 3, 10; Speaker N. S. 3, 215.

The Inheritors. An Extravagant Story. (In collaboration with Ford Madox Hueffer.) London: Heinemann, 1901; New York: McClure, Phillips, 1901. Reviewed, Academy 61, 93; Athenæum '01, 2, 151; N. Y. Times Sup. '01, July 13, 499 and Aug. 24, 603 (Conrad himself).

Youth. A Narrative and Two Other Tales. London: Blackwood, 1902; New York, McClure, Phillips, 1903. Reviewed, Academy 63, 606; Athenæum '02, 2, 824; Nation (N. Y.) 76, 478; N. Y. Times Sup. '02, Dec. 13, 898 (Alden) and '03, April 4, 224; Speaker N. S. 7, 442 (Masefield). Reviewed (as individual stories), N. Y. Times Sup. '99, June 17, 388 and '00, March 3, 138; N. Y. Tribune Sup. '98, Sept. 18, 12.

Typhoon. (Illustr.) London: see below; New York: Putnam's, 1902. Reviewed, Forum 34, 400; Harper's Weekly 46, 1412; N. Y. Times Sup. '02, Sept. 20, 626; N. Y. Tribune Sup. '02, Sept. 14, 12.

Typhoon and Other Stories. London: Heinemann, 1903; New York: see above and *Falk.* Reviewed, Academy 64, 463; Athenæum '03, 1, 558.

Falk, Amy Foster, To-morrow. Three Stories. London: see above; New York: McClure, Phillips, 1903. Reviewed, Bookman 18, 310; N. Y. Times Sup. '03, Oct. 24, 756; N. Y. Tribune Sup. '03, Sept. 27, 11.

Romance. A Novel. (In collaboration with Ford Madox Hueffer.) London: Smith Elder, 1903 and Nelson, 1909; New York: McClure, Phillips, 1904. Reviewed, Academy 65, 469; Athenæum '03, 2, 610; Bookman 20, 544; Dial 37, 37; N. Y. Times Sup. '04, May 14, 325; Outlook (N. Y.) 77, 424.

Nostromo. A Tale of the Seaboard. London and New York: Harper, 1904. Reviewed, Athenæum '04, 2, 619; Bookman 20, 217; Critic 46, 377; Dial 38, 126; Independent 58, 557; N. Y. Times Sup. '04, Oct. 29, 735 and Dec. 31, 944; Spectator 93, 800.

The Mirror of the Sea. London: Methuen, 1906; New York: Harper, 1906. Reviewed, Academy 71, 393; Athenæum '06, 2, 513; N. Y. Times Sup. '06, Nov. 10, 734; Outlook (London) 18, 480; Spectator 97, 888.

The Secret Agent. London: Methuen, 1907; New York: Harper, 1907. Reviewed, Academy 74, 413; Albany Review (London) 2, 229; Athenæum '07, 2, 361; Bookman 21, 531 (Stewart Edward White) and 21, 669; Current Literature 44, 223; Dial 43, 252; Independent 64, 105; Outlook (London) 20, 652; Outlook (N. Y.) 87, 309; Spectator 99, 400.

A Set of Six. London: Methuen, 1908; New York: see below. Reviewed, Athenæum '08, 2, 237; Outlook (London) 22, 246; Spectator 101, 237.

Point of Honor. A Military Tale. (Fifth story of the preceding.) London: see above; New York: McClure, Phillips, 1908. Reviewed, Independent 65, 1066.

Under Western Eyes. A Novel. London: Methuen, 1911; New York: Harper, 1911. Reviewed, N. Y. Times Sup. '11, Dec. 10.

II. Appreciations, etc.

Academy, "Mr. Conrad's Way," 64, 463; references, 55, 82 and 66, 198.

Alden, W. L., References in "London Letter," N. Y. Times Sup. '99, May 6, 304 and '04, Feb. 13, 109.

Bookman, "Joseph Conrad's Home," with illustration (Chronicle), 19, 449.

Book Buyer, "Joseph Conrad," 16, 389.

Clifford, H., "The Art of Joseph Conrad," Spectator, 89, 827; same article, Living Age, 236, 120; "The Genius of Joseph Conrad," Nth. Am. Review, 178, 842 and reference, Harper's Weekly, 49, 59.

Conrad, Joseph, "The Inheritors," author's letter to N. Y. Times Sup. '01, Aug. 24, 603.

Cooper, Frederic Taber, "The Works of Joseph Conrad," Bookman, 20, 216.

Curran, E. F., "Joseph Conrad: a Master of Language," Catholic World, 92, 796.

Current Literature, Reference, 30, 222.

Galsworthy, John, "Joseph Conrad," Fortnightly Review, 89, 627; same article, Living Age, 257, 416.

Macy, John Albert, "The Writings of Joseph Conrad," Atlantic Monthly, 98, 697 and "Joseph Conrad—A Unique Writer of the Sea" (based on the preceding), Current Literature, 42, 58.

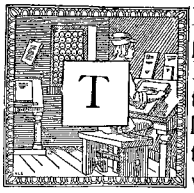
Portraits of Conrad, Academy, 55, 82; Independent, 65, 1066 and Review of Reviews, 27, 630.

Vorse, M. H., "A Writer Who Knows the Sea," Critic, 43, 280.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MANIA FOR HYPERBOLISM

BY MAX NORDAU



HE term requires no explanation. It is clear. It means the mania for translating by the most hyperbolical expressions the language affords, or which are expressly invented because the existing vocabulary is despised as too poor—every impression, every feeling, every opinion of importance, especially the latter.

There are two kinds of men who have a natural propensity for exaggerated language: madmen and charlatans. The insane, who suffer from systematic delirium and maniacal excitement, receive very few impressions, but they are very strong. Their consciousness is filled with a very small number of ideas, often by a single one around which all their thoughts revolve in an impetuous whirl, as the waters of a rushing torrent boil around a rock that rises in the midst of their course. These sufferers have no connection with reality, and no comprehension of it. The violence of their subjective feelings renders them insensible to outside impressions. Their obsessions drive from their minds every other thought, and cover with their shadow the entire image of the world. They have lost the sense of proportions, and the faculty of comparing objective phenomena among them and with their reflection in their minds. The contents of their consciousness, feelings, or images, have for them the importance of the absolute, and when by language they express their impulses and their inward visions, no word, no expression seems strong enough to do justice to the peerless importance of their mental pictures. The writings of Nietzsche, especially those of the last period, the fourth and last portion of *Thus Spake Zarathustra, the Antichrist,* and so forth, are good examples of these overstrained modes of speech, always rising to the most extreme tonality of madmen attacked by acute or chronic mania. Among charlatans, the case is incomparably more simple. Extreme exaggeration is not with them an internal necessity, but a very external one, not an organic impulse, but a deliberate intention with an object in view. They raise the voice powerfully to dominate the noise of the fairs, to attract attention imperiously to themselves, to disturb, to deafen, to hypnotise the hearers and, by paralysing their faculty of judgment, subject them to their suggestion.

The natural superlativists, madmen and charlatans, serve as models for many imitators, who employ their grotesque and piercing shouts not by instinctive impulse, but in a coldly methodical fashion, because the method seems to them impressive, fine, efficacious, and above all, the very latest modern fad. Let us not consider here commercial advertising. It is the most developed form of charlatanism and, by its essence, too reasonably practical to be able to seek many useful inspirations among lunatics. It forces the note and makes too much noise, for it must seize and hold the senses by assault, but it wisely takes care not to defy good taste or offend against the judgment. Advertising has been perfected to the degree of becoming a science and an art. It is a branch of applied psychology. Its most skilful specialists make only a very restricted use of superlatives. That appears to them the childhood of their art, which they left behind long ago. They know that the unusual impression rouses the attention as certainly as the brutal one, and they strive to be original and novel rather than monstrous. The domain where the imitation of superlativism in its two natural forms, that of madmen and that of charlatans, really dominates in an almost limitless fashion, is contemporary German criticism. I say expressly German, for the methodical employment of superlativism is a specific phenomenon of modern German intellectual life, and outside of the limits of the German language it is only sporadically encountered,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as the affectation of literary poseurs who wish to make themselves interesting by aping an exotic fashion.

The new generation which, within fifteen years, has entered the ranks of literary men, has evidently not learned to place itself calmly before a fact, look at it coolly, examine it by weighing and measuring, compare it by considering it with others, placing it in a collection, and there assigning it to its proper place. This new generation is apparently always heated to the boiling point. It is never seen except smoking and bubbling. It always assumes the attitude of being in raptures. It always acts as if it were frantic. Read the criticisms, studies, essays treating of the persons or things of the present day, especially æsthetic subjects, the fine arts, music, the theatre, literature. Without exception, they are perfect models of superlativism. The cry of ejaculation, hyperbolism, are the only modes of rhetoric. The language reels along, in a precipitate, irregular rhythm, which is benevolently termed dionysiac because it actually does recall in some way the rolling of drunkards who, by entangling their legs, describe rapid zigzags. These criticisms endeavour to produce the effect of having been written in an attack of acute fever, with eyes rolled up and pulses beating like drums giving the signal for dismissal. They are intended to give the idea that their authors resemble the ancient Pythia, who, possessed by the god, crouched on her brazen tripod, enveloped by the sacred mists that rise from the depths of Hades, writhing in spasms, while foaming lips pour forth incoherent words heavy with superhuman secrets. The sentences are abrupt and fragmentary. They stammer and stutter. They lack an essential part of speech, subject or attribute. The order of terms is turned upside down; that which, according to the laws of logic, should be found at the end, is placed at the beginning, and inversely. The text is peppered with exclamation points. In addition swarm dashes and lines of dots. It is the punctuation used by excessive excitement. At the first glance the reader must be warned: here the author's breath failed, there the word utterly vanished, crushed by the redundance of images he could not master, so that he could place only dots, which, heavy with the deepest meaning, should at least suggest the inexpressible.

I will give but a few examples. In the review of one of the novels issued by the dozen which scarcely ten readers will open, it is said: "This book looks at us with the eyes of eternity. . . . The deepest things—are what it undertakes to impart. . . . And the most subtle. . . ." Concerning a caricature: "It is torn from the rock—it is formed by divine creative hands!——" "It is irrigated by all the torrents of thought of this age . . . and the feelings . . . thrills. . . ." On a little volume of so-called verse, whose meaningless balderdash is most frequently insipid, sometimes unconsciously deliciously comical: "This narrow volume is a new voice . . ." (By the way: the book is no narrower than any other; it is precisely the same width as every volume of the usual octavo form, but the employment of familiar terms in an entirely wrong sense is also one of the characteristics of this fashionable style: narrow is used here for thin.) "This narrow volume is a new voice . . . a cosmic voice. An absolute. . . . Here words find the infinite. Its mysteries are revealed by these poems. Or they veil them . . . allow them to be glimpsed. . . ." One might be tempted to believe that these quotations, sufficiently similar to be confounded with one another, are borrowed from the same author. This is not the case. They are taken from the articles of different writers. Their resemblance is a family trait. This is the language commonly used in the critical essays of the present day. I do not mention names, for I have no wish to enter upon a controversy or to distribute bad marks, but merely to note a phenomenon of the epoch which, in Germany, has not yet found a Rostand with his scene at the Guinea Hen's. The writers who use the fashionable jargon seek to excel one another in wild exaggeration. The work, the author, the artistic event of which they write possess no importance for them. They are hardly an occasion, most frequently a pretext. The superla-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tives are their own object. It is vaticination for vaticination. The point in question is to find something unheard of. Each has the ambition to use orphic words, whether the subject is the performance of a singer at a café-concert or the new shape of a woman's hat. This method of writing goes back to a single common source: to Nietzsche. As in the preceding generation every would-be poet imitated Heine, so to-day, every seller of lines poses as a little Nietzsche. To be recognised by the literary cafés and be considered a person of importance, he must play the lunatic. His articles must give the impression of having been written between two residences in the section of maniacs.

We have seen previously why the language of superlativism—whether produced by organic inward causes, or due to practical external motives—is the natural mode of expression of madmen and charlatans. I now wish to try to search to the roots of this mania for exaggeration in those who belong neither to the first nor to the second of these categories, yet affect to imitate the manner of both.

The immoderate character of the opinions of importance, the hyperbolism of affirmations, the unduly vivid colouring of impressions, correspond in the literary expression of ideas and sentiments to the method—in the verbal explanation of states of mind—of speaking in a voice too loud and shrill, the excessive gesticulation, with the frantic fidgeting and a grimacing mimicry of a lunatic. All these features are, in the first place, the certain proof of a bad education. They permit us to recognise at the first glance a lack of familiarity with good society, the habit of associating with the lowest classes and, in spite of all this assumed arrogance, a pitiable opinion of one's self and one's own value, in short, the most plebeian vulgarity. In families where, for several generations, courtesy and good-breeding are cultivated and who thus can offer their descendants what may be termed a *nursery*, the first thing the children are taught by example, by domestic custom, and explicit instruction is continual self-control in all the circumstances of life. They are trained always to keep watch over themselves, never to lose self-command, to stop reactions of a reflex kind to external impressions and instinctive impulses. To employ the phraseology of scientific psychology, the object of education is to develop and strengthen the apparatus for psychical inhibition. It is by the inhibition that we estimate the intensity of the education. In all civilised society, the *gentleman* is recognised by carefully avoiding everything that renders him conspicuous, by speaking in a moderate tone, using few gestures, showing little play of feature, and maintaining his composure, even when he might have reason for being excited. In his famous ballad, *Clara Vere de Vere,* Alfred Tennyson speaks expressly of

> . . . that repose
> Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.

that is, of the most ancient Anglo-Norman nobility. Even among savage tribes, at least in the chiefs, we notice the germs of these qualities, a reserve full of dignity, which elevates them above the common herd, who grow excited and fly into a rage in an instant.

Superlativism, then, is the opposite of a noble attitude. It presupposes in him who habitually uses it a lack or a weakness of inhibition, and an ill-bred mania for being in the right, which seeks by the brutal methods of shouts, amazement, and intimidation to thrust itself forward. Moreover, it implies a profound contempt for the audience to which it addresses itself. In good society the custom prevails of keeping silence when another speaks and listening to him courteously. There is no need of maltreating the nerves of the company by shouting and gesticulating, and it would not suffer itself to be thus annoyed by a boor. The plebeian has no such scruples. He never stops chattering so, when one speaks, to compel him to listen, one must seize and shake him figuratively or literally, and such treatment, far from irritating or scandalising him, appears equally natural to the speaker and listeners. Superlativism therefore tacitly assumes that it has before it a dull crowd, too obtuse to feel the half-tones, shades, or subtleties of any kind, that must be grasped and roughly shaken to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

secure attention, and is not capable of feeling that it is being treated like a rabble when shouted at in this way.

Lastly superlativism is the unconscious confession that we know ourselves to be incompetent and lightly esteemed. One who is conscious of his ability and his influence has no need of raising his voice. He is sure that each word of his will receive the attention which is its due, and that what he says will be believed without the necessity of repeating it, shouting it, emphasising it, and presenting it in letters large enough for a placard. The man who associates with persons of a high or supreme rank knows that they never raise their voices and never use strong expressions. I was present one evening with a German general who was passing through Paris, at the performance at the Vaudeville Theatre, of a German military play, which was very popular at that time. The actor, who represented a general, had made himself up with a red face, swollen veins on his forehead, a fierce expression, and always spoke in the angry tone, the high, violent voice of a non-commissioned officer roaring in the barrack yard at terrified recruits. My neighbour listened silently, smiling, and in the intermission said to me:

"How strange it is that this artist represents a German general as a man who is continually straining his throat! Why should he shout? When he speaks, the others respectfully keep silence and listen, without his being obliged to be vulgarly noisy."

Paul Lindau, in the *Memories of My Life,* relates that when, at the performance of his *Countess Leah* in Berlin, the old Emperor William, who had been present at the play, sent for him to congratulate him upon his fine work and the favour it had won:

"Only," he added, as if casually, and without the least emphasis, "it is a pity that the titled officers do not play a very brilliant part in it."

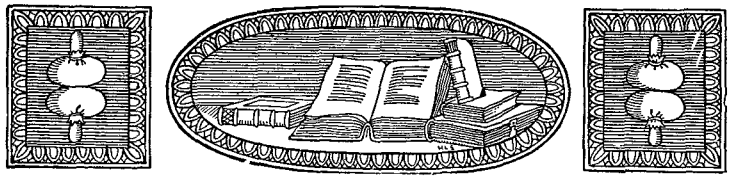
When the Emperor had dismissed Lindau, with a gracious nod, the manager, de Hulsen, came to the author, and said:

"I am sorry that I can no longer produce your piece. It promised to have a long run."

"But why?" asked the astounded author; "the Emperor paid me very flattering compliments and appeared to be much pleased with the piece."

"Ah! but, my dear Doctor," replied the courtier, "His Majesty never expresses his censure more strongly."

The man whose words are deeds learns to choose them with care and moderation. He, on the contrary, who cherishes no delusion concerning the fact that nobody pays any attention to them and that they vanish in the air, leaving no trace, does not deny himself the pleasure of chattering heedlessly. In the suggestive tale of the three wishes, the poor people would not ask for a sausage and cry with irritated impatience: "May it cling to your nose!" if they had already frequently had the experience that every wish uttered was instantly fulfilled. The reign of low vulgarity, the avowal of incompetency and total lack of authority, the most contemptuous estimate of the reader's education and culture, such is the meaning of the superlativism which is the general tone of the modern German essayist literature.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE DEEPER NOTE

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

"I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers."

—*Herrick.*

To sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and trees,
And all the rare things of the summer-tide,
When joy's awing upon the playful breeze,
And all the prospect's smiling as a bride—
Aye, that were sweet! All worthy themes for song.
Each speaks the bounty of a lavish earth—
The blessings rare that rightly do belong
To them that seek the treasuries of mirth.

Yet would I pause the while, and seek a theme
In ways less smiling than the country-side.
In far off scenes of stress I sometimes seem
To find a voice that may not be denied—
A voice that mid the arid scenes of woe
Still lifts itself on high in notes of cheer
Hath for my soul a richer, deeper glow
Than happy bird-notes in the morning clear.

Who sings amid the joyous fields of peace
Where all is fresh, and sweet, and lushly green,
But gives an inward happiness release,
And adds new glory to a gloried scene;
But he whose song springs forth from care and strife,
Like an oasis in some desert plain,
His is the song that gives the hopeless life,
And thrills with living joy the heart of pain!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE POET

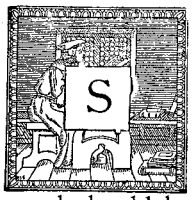
BY WILBERFORCE JENKINS

I sing of brooks, of blossoms, and of trees.
I sing of summer girls down by the seas.
I sing of Kings, and Queens, and maltese cats,
Of harem skirts, of beets, and derby hats.
I sing of poets, plumbers, tailors, cooks,
I sing of cheques, and notes, and pocket-books.
I sing of lobsters, halibut, and cod,
Of shad, and tad-poles, fishes strange and odd.
I sing of joy and grief, of pain and woe,
I sing of rain, and hail, and sleety snow.
I sing of beavers toiling at the dam,
I sing of whales, and chowder made of clam.
I sing the joys of science and of art,
And all the keen emotions of the heart.
I sing the newsboy on the blazing street,
I sing the chauffeur on the motor fleet.
I sing the swells who're mentioned in *Who's Who,*
I sing the swinging monkey at the Zoo.
I sing the sailor, smiling at the gale,
I sing the malefactor in the jail.
Of girls I sing—the tall, the short, the lean;
The fat, and others coming in between—
Blue-eyed, or black, or brown, or any hue,
Red-haired and plain, the false ones and the true.
The fluffy maid as well as those with brains;
The ones that flirt along the summer lanes.
As well as those who don't—I sing 'em all,
Brunette, or blonde, in fytte and madrigal.
I sing the rich, the poor; the small, the great,
From humble Janitor to men of State;
All men I sing, whate'er the sort or kind,
Above, beneath, up in the van, behind;
No matter what his age or place in life,
The man of peace, the man of endless strife.
The weakest of the weak, the wondrous strong—
All, all are grist for this my Mill of Song.
The stars I sing—the twinkling milky-way;
The sun, the moon, the planets bright and gay.
All that's in earth, upon the land or sea—
You'll find me singing of them constantly.
No thing's too big or little to be caught
Within the verses by this Singer wrought;
In short I sing this Universe divine
In glowing verse—at fifty cents a line!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CENTRAL IDEA AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER



OME months ago a reader of THE BOOKMAN wrote a letter, taxing the author of these articles with inconsistency, in having said on one occasion that every novel should have behind it some definite idea; and on another, that "it would be salutory, if every writer of fiction could realise that his personal opinions about life in general are of no importance to the vast majority of his readers." On the surface, these two statements certainly do appear to be in a measure antagonistic, if not actually contradictory. What, one may ask, is the use of having a central idea, if none of your readers cares a picayune whether you have ideas or not? But the contradiction is merely on the surface, merely a question of insufficient definitions and a consequent misunderstanding of terms. Let us state the whole proposition once again, with somewhat more simplicity and exactitude—it is eminently worth while, because we have here, I am thoroughly convinced, one of the foundation stones on which depends the endurance of those novels which deserve to live, as contrasted with the hordes that quite properly perish—a novel is, or should be, in one respect similar to a debate; it should be founded upon some clearly stated proposition, some definite thesis. *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* for instance, rests on the assumption, Slavery is Wrong; *Robert Elsmere* challenges attention with the assumption, Freedom of Belief is an inalienable Right. Now it does not make the slightest difference whether the authors of these novels held the positive or negative side of the argument; the only real concern of the general public is with the result of the debate. Do the accumulated episodes of Mrs. Stowe's novel throw their weight of evidence for or against slavery? Do the incidents narrated in Mrs. Humphry Ward's volume tend to lead us toward orthodoxy or agnosticism? It is quite conceivable that a novelist might write a purpose novel, and unintentionally present so strong an argument against his own convictions as to send his readers in droves over to the enemy. And such a book might happen to be a very big book indeed, far-reaching in its effects—although the probabilities would be heavily against it. Because usually the force of a book bears a pretty close relation to an author's sincerity and the strength of his convictions. And while it remains true that the public cares little whether a certain novelist believes in Mohammedanism, or Single Tax, or the Darwinian Theory, yet it does care very keenly about any big question of religion or politics or science, when translated ably and vigorously into terms of fiction.

An objection very often raised to this doctrine of the central idea runs somewhat as follows: In romantic fiction, it is argued, in stories representing life as one would like it to be, rather than life as it is, a central idea, a thesis, a symbol is fitting and proper. In the fairy tale, the fable, the parable, the lesson artfully tucked away in the concluding sentence is usually the whole excuse for the story's existence. But in the case of the modern novel, which for the past half century has steadily progressed in the direction of actuality, symbolism and anything approaching it is, so the argument runs, a contradiction in terms. Life, we are told, is not a series of carefully arranged episodes, one and all calculated to back up a certain argument, a code of ethics or morality. It is too complex, too varied, too infinite in its myriads of interwoven relationships; and the most we may hope to do is to show certain small groups of human beings, a few separate social units, living through a brief series of individual joys and sorrows.

Like many another plausible theory, this sounds well on the surface. Of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

course, the whole and absolute truth about any one person or group of persons can never be told in a novel, no matter to what volume we swell the number of its pages. But, for that matter, there is no one in real life, about whom we know the whole truth. A wealthy merchant may be a patron saint in the eyes of some poor woman whom he has befriended; and at the same time, in the estimate of some business rival whom he has worsted, he may be the greatest knave unhanged. And each impression is true, so far as it goes. And that is all that any novelist can be required to give us: the truth, so far as it goes. When a lawyer makes up a case on appeal, he is not required to reprint all the thousands of pages of stenographers' notes that constitute the testimony in a protracted trial, but only such part of it as is essential to the point at issue. And what is good enough in a legal record, ought to be good enough for fiction. Accordingly, a novelist is quite within his rights, if he selects only such episodes, from among the infinite happenings of daily actuality, as tend to strengthen and elucidate his central idea —and remains silent about the thousand and one other episodes that would add nothing but confusion.

Quite recently, however, there seems to be a growing tendency to revert to the looser construction of the earlier novelists, the amplitude of character and incident that are characteristic of Fielding and Smollett, of Dickens and Thackeray. The stricter discipline of the French school, which within the last score of years has produced a new and finer technique in many of the British and American novels, is suffering a reaction in favour of a more rambling style of narrative, something more akin to the apparent haphazard of life itself. Month by month, the new novels which for a brief time enjoy popular favour have lately steadily been showing more and more of this laxity of structure, and less and less evidence of having been built remorselessly around a central purpose. It is a lamentable tendency, because, so long as an artist, no matter what his branch of art may be, lacks some clear and simple objective point, he cannot do his best work. You may or may not like a church with a steeple so well as one with a dome; but at all events, the artist whose conception of a church is a symbol of piety, tirelessly pointing one tapering finger heavenward, stands a better chance of building worthily than one whose chief concern consists in somehow getting an auditorium and a Sunday school, a ladies' parlour and a consistory room, all under the same roof. And similarly, although a novelist need not necessarily point skyward, it behooves him to point somewhere. Let there at least be a modest signboard, with an index-finger and a comforting statement of "so many miles" to some definite point. The goal may not be an important one, but at least it is better than to leave the reader standing helplessly at the crossroads.

It happens that we have, this month, several volumes by certain younger British novelists, who are almost unknown in America, and whose work, while unmistakably vigorous and individual, falls short of the higher excellence in its lack of precisely what is the subject of this paper—a clear and unmistakable intent, an index-finger pointing down some definite highway. Take, for example, *Christopher*, by Richard Pryce. The advance notices of this volume bracket Mr. Pryce's name with those of Bennett, Galsworthy, Snaith and Miss Sinclair, and elude a definite analysis of the plot, defining it merely as a "powerful picture of English life," the detailed retelling of which would "spoil the the reader's pleasure." It is a popular fallacy that advance knowledge of the plot of certain books spoils the pleasure of the majority of its readers. Here and there we find an individual who will admit that his pleasure in any and every novel is lessened by such advance knowledge—just as, on the other hand, certain readers have the reprehensible habit of always reading the last chapter first. But if a novel is really worth while, if it has any of the qualities that stand for endurance, a fair and honest summary of its substance ought to invite attention rather than repel it. The real trouble with *Christopher* is that, in a measure, it baffles analysis. There is no one point at which you may take hold of it and

"Christopher"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

say, with some degree of confidence, Here, in a single sentence, is the sum and substance of what the author was trying to say. The difficulty does not lie with the temperaments and dispositions of the several principal actors in the story; nor does it lie with the specific events which make up their separate and interwoven lives. All this is given us with commendable directness, and with that touch of indulgent intimacy that makes them one and all essentially human and lovably faulty—people whose failings you condone and whose successes you acclaim, because of a spirit of loyal friendship that the author has succeeded in arousing in you. Christopher Herrick, in the first half of the story, is just as sharply individualised in his early boyhood as, in the second half, he is, on the threshold of manhood. In these earlier chapters, we see life obscurely, through a small boy's eyes; we learn, through his whole-hearted devotion, to understand, as we perhaps never could have understood through any more direct method, just how much his widowed mother's devotion meant to him, or that of Trimmer, his nurse, or of Granny Oxeter, as contrasted with the unspoken antagonism that he always felt in the presence of Grandmother Herrick. Christopher was too young to realise just why his father's family felt that he had not married quite so well as he should have done, nor why his father's death had left his mother in such straitened circumstances that England was too expensive, and they must needs settle down through some years of his young life in a Belgian town, to economise. And presently a still more puzzling thing occurred: In his daily walks with Trimmer, he frequently met and worshipped from a distance a beautiful woman and a tall soldierly man; and with one of those unreasoning enthusiasms of childhood, longed with his whole young heart to make their acquaintance. The reader hears little more about this attractive couple than reaches Christopher's ears: he hears, for instance, that the man's name is John Henning, and the woman is a certain Mrs. St. Jamison; that there was a time, before his mother's marriage, when she and John Henning were very good friends indeed; and, most puzzling of all, that Mrs. St. Jamison was a woman whom it would not do to know. This he could not understand, and no one would give satisfactory answers to his questions. Then came a day when Christopher met with a serious accident and Henning and the woman whom it would not do to know, between them, saved his life. And after that, John Henning began to come to see Christopher's mother, and Mrs. St. Jamison, whose nature lacked the quality of constancy, drifted away to some other part of the continent in the company of another man—thus simplifying the situation and enabling Christopher's mother to give him a stepfather. One must not make unreasonable demands of any novelist; it is already a considerable achievement to have introduced us to half a dozen characters for whose acquaintance we feel grateful, and Mr. Pryce has done something more than this—he has raised, without trying to answer, several questions regarding the social conventions anent ladies whom it "does not do to know." But, frankly, the second half of the book seems to lack the quality of carrying conviction. There are many young women in England with whom Christopher, upon reaching maturity, might have fallen in love. Yet out of their whole number, it is his luck to choose the only one whom his family will never consent to receive: Cora Jamison, the daughter of the woman whom it would not do to know. Cora Jamison is a well-drawn character—Mr. Pryce is to be congratulated upon his portraiture of women; she is quite the vain, over-wise, selfish daughter that we may expect from mothers such as Mrs. Jamison; and Christopher's disillusion is foredoomed to be as complete as it is cruel. But, when all is said and done, what has Mr. Pryce tried to tell us? What single thing of serious import has he succeeded in saying? Is it that the sins of the mothers shall be visited upon the daughters? Hardly, because there is nothing to imply that Cora Jamison is the one who suffers. Is it, that unequal standards for men and for women lead to injustice? Not at all, because the author obviously takes it for granted that the existing conventions are quite as they should be. Is it——? But we

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

might go on supposing various hidden meanings indefinitely, and get no result: and for the very good reason that the outcome of the plot depends upon a coincidence—namely, that the stepson chances to love the daughter of the woman once beloved by the stepfather. And no useful lesson can be based upon a mere coincidence.

The Joyous Wayfarer, by Humfrey Jordan, is somewhat less baffling as regards the author's intent, although that intent is neither especially novel nor sufficiently clear-cut. The formula upon which the plot is built is of venerable antiquity. It served Ouida faithfully in her time; it has been no less useful to Mr. W. J. Locke in his. A young man of wealth and position is unjustly blamed by the world at large, either for a slight indiscretion that he committed or for a sin which he did not commit; the young woman whom he loves refuses to believe his version of the story, and he consequently turns his back upon England, and throws in his lot with bohemians and wanderers. This formula, in its many variations, is equally the ground plan of *Under Two Flags, The Beloved Vagabond,* and *The Joyous Wayfarer.* In the last named novel, Kenneth Massingdale's father has set his heart upon his son's choosing the law as his career. Kenneth's remarkable talent for painting he regards with scorn; indeed, he tells the young man plainly that defiance of his wishes means disinheritance. Kenneth wavers; then, happening to meet Jean Cunningham, the daughter of old Massingdale's life-long friend, he promptly falls in love with her and decides that the life of a barrister, with a pretty wife and a cozy fireside, has its compensations. But Kenneth, during his youthful years, both in London and in Paris, has committed some indiscretions, and formed some unconventional friendships, among others, that of Mlle. Yvonne Carrel, an actress of some talent and even more notoriety. Mlle. Carrel unluckily drifts to London; she is temporarily in hard luck, she knows that she has lost Kenneth permanently; and between her various worries, she indiscreetly tries to drown her sorrows, and the result is that Kenneth discovers her one evening helplessly intoxicated, plays the part of Good Samaritan, and helps her home. The story, with embellishments, is reported to Jean Cunningham, who believes the worst and breaks her engagement. This act of hers decides Kenneth to cut loose from all home ties, go to Paris and give himself up to art, even if he starves in the attempt. The story which follows is undeniably pleasant reading; it takes us into the modern *vie de Bohème,* described with the touch of personal knowledge and without exaggeration; it introduces us to a host of lovable, erratic, unconventional personages, whose acquaintance is in itself a joy; and it preaches the wise doctrine that true happiness lies in following the vocation that lies nearest to our hearts, however toilsome the road to success and however modest the rewards. But the book is not really an important one, because there have been scores of books equally well written which have already said much the same thing. The author has not had any new twist to give to the old theme—and, worst of all, we know from wearisome past experience, just how the plot will work out, just how inevitable it is that Kenneth will achieve fame, and his father will be reconciled, and Jean, convinced of her injustice, will tearfully plead for forgiveness. The one touch which made *The Beloved Vagabond* a book of some importance is the new twist that prevented the hero from finally going back to the lady *aux petits pieds si adorés.*

"The Joyous Wayfarer"

Love Like the Sea, by J. E. Patterson, is, in sheer craftsmanship, a better book than either of the foregoing volumes. It is an intimate picture, drawn with deep understanding and sympathetic tolerance of the life, not of sailors, but of sailors' sweethearts and wives—the lonely, fear-haunted lives of the women who remain behind, when the men they love sail out upon the sea. More specifically, it tells the story of one little family circle: a weak, vain and foolish young wife, who finds relief from sickness, anxiety and pain in too great a fondness for the bottle; a husband, whose devotion and loyalty do not waver, although his love inevitably grows cold;

"Love Like the Sea"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and a loyal young girl, who gives herself up gladly and ungrudgingly to save her friend from the growing vice; and, although she realises that she has lost her heart to the other woman's husband, and that he in turn has come to care for her, they fight a loyal and successful fight to the last against temptation. And when the poor, weak wife meets a tragic death, they are free to look into each other's eyes and accept their belated happiness, without the shadow of remorse or shame. This hasty outline, however, merely skims the surface of a book of splendid vitality and far-sighted sympathy. It is essentially a clean, wholesome, inspiring book, full of the tonic redolence of salt breezes, the sense of free, strong, courageous lives, of simple loyalty, and patient endurance. Mr. Patterson is neither a Joseph Conrad nor an Eden Phillpotts, yet his work shows a certain kinship to each of them.

"Mr. Wycherly's Wards"

Mr. Wycherly's Wards, by L. Allen Harker, is one of those books of which it is unfair to demand too much. Like the same author's earlier success, *Miss Esperance and Mr. Wycherly,* to which this new volume forms in a measure a sequel, it has no higher ambition than to be an unpretending narration of the simple doings of a few quaint, likeable and diverting personages. After the death of Miss Esperance, his former Scotch home becomes unbearable to Mr. Wycherly, who takes his two young wards, Edmund and Montague, and transfers himself and them to the scholarly precincts of Oxford. The helplessness of the poor man, when confronted with the practical difficulties of housekeeping, his gentle courtesy to incompetent servants and impertinent neighbours, his kindly tolerance of his young wards' escapades, all make pleasant and diverting narrative, so long as one does not take it too seriously. The interest of the book, however, centers in a new character, a warm-hearted and somewhat pathetic young girl, niece of Mr. Wycherly's housekeeper, whose sister married a modern Greek. The child born of this racial intermixture is a strange, weird, yet distinctly lovable little thing; and Mr. Wycherly's act in adopting her into the family circle as an unofficial third ward, is the starting point of such slight plot as the book can boast. There are tears and laughter in the volume, neither very profound, and yet, so far as they go, quite genuine.

"The Shape of the World"

The Shape of the World, by Evelyn St. Leger, is a book that holds the attention, even though it does not really arrive at any definite goal. The Javelins are a family in which the male line, through ten generations, has succeeded in making the women who married them supremely wretched. They bear the reputation of having been failures, and of having led godless lives. The book opens with the death of Christopher Javelin, the tenth of the name. And the first deed which young Chris, his son and heir, does as head of the family, is to order the unbarring and opening of the long closed dining-room, which for a dozen years has not been entered. Indeed, it has become a sort of legend that behind the doors of the sealed room there lurks some sort of a grim mystery, a ghastly horror, sufficient to account for the deceased master's refusal to have it opened, and for the strange gloom that settled upon him, ending in a total eclipse of his sanity. But when the room is opened, nothing extraordinary is found, save the debris of a midnight supper, and the thick dust that through the intervening years has accumulated upon it. The plain truth is that during the absence of Christopher Javelin's wife, he and a few of his neighbours indulged in an all-night orgy, creating no small scandal in the neighbourhood; that when his wife returned, he fully expected that she would make a serious matter of his escapade—and when she failed to do so, he felt that her leniency was a lack of interest in him, and forthwith he began to sulk himself to death. All this forms merely a prelude to the main story, which concerns Christopher, Junior, his marriage, and the circumstances which led him to follow in the steps of his father and, so we infer, of the whole line of dead and gone Javelins. Christopher, Junior, is as fortunate as his father in winning a woman of the patient Griselda type; and patience seems to be the one thing which the Jave

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lins could not forgive on the part of their womankind. Chris begins, not many years after marriage, to show great interest in a young woman, not his wife, who writes poetry and pretends to understand Christopher as his own family cannot understand him. Christopher's pet theory is that the shape of the world is not round, but flat; he is writing a book to prove this theory, and the young woman gives him all her spare time, acting as his private secretary and typist. Had Christopher's wife shown open jealousy, his vanity would have been satisfied, and the young woman's influence would have been short-lived. But, unhappily for herself, this is precisely what she is unable to do. So, like his father before him, Christopher slowly but surely sulks himself into a state bordering on insanity. And then, one day, in a fit of rage, he has a serious fall; a dangerous operation to the brain becomes at once imperative and when he recovers, some clot pressing on the brain has been removed, and the shape of the world is in his eyes no longer flat, but round, as it ought to be. The story moves swiftly, and holds the interest. Yet we are left with a sense of illogic. Either the Javelins are victims of a sort of inherited mania from generation to generation; or, by some coincidence, difficult to credit, they have all been victims of injuries to the brain; or else they have simply sulked themselves to death—in which case no surgical aid could have reached the seat of trouble. It is quite likely that some abscess on the brain might produce all the symptoms narrated in this volume; but one doubts seriously whether the progress of such an abscess could have been stayed by any conceivable conduct on the part of the sick man's wife.

"The Mystery of No. 47"

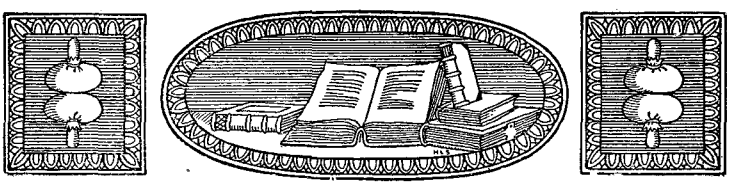
The Mystery of No. 47, by J. Storer Clouston, does not pretend to be anything more than a diverting extravaganza, the thesis of which, so far as it has any, is simply the utter unreliability of circumstantial evidence. A quiet, and eminently respectable young couple are thrown into a state of mild consternation when the husband's uncle, an eminent bishop, happens to invite himself to dinner on the very night when the cook has chosen to take sudden leave. There seems to be only one thing to do: the bishop must be told that the wife has gone away for a day or two, to visit a sick relative—while, as a matter of fact, she simply retires to the kitchen, to provide for his entertainment. Now the bishop happens to be a suspicious and evil-minded man, who quickly discovers that his nephew has been lying to him, and is incapable of imagining any innocent motive for the lies. He leaps to the conclusion that the nephew is carrying on a clandestine affair with the pretty housemaid, and that, finding his wife a stumbling block, he has made way with her and probably buried the body in the back garden. Accordingly he forthwith notifies Scotland Yard. Now the nephew is a novelist, and at his wife's suggestion, instead of telling the truth and clearing up the mystery, he helps his wife to go into hiding, while he himself assumes a disguise, and, posing as a detective or reporter, returns to his home, intending to pile up evidence against himself and utilise it for a forthcoming novel. The cross-purposes and mystifications that follow, and the extent to which he over-reaches himself, until he almost finds himself in a hangman's noose, all make excellent nonsense, so long as one is not too exacting. Of its kind, the book is a clever and amiable piece of pleasantry.

"Lonesome Land"

The chief fault with *Lonesome Land*, by B. M. Bower, is not so much the absence of a sufficient central idea, as the possession of an idea that has already been worked almost to death. Owen Wister's *Virginian* was probably not the first story telling how a New England conscience capitulated to the rough methods of frontier life, under the tutelage of love; but it was responsible for a host of imitations, *Lonesome Land* being one of the latest. It does not follow that Mr. Bower's story is lacking in interest. On the contrary, it offers such a pleasant evening's entertainment that one is left, after closing the back cover, in a mood to say many pleasant and indulgent things. So many cowboy stories are perfunctory in plot and wooden in characterisation, that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

when we run across a volume in which the people are really alive and conduct themselves with human sanity, even in the face of big situations, it is quite natural for us to feel grateful. The opening situation offers a certain amount of novelty, and although it embodies a tragedy, is pictured with a commendable sense of humour, which relieves the strain. Valeria Peyson, a dainty, carefully nurtured girl from New England, arrives in the rough conglomeration of saloons and dance halls that is dignified by the name of Hope, Montana—arrives for the purpose of marrying Manley Fleetwood, whom she has not seen for three years. Manley does not meet the train, for the sufficient but unmentionable reason that he is very drunk. Accordingly, his friend, Kent Burnett, rough of exterior, but pure gold within, meets her as proxy, and, making such excuses for Manley as he can devise offhand, leaves her at the one decent hotel the town can boast, while he goes off to use heroic measures to bring the prospective bridegroom into a state of sobriety sufficient to carry him through the appointed ceremony. Manley's slow emergence from oblivion, his despair when he realises that his wife-to-be has come and must not know of his condition, Valeria's innocent faith in him and utter failure to appreciate Kent's well-intentioned advice and aid, are all narrated with a spirited irony that is quite diverting, until suddenly the same thought flashes over the reader that dawns upon Kent, who, having successfully covered up Manley's weakness from the girl, realises that he has "played a low-down trick on the poor girl," and wishes that he had "put her next, and given her a chance to draw outa the game if she wanted to." The girl has made a worse bargain than even Kent foresees, for her husband, though he makes some faint-hearted attempts at reform, goes steadily down hill, and when his wife learns of his habits, as she inevitably must do before long, the last restraint is removed, and neglect and physical violence follow. It is a story that many another author has told, but it is here set down with so many little touches of actuality that the tragedy of it comes home with something of a personal and intimate appeal. Of course, the ultimate drift of the story is apparent enough, almost from the beginning; Kent, whom Val persists in misunderstanding and humiliating from their first meeting, is the man who always stands between her and disaster. His watchfulness is prompted at first by the feeling of remorse at having "stacked the deck on her" in letting her marry Manley; but very soon remorse has changed into friendship, and friendship has merged into love. It is Kent who saves Val from the prairie fire, Kent who rescues Manley from his worst debauches, Kent who finds employment for him, when the fire sweeps away all Manley's stock, his crops and his barns; and finally, when Manley repays all these kindnesses by stealing calves from Kent's own "outfit," it is still Kent who destroys evidence against him by effacing an incriminating brand from one of the calves that has escaped. But no devotion, whether prompted by friendship or by love, will save a man bent upon his own headlong course downward. And so it happens in the fulness of time that the sheriff's bullet overtakes Manley, on the threshold of escape, leaving Val free to reward Kent's devotion as it deserves. A cut-and-dried plot, as you cannot help seeing, and one that suffers considerably when told in epitome. But it contains at least a dozen flesh-and-blood people who are worth knowing.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOUR BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

William Winter's "Shakespeare on the Stage"*

The important service of this book is its assemblage of critical opinions on the great impersonations of some leading Shakespearian characters, together with the history of the stage treatment of each play considered, in respect to costume, business, and dominant traits. The plays reviewed are *Richard III, The Merchant of Venice, Othello, Hamlet, Macbeth,* and *Henry VIII.* The specialist will find the book most convenient; the student will find it invaluable for reference; the general reader will perhaps be more interested in Mr. Winter's comparative estimate of evidence of the achievements of actors long dead and his detailed analyses and comparisons of actors living but a short while ago with whose performances they were familiar. The interest in such analyses, of course, presupposes considerable general and detailed acquaintance with the plays. Consequently, Mr. Winter errs—it would seem—in including any survey whatever of the sources of the plays, and any critical comment upon them save that necessitated by an analysis of the actor's interpretations. Such inclusions, by the very nature of the case fragmentary, were bound to give an impression of scrappiness.

The author opens with a preface of Shavian length and discursiveness and also of Shavian interest. Books about dead actors furnished little specific information, and his long-cherished project was to furnish it about the actors who came under his personal observation. Though he is certainly specific enough, it may be doubted if there are more people who can derive an impression from a detailed description of acting than can do so from a detailed description of architecture. It is interesting to hear Mr. Winter—who certainly cannot be accused of excessive provincialism—say that no Continental actor of Shakespeare has ever equalled the representative English and American actors, and to observe that in quantity and quality he has laid the larger emphasis of his book upon the Americans. His formidable task, he says, was to unite facts, theories, traditions, opinions, and conjectures into one sequent and interesting narrative.

He has certainly infused more interest and variety into a mass of monotonous material than would seem credible. The splendour and resources of the well-known Winter vocabulary contribute not a little to this result. For this reason, too, some of Mr. Winter's descriptions are far more successful in creating an impression than those he quotes: Take this of Edwin Booth's Shylock. "In the Trial Scene his movements were slow, precise, exact, dominant, massive, as of inexorable power; his face was rigid and pale; his eye burned darkly; there was an occasional tinge of grisly humour in his delivery; the total effect was that of the vibrant, observant poise of a deadly reptile, aware of its lethal potency and in no haste, although unalterably determined, to make use of it."

Preceding Macklin, Shylock had been presented—when presented at all—as a low comedy part; and even Macklin probably wore the customary red beard. His Jew was incarnated malice and revenge. Henderson, says George Colman, played him like a "black Lear." Kean gave him a murderous malice yet a Mosaic majesty, and was the first to wear a black wig. Charles Kean made him a quaint personage, at times noble and winning. The elder Booth made him the representative Hebrew, while his son saw him as the relentless human avenger of personal wrongs. Wallack played him as an injured, suffering man for a straight run of thirty-three nights at his theatre in 1858, the longest Shakespearean run up to that time. The most thoroughly consistent and absorbingly interesting performance, and Mr. Winter believes after weighing the testimony of all—the best ever given, was Irving's. His matured conception was "a bloody-

*Shakespeare on the Stage. By William Winter. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

minded monster played in such a way as to get the sympathy." (The expenditure of money on Irving's production was small—*only sixty thousand dollars!* says the author.) In discussing Sir Henry's Shylock Mr. Winter gives one of his many flashing and veracious comments. Irving was exceptional, says he, for the perfect poise and massive authority with which he took exactly the time required for an artistic effect, be it ever so long. Mansfield tried at first to infuse a strain of sensibility into the part, but though he somewhat eliminated this later, he never reached a decisive attitude about it. Mr. Winter takes to task those actors who have given many sympathetic touches to Shylock. It would be constitutionally impossible for him to own that the Shakespearean portrait cannot be presented with any consistency, so warmly human and so dignified is it at times. In the same way he gravely discusses the success of Portia's ridiculous quibble before a serious court of law, as if any such court could have admitted so puerile a plea or could have forgotten so vital a statute anyhow.

Like everybody else, Mr. Winter lets himself loose on Hamlet. He says that unlike Charles Reade—who thought a belief in Hamlet's madness was proof of insanity—he believes that the prince's mind became vitally disordered. All problems in the acting and even in the dressing of the prince hang upon the conclusion the actor reaches here. Booth was born to play Hamlet, and his only peer in expressing the man's soul was Irving. Hazlitt says it is the most difficult of all parts for the actor to impersonate; Macready says that a total failure is rare. Both of these remarks, he adds, are correct and Mr. Mantell and Mr. Sothern illustrate both of them. Mr. Winter in his *Hamlet* essays takes off the learned sock and becomes even sprightly. Earlier in the book he consigned critics who said that Daly's Shakepearean productions were irreverent and over-elaborate to the Ananias Club with Rooseveltian vigour, but now he remarks that it was a bad day for Hamlet when some misguided essayists called him effeminate and the ladies heard of it. Miss Cushman played the part once in the very costume of Edwin Booth, and Mr. Winter says it must have been a tight fit. The most pretentious female Hamlet it has been his misfortune to see was Bernhardt. The prose of the version (Heavens, would he have preferred verse!) imparted as clear a perception of Shakespeare's poetry as might be derived from listening to the whistle of the wind through a bunhole—and there was no more poetry in her dapper, shrewish prince than there is milk in a male tiger. This is measurable censure. Poor Sarah! Poor French version! Poor France! For while a prodigious mental illumination befell Paris at her performance, many spectators were so delighted that they left the theatre before it was over in order to read the play, and the survivors of those who remained went home to breakfast completely enthralled and practically exhausted. Thus the reader may perceive that Mr. Winter's ink has lost none of its vitality, and his pen still has its ups and downs.

Graham Berry.

II

Kellogg Durland's "Royal Romances of To-day"*

In this engaging book, the author hopes his story will prove worth the telling to those people who think that good queens, like all good women, have no history. It would be unfortunate if any one had from the title made up his mind for spicy reading, for these romances are rather of the queens than their husbands—but the material (though as rice pudding to *Chili con Carne*) is for all that of much interest. It is the sort of material which the majority of people find most fascinating—intimate accounts of great people. But even if one has less concern than usual with such chatter, he may here encounter much that is illuminating.

Its sentimental vein is occasionally unfortunate, and sometimes the author falls into the very human habit of writing as if ordinary behaviour on the part of royalty were quite unusual graciousness

*Royal Romances of To-day. By Kellogg Durland. New York: Duffield and Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or charm or sagacity; but in general he writes with fairness and apparently with much judgment of what he has personally seen or taken pains to verify. This is, he says, a record of first-hand acquaintance—as far as such a thing may be—and the most complete yet published. It treats of the lives of the Queen of Spain, the Empress of Russia, and the Queen of Italy.

Least interesting is the narrative of the first marriage, for being the happiest there is least to say. Happy families are all alike, says Tolstoy, but unhappy ones have each their particular brand of unhappiness. When Alfonso went to London to visit King Edward, the genial Uncle of Europe, and to pick out a bride if he felt so disposed, he chose "the Jubilee baby," the Princess Ena. Though political exigencies demanded an English princess, it was a real love-match. The author says of all the people he has known, Alfonso can talk most to the point; and the young man came to the point at once. As the amazing development of Spain in the last decade has been due to his dynamic energy, so before anybody knew it the only arrangement left to make for his marriage was for the lady to embrace Catholicism. The English princess came to a land which had jumped at a single bound from petroleum to electricity; and the young King was ever and always on the spot. The only thing that keeps him from making reforms two at a time is that one is all the country can conveniently handle. Both him and the Queen, the author admires immensely. Their children are by no means defective, as is often said. The eldest is a boy of three and has already something regal in his bearing (which might be expected as he grows increasingly familiar with his forty-seven titles). He usually refers to his brother as my brother the Infante, although occasionally he lapses into English and calls him Jimmy. The family life of Alfonso and Queen Victoria Eugenie is most charming.

When the Princess Alix of Hesse became Empress of all the Russias, she was called the most beautiful queen on any throne. The young Nicholas turned a deaf ear to the emperors and queens who tried to discourage the match, and after years of diplomatic intrigue and even personal restraint raised the German princess from genuine obscurity and genuine poverty to the opportunity at least of becoming the most powerful woman in Europe—an opportunity which she has never embraced. In youth she was shy and reserved and her poverty had taught her to develop resources within herself. Indeed, her reserve was called hauteur and priggishness by her aunt, the Empress Frederick. But, quiet as she was by nature and her marriage a love-match, her husband seemed to absorb entirely her every activity once she had decided to become a Greek Catholic. This step she debated a long time, to the despair of the priest sent to instruct her. By persistent and organised advertisement (even to the scattering of thousands of lithographs of her throughout the country) Nicholas prepared the people to accept her as his consort. Yet on first inspection the bride failed to please the court; and in a few days the open rupture between the new Tsar and some of his deputies was blamed upon her. Whatever influence she has exerted has always been toward reaction, it is true, but there is no reason to believe that she has done anything more than to accept his point of view. During the first year of mourning for the old Tsar, the suspicions of the court deepened, nor did her manner please the populace. When she tried to smile upon the throngs, they said she stared in disdain. In the wedding procession held when the period of mourning was completed, she sat bewildered under all her heavy robes in a coach the harness of the very horses of which cost more than a million dollars. As for the Tsar, accustomed as he was to magnificence, he stumbled under the weight of the royal trappings and fell into a long swoon. Some say he has been swooning ever since. The next day five thousand peasants were crushed to death in their wild stampede for free food. While the Dowager endeared herself by visiting the hospitals, the Tsar attended a ball that evening and took the Tsaritsa with him; and her chance to gain the affection of the people was gone forever. It is not that they dislike

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

her—merely that she is never in their minds. Court politics has succeeded at last in creating absolute estrangement between the two women and they rarely meet except at formal functions.

When the little German girl ceased to be Princess Alix she ceased also to be "Princess Sunshine," as all her friends had called her. She felt the cold hostility of her surroundings, and even in her children people found fault with her ungracious failure to come up to expectations. Four girls came one after the other and before a boy finally appeared the aid of soothsayers, charlatans, medicine, and religion were all invoked. Even an old priest dead seventy years, and famous among the peasantry for influencing the sex of unborn children, was canonised in the hope that thus gratified, he might work a miracle. This much annoyed the Church, since it was unlawful to canonise any one whose body had yielded to decomposition; and in other quarters the perverse mother was falling deeper and deeper into disfavour. Even her work with the Red Cross and her establishment of Labour Aid Institutions did not help her. Her poise and self-possession command admiration but do not awaken affection. Her early theological and philosophical tendencies have developed abnormally, in her abnormal environment, along spiritualistic lines. The Tsar and the Tsaritsa firmly believe that their children have seen visions and supernatural visitants. She has put herself on record as saying that the higher education of women is in part responsible for the terrible times Russia is now passing through. The little Tsarevitch is encouraged to do whatever he is inclined to do, on the theory that the instincts and impulses of an autocrat must be right. For both father and mother, who began their life so romantically, the end of the road looks ominously fearful.

The Queen of Italy was another obscure and simple princess whom a romantic love-match raised to a great position. But her father, the Prince of Montenegro, was accustomed to that. Once asked what were his country's exports, he replied: "My daughters!" The first time Victor Emmanuel met Elena he said to King Humbert, "There is the princess I will marry." They met again at the coronation of the young Tsar and just six weeks later her father put her on board the ship which was to carry her to Italy. As with most royal brides, romantic or otherwise, her first act was to change her religion. The Greek Church objected, but Nicholas—so lately engaged in a like matter—used his influence as head of the church. The honeymoon of the young pair lasted four years and was absolutely secluded. So much so that in their happy isle of refuge the Queen herself discharged the household duties. But the thunderbolt of Humbert's assassination turned their yacht toward Italy. They are very domestic and seek to bring up their children in home surroundings; they are striving to elevate and purify the atmosphere of the court; no divorced man or woman has any standing with the Queen. The people recognise her acts of devotion, which she has not hid under a bushel; she has a world-wide reputation for heroism and daring; she has put on a nurse's apron more than once and done genuine, if theatrical, service in national disaster. Yet in spite of these romantic qualities, she is the most unpopular queen in Europe. Her court is dull and they speak of her with disrespect. Even more than the Tsaritsa she is indifferent to clothes—in fact she is a dowdy. The dreary court season brings no one to Rome, and naturally the commercial Italians resent this. Like the Dowager of Russia, the beloved and gracious Queen-Mother is always pointing the way to an unhappy contrast. Her husband has become uxorious to a degree, and Elena is apathetic to society. Furthermore, she has the reputation of being the stingiest queen in Europe, and gives less to charity. Their protracted honeymooning seems to have unfitted them for reigning. As King and Queen they shirk their chores. Every one hears, "They promised so much, and have done so little." Both of them have petered out into social parasites who, with all their domestic virtues, do nothing and the business of being king and queen bores them.

Mr. Durland's claim that his book is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

authentic to the last detail makes this an important record. It is not often enough recognised that books like these are more likely to be trustworthy than more deliberate and pretentious histories.

Algernon Tassin.

III

Tom L. Johnson's "My Story"*

Great movements in government always cluster around personalities, and those personalities to be really effective must find receptive soil in which to grow. To-day in this country, especially, we are gradually approaching new social adjustments, and there stand out certain men who are sowing what perhaps others will reap. In the great revolt against political methods and misrepresentative government which the past decade has witnessed certain of these unique individuals project who have caught the mood of unrest and revolt, and centring it in their own activities, have led the assault against "the god of the things as they are." Tom Johnson was one such, and in the absorbing story of his life which is before us some idea may be gained of what that strife was and is when Privilege usurps the rights of equal opportunity. Johnson himself, as his story shows, was a beneficiary of Privilege, which he defines "is the advantage conferred on one by law of denying the competition of others." Through it he became a monopolist, learned the game of monopoly and saw how, with connivance of the judges and legislators, a great fortune could be made. But psychologically his autobiography is of unusual interest because he did not follow the normal reactions of his type. By chance a copy of Henry George's *Social Problems* fell into his hands and it led him into a mental and actual friendship with that inspiriting economist. Johnson began to think, and when he was elected to Congress, much to the astonishment of his class there, he favoured legislation opposed to its interests and supported passionately the people whom he had been elected to represent. Slowly his civic consciousness deepened, and with it he found his philosophy of conduct. "Inequality of opportunity, with its concomitant result, involuntary poverty, was the social *wrong*. To restore equality of opportunity by securing to each worker the product of his own labour, thereby depriving a privileged few from monopolising rewards which belong to the many, was the social *remedy*." Far from keeping it a theory to loll in mentally, he fought to make his philosophy a living force, and to do it he consequently had to take the causes of that wrong into politics. Here his knowledge of the game as he had played it became of inestimable value when he sat on the other side of the table.

Somebody has remarked that life is full of trials and not enough convictions: with Johnson it was his convictions that led to his trials. Chance precipitated him into the mayoralty in Cleveland, and it was his fight there, particularly for three-cent fare, which made him a national figure. It would be impossible to catch in the brief space of this comment even the mood of that fight, for scenically it was picturesque to a degree that led to midnight raids upon car-tracks, and dramatically, it embraced practically a single-handed struggle against showers of bought injunctions that stank with corporate corruption. The details are unimportant, too, save as illustrating the collusive practices which are bred of legality and large purses or the power which can become entrenched through acquiescent indifference: but the results are interesting. Johnson got results—not all he hoped for in the tangible, perhaps, but wonderfully so in the awakened intelligence of the voters, who had themselves been most to blame. And always through the fight it was institutions and not individuals he was measuring swords with, for he saw individuals are so often honestly blinded by their environments and inheritance.

It would be a mistake, however, to give the impression that this book, edited by his secretary, Elizabeth J. Hauser, is merely a recitation of one fight or a living thesis for just taxation. Johnson was human, and it was his human feeling

*My Story. By Tom L. Johnson. Edited by Elizabeth J. Hauser, New York: B. W. Huebsch. 1911.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with the problems of men and women and their needs which made him loved by the average citizen. The value of any movement, as he points out, lies essentially in its influence on the hearts and minds of those who live it. Some idea of this aim is illustrated in his chapter on "Making Men." Here he shows that poverty, for example, is the cause of crime, and that consequently individuals should not be punished too severely; the root of evil must be destroyed, and in the meantime delinquent men and women and children must be cared for by the society which had wronged them "not as objects of charity, but as fellow-beings who had been deprived of the opportunity to get on in the world." With the coöperation of Mr. Cooley farm colonies were established near Cleveland, which in time covered nearly two thousand acres, where the principles of the George Junior Republic were embraced and adapted for Municipal needs. Indiscriminate arresting was prohibited and prostitution segregated. But there was no phase in his long tenure of office which he did not touch upon—and always with an idea of civic health and equality of opportunity.

Interesting as this book is one sees further, a tenderer side of the author betrayed than of which, perhaps, he was conscious. Written while he was in his last illness, Miss Hauser tells in a supplementary chapter how he bore no bitterness to those who had fought him so violently; and that is the *vision* which one feels lay in the man, since he saw beyond the moment, as true builders do. Perhaps this very sweetness of spirit has robbed the book of some of its more potential vividness. Any autobiography is a human document, however, and this one is chiefly valuable in that it records one instance of a fight which is finding its repetition all over America to-day; for Insurgency, as Tom Johnson personified it, is a mood as well as a movement.

George Middleton.

IV

Gerhardt Hauptmann's "The Fool in Christ"*

Gerhardt Hauptmann's *The Fool in Christ,* translated from the German by Thomas Seltzer, is in some respects an extraordinary book that will offend not a few devout persons, but, through its evident sincerity and poetic value, will impress a multitude of others who have found pleasure in the author's previous work, notably *Die Weber* and *Hanneles Traumfahrt.* As in these works, both of which have been seen upon the stage in this country, Hauptmann tells a story in which the abject misery, ignorance, simplicity and superstition of the poverty-stricken weavers of Silesia are depicted with rare skill and the knowledge due to daily intercourse with these peasants. Religious fanaticism, blended with deep resentment against material conditions, has there resulted in the formation of sects half religious, half socialist. These people are dreamers who grope blindly for some relief from the grinding poverty to which they have been victims for generations. In the large cities the result has commonly been socialism; in the country districts all sorts of half-crazy movements, more religious than socialist, have appeared by way of protest.

Hauptmann's history of Emanuel Quint, the Fool in Christ, has been accounted his conception of what would happen to Christ Himself were He to appear to-day in Germany. He takes a young boy of a village in Silesia, apparently simple-minded, a dreamer whose life and conduct are modelled upon what the lad conceives to be the behaviour of the Christ in the same conditions. Hauptmann makes him the illegitimate son of a poor carpenter. The boy undergoes all sorts of hardships and revilings, to which he answers by silence or by quotations from a little Testament that he carries with him and quotes from at every opportunity. It is not made clear whether or not he imagines himself to be the Christ who comes for the second time. "I am the Son of Man," he exclaims when questioned. But when urged to explain he denies that he is other than a poor carpenter's son. He has a certain mesmeric power that enables him to put suffering invalids to sleep and to quiet pain. The reports of his achievements at sick beds spread, grossly exaggerated, until he is ac-

*The Fool in Christ. By Gerhardt Hauptmann. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

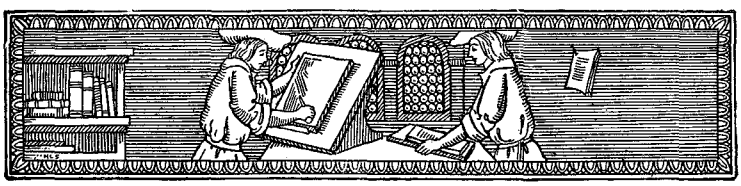
claimed as a miracle worker, and a group of men and women follow him as the disciples did the Christ. He preaches before the church doors and in other places, exhorting the world to repentance, and goes about doing what good he can, always refusing money and living upon alms.

The civil and religious authorities denounce his activities as incitations to discontent among the people, and he is violently attacked and abused. His associates are outcasts, male and female, some of whom at times turn against him. When stoned and bleeding from the attacks of the mob incited by the clergy, he blesses those who injure him. When a ruffian brutally wounds him he kisses the wretch's hand. For weeks he lives alone upon the mountains, fasting and praying. The parallel between his conduct and that of the Christ is made evident by endless detail. When at the height of his notoriety he is accused of murdering the daughter of a schoolmaster who has befriended him and is deserted by his followers. He refuses to answer when questioned by his judges. He is shown to be innocent, but is driven forth to beg his way. He knocks at door after door. When asked who is there, he answers: "I am Christ. Give me a night's lodging." But every door is closed against him. His wanderings take him as far as Switzerland, where, near the St. Gothard's Hospice, a corpse is found one night in the snow. It is that of Quint, the carpenter's son who disappeared from Silesia. In his pocket is a slip of paper with the words: "The mystery of the Kingdom?"

There are scenes in the book as fantastically absurd as any of the most gruesome of Maeterlinck. Much is made of the horrors of physical disease and frightful misery. By contrast there are pictures of rural peace and happiness that are delightful. The home and garden of the schoolmaster with whom Quint takes refuge for some months are beautifully sketched. In his account of Quint's wanderings, and of the hardships he endures, in his rebukes to his oppressors and exhortations to his followers Hauptmann follows the New Testament in style. It would be necessary to quote at length to show how closely this model has been kept in view.

As the story of a half-demented creature's adventures the book has no little power. And as might be expected from the author of *Hanneles Traumfahrt,* a work of extraordinary pathos and poetic significance, it contains much that ranks high as imaginative literature.

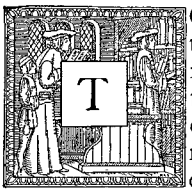
Philip G. Hubert, Jr.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONCERNING BOOKS IN BOOKS

BY EDNA KENTON



TO read of the bookish tastes of people in books is to discover more than their preferences in literature and the arts, most of the catalogues of titles being interestingly tinctured with authors' predilections and prejudices. Imagine, for instance, Mrs. Ward or Mrs. Deland giving to any heroine of their imaginations the sort of library that Mr. Wells would nonchalantly bestow upon Ann Veronica, or Mrs. Wharton leading any hero of hers through the literary jungle that London's Martin Eden trod. One feels that Wells and London are frankly biographic in the book lists that influence their book people—for that matter one feels the same certainty of Mrs. Ward's and Mrs. Wharton's and Mrs. Deland's choice of books. Here lies the real secret of the interest that libraries in books may hold for the browsing psychologist.

In *Stalky & Co.* for instance, it is impossible not to believe that that interesting library of the Head's in which Beetle was turned loose to rummage at will, was a real one. Not many will but say that Kipling and his own Head Master know intimately the books in "that brown-bound, tobacco-scented library," where in a fat arm-chair Beetle saw new worlds open up before him, "as he read the scores and scores of ancient dramatists, De Quincey, the Voyages of Hakluyt, French translations of Muscovite authors called Pushkin and Lermontoff, little tales of a heady and bewildering nature interspersed with unusual songs—Peacock was that writer's name; Borrow's *Lavengro;* an odd theme purporting to be a translation of something called a Rubáiyát which the Head said was a poem not yet come to its own." There were hundreds of volumes of verse, Crashaw, Dryden, Alexander Smith, L.E.L., Lydia Sigourney, Fletcher and a purple island, Donne, Marlowe's *Faust, Ossian, The Earthly Paradise, Atlanta in Calydon,* and Rossetti, to name only a few. And the Head, drifting in, would quote a verse here, would tell an anecdote there of the great men whom he had known in their unknown youth, and Beetle sat, listening, and thrilling with his ambitions and desires for the gift of gifts.

Books figure more in books than they used to do—we read more these days than half a century ago. Yet Thackeray gives us hints of what he thinks might be characteristic reading for his Becky, who, with Miss Rose Crawley, during the period of her governessship, read "many delightful French and English works, among which may be mentioned those of the learned Dr. Smollett, of the ingenious Mr. Henry Fielding, of the graceful and fantastic M. Crébillon the younger, and of the universal M. Voltaire." Once, when Mr. Pitt Crawley asked what the young people were reading, the governess replied, "Smollett," "Oh, Smollett," said Mr. Crawley. "His history is more dull, but by no means so dangerous as that of Mr. Hume. Is it history you are reading?" "Yes," said Miss Rose, without, however, adding that it was the history of Mr. Humphrey Clinker. And old Miss Crawley read Voltaire and had Rousseau by heart.

Julie Le Breton, in *Lady Rose's Daughter,* is given a library characteristic both of her and of Mrs. Ward. It embraced but one hundred volumes, and most of these were her parents' books, but it included "either the French classics, Racine, Bossuet, Chateaubriand, Lamartine, or George Sand, Victor Hugo, Alfred de Musset, Mazzini, Laopardi, together with the poets and novelists of revolutionary Russia or Polish nationalism or Irish rebellion—which had been the favourite reading of both Lady Rose and her lover." Julie's later additions were "some recent French essays, a volume of memoirs, a tale of Bourget's, and so forth. These were flanked by Sir Henry Maine's *Popular Government,* and a recent brilliant study of English policy in Egypt."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Years ago *Robert Elsmere* frightened the English-speaking bourgeoisie into tremulous claspings of all its pallid creeds; it was denounced as dangerous beyond words, and conducive to luring all who read down that broad highway that leads to the conventional Tophet. Published now, it would not create a ripple save in the breasts of those who allowed Richard Meynell's modernity to excite them.

But left over from the reading of that book a quarter of a century or more ago is apt to linger a memory of the Squire's great library, made up of all the godless, liberal books then published, through which Robert Elsmere roamed at will, reading, digesting, until he too became a mild sort of heretic. And what are these books?

Rare ones are mentioned by name and edition, everything the heart of the English collector might wish for was there. "There was a room, however, which represented in its collections the Squire's own books, a sort of intellectual history, the Tracts, all the Fathers, all the Councils, and masses of Anglican theology."

"'And there,' said Robert, 'are the results of his life as a German student.'"

Then Mrs. Ward catalogues: Neibuhr's history, the early editions of the *Leben Jesu,* with some corrections from Strauss's hand, and similar records from Baur, Wowald, and other members or opponents of the Tübungen school. Something of everything, says Mrs. Ward, was there—philology, theology, history, philosophy. The collection was a medley—its bond of union was simply that it represented the forces of an epoch, a history of modern-thinking Germany.

We know that Robert read—he was caught reading it—Darwin's *Origin of Species.* For the rest he read some books sent him by the Squire, "volumes picked out here and there." In a discussion on religion Robert mentioned "one or two well-known Protestant names." He admitted to the Squire that he had well-nigh ruined himself buying modern books, and the Squire looked over the purchases. "Not bad for a beginning," is the nearest the reader comes to discovering what these wonderful volumes were that were to fill Robert's mind with light. We know that he came to believe in evolution.

But what he read we are not told.

Mrs. Ward turns this same trick with Richard Meynell's library when Barron looks over its contents curiously. He finds "paper-bound German books," a copy of Thomas à Kempis and Father Tyrrell's posthumous book, a volume of Sanday, another of Harnack.—No inquiring mind, seeking the same light that Robert or that Richard sought, is going to find it easily by any definite sign posts set up along their roads.

But there is one humorous collection of books listed soberly—the books of the dying gambler, and unfaithful husband, Bateson, with whom Meynell watched and prayed. The rector saw various sporting equipment lying about. "But the bedroom contained other testimonies to the habits of the ruined man." And then his books are named: "Mill, Huxley, a reprint of Tom Paine, various books by Blatchford, sixpenny editions of Literature and Dogma, and Renan's *Life of Jesus,* some popular science, volumes of Browning and Ruskin. Mrs. Ward may not have intended it so, but one feels irresistibly that this is to be accounted a damning library.

James Lane Allen had a hero in *The Reign of Law* whose mental awakening came through books, and one seems to remember that his illuminating library is boldly set forth. But no! Only *The Origin of Species* and *The Descent of Man* are mentioned by name. The rest of David's then modern collection of doubt-instilling volumes is a blind alley. A minister preached against these books. "He called them by their titles. He warned his people against them. The lad was at once filled with a desire to read those books—the early works of the great Darwin, together with some of the related group of scientific investigators and thinkers."

As David progressed in doubt, "Sometimes he would deliver to the clerk the title of a book written on a slip of paper, an unheard-of book. Not all of these were scientific works. Some were works that followed in the wake of the new science." And later, after his excom-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

munication, he used to sit in his room and gaze at his books, "the great, grave books which had been the making of him or the undoing of him."

It is banal to point out that an intelligent reader of Robert Elsmere's and of David's mental evolutions would follow with a far greater interest a development indicated by specific rather than general terms. The reason for not giving out the really vital contents of these wonder-working libraries is not clear unless we must admit the probability that both Mrs. Ward and Mr. Allen are the victims of an ancestral fear against passing on to youth the sources of truth.

For an antidote to these examples of reticence and timidity, London's *Martin Eden* is not a bad offering. Martin had read a grammar, a dictionary, Longfellow, and Shakespeare—these on board a sailing vessel—before he approached Swinburne, which he pronounced Swineburne, and for which he was most snobbishly corrected by Ruth. Therefore he found Swinburne and later Browning heavy pabulum. But he liked a few verses that painted in words the sea that he knew, and he went to the Oakland Free Library for more books, beginning his adventurings in the Philosophy alcove. He looked over a work or two on trigonometry, and found it an alien tongue. But at the end of his first week of browsing he had skimmed Marx, Ricardo, Adam Smith, and Mill, and the conflict between the antiquated and ultra-modern philosophies bewildered him, as well they might. At the end of this week he listened to a workingman's discussion on a street corner and heard new words, socialism, anarchism and single tax, theosophy and fatalism. That night he took with him from the library Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine, Progress and Poverty, The Quintessence of Socialism,* and *Welfare of Religion and Science.* The impressionistic London does not trouble even to tag these volumes with their authors' names.

Through the same knot of wordy philosophers in City Hall Park, Martin discovered Herbert Spencer. He had tried the *Principles of Psychology* and had failed on it. Now he took up *First Principles* and read all night. He went straight into evolution and Darwin, also into Spencer's *Sociology,* Weismann, and the Spencer Autobiography, plus Saleeby's Essay on Spencer; also Nietzsche, Kant, and Haeckel. This, for an inquiring mind, is a stimulating list of volumes.

London also gives Wolf Larsen in *The Sea Wolf* an interesting library, and one probably as autobiographic as Martin's own. When Humphrey Van Weyden went into Larsen's cabin he found there Shakespeare, Tennyson, Poe, and De Quincey. Scientific works included Tyndall, Proctor, and Darwin. Bulfinch's *Age of Fable,* Shaw's *History of English and American Literature,* Johnson's *Natural History,* and a group of grammars were there. There was also a Cambridge edition of Browning, open at *In a Balcony.* Later Van Weyden introduced Larsen to Caliban. Of Spencer Larsen had read the *Data of Ethics,* and *First Principles;* the *Biology* also, with less enjoyment, but *"The Psychology* left me butting around in the doldrums for many a day." He read the Bible frequently, particularly Ecclesiastes, and hearing Van Weyden repeat the Rubáiyát, went sheer drunk over Omar.

So much for Jack London, Martin Eden, Larsen, their common libraries and modernity. It will be noted that Spencer's *Psychology* had the same effect on Larsen that it had on Eden, a dolorous one.

Gertrude Atherton's characters read good books. Hamilton, in *The Conqueror,* when he was fourteen, read Pope, Plutarch, Shakespeare, Milton, Plato and other poets and historians. During his brief college life he read through this list—let any modern college youth match it in substance if he can: Cudworth's *Intellectual System,* Hobbes's *Dialogues,* Bacon's *Essays,* Plutarch's *Morals,* Cicero's *De Officiis,* Montaigne's *Essays,* Rousseau's *Emile,* Demosthenes's *Orations,* Aristotle's *Politics,* Ralt's *Dictionary of Trade* and the *Lex Mercatoria.* Later follows a list of reading, taken from his own notebook, mostly history, travel, and philosophy.

In *Tower of Ivory,* Margarethe's library was interestingly intellectual. Here

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is its contents as Ordham scanned it curiously one day: Bastien, David Strauss, Johannes Muller, Virchow, Descartes, Goethe, Baer, Lamarck, Paul Holbach, Du Bois-Raymond, Harvey, Heinrich, Hertz, Bacon, Aristotle, Darwin, Spencer, Humboldt, the Vogts, Lavoisier, Spinoza, and Cuvier were only "a few of the names in this Catholic assemblage." The only books of fiction were the novels of Balzac, Gautier, Flaubert, and *On the Heights.* After Ordham began to call regularly, her house became littered with reviews, the works of the various masters that he, in his diplomatic work, had to study, and of the novelists and poets of the day, Meredith, Turgenev, Rossetti, Swinburne, Browning. "They wrangled across the dissecting table of Maupassant, and picked the jewelled bones of Flaubert." Months later Ordham surveyed Mabel Cutting's library, after their pseudo-literary talk, and was amazed to find that it held only Macaulay's Essays, the novels of Scott and Dickens, and a selected volume of Shakespeare's plays. That this was her idea of erudition shocked him greatly, as indeed it might.

Edwin Clayhanger's first book, found in the printing shop, was Casanova's *Architectural Views of European Capitals.* The Clayhanger home library held Charlotte M. Yonge, the Schonberg-Cotta Family and various Sunday pamphlets, and Edwin had not been greatly moved by this selection. But the *Architectural Views* fired him. He also got possession of Colenso's *Pentateuch* because a customer had ordered a second part of it, and he had stolen it for over night. He read *Notre Dame* in the same way, and had a fortnight of it, as it would not be called for by the customer until then. Edwin's first purchase of books were from a second-hand shop, and included Byron's *Childe Harold* and *Don Juan,* bound in full calf, Voltaire's prose tales in four volumes, in French, an enchanting Didot edition "with ink as black as Hades and paper as white as snow." Then, in eight similar volumes, Voltaire's *Dictionaire Philosophique.* He did not want it, but it matched the *Tales* and was impressive to the eye. He did not care for Don, but he liked Harold, and he was entranced with the volumes.

H. G. Wells does not hesitate to give the names of the books that influence his people. Even *Mr. Polly* holds moments of high discovery. Through one of the three P's—Parsons it was—Mr. Polly was led to read an Italian writer whose name he rendered as "Bocashieu," and while he sold hosiery he thought of "perennial picnics under dark olive trees in the everlasting sunshine of Italy."

"And then came the glorious revelation of that great Frenchman whom Mr. Polly called Rabooloose. The three P's thought the birth feast of Gargantua the most glorious piece of writing in the world, and I am not certain they were wrong, and on wet Sunday evenings, when there was danger of hymn singing, they would get Parsons to read it aloud." Mr. Polly read Carlyle aloud, drunk with the joy of him and his words.

This was during Mr. Polly's bachelorhood. After he married he read for fifteen years, everything but theology. "He acquired hundreds of books at last, old, dusty books, books with torn covers and broken covers, fat books whose backs were naked string and glue, an inimical litter to Mariam." He had the voyages of La Perouse, with its explicit woodcuts and unreserved revelations of the ways of the eighteenth century sailorman. He loved his second volume of the *Travels of the Abbes Huc and Gabet,* "and it was a thirst in him that was never quenched to find the other volume and whence they came and who in fact they were." He read Fenimore Cooper and Conrad: "Conrad's prose had a pleasure for him that he was never able to define, a peculiar, deep-coloured effect." He found, too, one day among a pile of soiled sixpenny books, Bart Kennedy's *A Sailor Tramp* all written in livid jerks, and had forever a kindlier and more understanding eye for every burly rough who slouched through Fishbourne High Street." Sterne he read with a wavering appreciation, but except for the *Pickwick Papers* he did not care for Dickens. But he liked Lever and some of Thackeray and all of Dumas "until he got to the *Vicomte de Bragelonne,*" He loved books of travel—Mr. Polly had al-

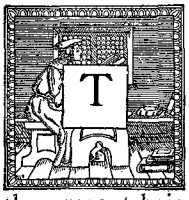
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ways the wanderlust in his veins—and he really was fond of the plays of William Shakespeare.

In George Meek, Wells carries his hero through a world of books, from the family library, consisting of the Bible, Hume's *History of England,* Sturm's *Reflections,* the *Pilgrim's Progress, Robinson Crusoe* and the *Swiss Family Robinson,* through all the moderns among sociologists and economists. The New York *World,* the Chicago *Inter-Ocean,* and *Peck's Bad Boy* are some of the unexpected bits of Meek's reading that strike the reader. It is not fair to quote Meek's book list without his comments, which are modest but decisive and in many instances iconoclastic.

THE SHORT STORY AND THE READER

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN



THROUGH the pages of the BOOKMAN, the layman from time to time has been afforded a peep into the mechanics of the magazine editorial room. The purpose of the present brief paper is to amplify that peep into a somewhat broader look and thereby to render visible one of the most important elements in the more or less complex scheme of what is still known in certain distant quarters as the sanctum. The important element to which reference has been made is the "reader" or, in other words, the individual who passes upon the manuscripts before the latter reach another and higher reading eye—if, forsooth, they ever do reach another reading eye. It is because of the fact that most, if not all, of the contributions sent from unknown or comparatively unknown sources to the larger metropolitan periodicals go directly into the "reader's" hands; because it is upon the "reader's" opinion of the manuscripts that the editorial fate of the latter rests to no small degree; because the opinions of the said "reader" in numerous instances are found to be quick, brief, incisive, and, above all, constructive, that the present writer believes that this paper may possess several sub-surface elements to recommend its perusal to contributors by and large the country over.

In many cases, where the number of contributions received every day from the "volunteer army" runs up into the hundreds, the magazines so burdened employ not one "reader," but several. Even in such instances, however, there is usually one "head reader" to whom the manuscript goes for comment if it has been found worthy of such transit by the lesser reading lights. And it is this chief reader—permit the omission of further technical quotation marks—to whom allusion is made in this chronicle. Typographically speaking, the *upper* case of the short fiction story and the reader will here be sketched in the rough, mainly through anecdotes and transcripts that offer in themselves the sufficient documentary evidence. Before penetrating under the skin of the general case, however, let it be understood how the reader expresses his opinion of the manuscripts that he reads. When a manuscript is received in the editorial office, a registry slip is clipped over it. The form of this slip varies, but its intrinsic countenance and purpose remain largely the same. The specific part of the slip—it is more usually a large sheet of paper—that concerns us here is that space devoted to prospective annotations on the manuscript. Under the headings on the slip, where are listed the name of the author, his address, the title of the story, its length and the price asked for the manuscript, are three or more blank spaces

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

These are for the opinions, first, of the lesser readers; second, of the head reader; third, of the associate editor and, finally, if the manuscript ever succeeds in working its winding way this far up the scale, of the editor himself. As has been said, the face of the slip is different in many editorial offices, but the general character is fundamentally the same.

Comes now the direct look at the space given into the keeping of the head reader and what has been writ therein, the head reader, remember, being the gate before which all manuscripts must finally halt and back in their tracks or, having been given the propitious password, through which they may pass in to that bourne whence a cheque returns. The comments made by the readers referred to in this following chronicle are of more than passing interest in that they throw a rather definite light on the manner in which certain species of fiction plots are regarded in certain publishing quarters.

About four months ago, one of the New York magazines received a story from a source in the Middle West, the plot of the tale concerning the familiar triangle, the angles of which in this instance were a young engineer, his wife and a young novelist. This was the reader's facetious, yet not unworthy, commentary: "An astoundingly fresh theme that will be read and marvelled at in such literary centres as Piqua, Ohio, and Waco, Texas. Inasmuch as we have not more than half a dozen subscribers in these metropolises back, oh, story, back!" There was received by this same magazine not long ago, a story satirising the American business man. The reader's comment was direct: "Swift said 'Satire is a sort of glass wherein beholders discover everybody's face but their own, which is the chief reason for that kind reception it meets in the world.' In the case of this story, however, the glass of satire is smoked. The chief and only reflection it casts is upon the amateur who wrote the story." Again, commenting upon a particularly atrocious tale that came through the mails, the reader remarked: "When I encounter a story like this, one of the typical 'I love you, so it is all right' tales, I appreciate the falsity of the old proverb that 'he who runs may read.' He who reads must run, it should be." Still further, on another occasion, this note was registered: "Another story dealing with red blood, Alaska, faithful dogs, beautiful girl, gold and the rest of the imitative refrigerator trash. Cold stuff!"

The managing editor of one of the metropolitan magazines selected for the present writer the three following readers' comments as being the best that had greeted his eyes during the last four months. The first was appended to a story narrating the separation of a man and his wife because the latter was jealous of the time the man gave to his business. It read: "This story would be enjoyed greatly by our readers in Bellevue, Matteawan and Bloomingdale; also, probably (however, not to so marked a degree), by our subscribers in East Aurora; but I doubt whether its reception in the other sections would be so cordial. The story, nevertheless, has two values. In the first place, it might have been longer and in the second place, it might have been illustrated by the author." The second bit of criticism concerned one of the frequent tales that recite the manner in which some young lawyer with "detective" qualities solves a murder mystery, clears the beautiful young girl from the shadow of suspicion that has been hovering over her and marries her. The criticism: "Such detectives should stick to the law!" The third specimen presented by the editor was in connection, he explained, with a story the plot of which concerned a haughty society girl and a poor but persistent young suitor. The former jilted the latter; the latter declared that he "would go out into the world and prove his mettle"; he did; he returned; the girl begged his forgiveness; wedding bells. The reader's comment: "True love never runs smooth—neither does this story."

At this point, the reader of this paper may raise his eyebrows and inquire into the justice of what may seem to him to be a spirit of unnecessary levity on the part of the readers who indulge themselves in comments of this general character. In answer, it may be ventured

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

there runs the keen vein of truth. Take the following annotation, for example, registered by a reader on the staff of a well-known woman's periodical not long ago. The story that brought forth the criticism of the reader, let it be understood, was unduly risqué and, besides, was possessed of no novelty or interest. The comment: "If I may speak in the cipher code, I should say the value of this story was n'oughty, n'oughty." Or, to quote still another example from the same source, let there by way of introduction be narrated the plot calibre of the appended manuscript. A young girl named Alice falls in love with an artist named Roderic. Her family opposes the match because they want the girl to marry a title. The girl elopes with the artist and the rest of the long story details the adventures in their married life. The comment: "Alice should have married the duke. It would have spared both of us girls—her and me—so much unnecessary trouble."

Every month brings to each magazine office at least one story whose plot concerns some sorts of farcical occurrences that transpire during the honeymoon trip of a young couple. On the critical slip attached to a tale of this species, the reader in one of the offices made these remarks: "This is the sixth story carrying this overworked plot that I have read within the last three months. It is ably written, but reveals five profound faults. These faults, that may be detected in each and every story of this 'honeymoon accidents' character are as follows: I. The lost baggage; II. The bridegroom who meets a college chum, has one, two, three, four drinks and forgets to meet his bride at six o'clock; III. The bride who cries her eyes out; IV. The finding of a letter in the bridegroom's valise that seems to indicate that he is not yet recovered from a previous love-affair; and V. Two pounds of candy plus a reconciliation kiss."

There are two other plots that are not less frequently discovered in the submitted manuscripts than the one just mentioned. The first of these is the favourite narrative dealing with the upright young American who is discharged by his wicked employer because he will not lend his services to a nefarious business scheme in which the wicked employer is interested, with the fight subsequently waged by the upright young American against the wicked employer, and with the victory that finally perches on the upright young American's shoulder. A certain reader's criticism of one of these jeremiades that came to his notice ran as follows: "My objection to this story is based on three quasi-psychological grounds. In the first place, the young hero disagreed with his employer for no other reason than to give the writer an opportunity to write this story. In the second place, the employer was made the villain only because he had a lot of money, a harsh waistcoat and a thick gold watch-chain, his motives, otherwise, so far as the story is concerned, being above reproach. And in the third place, I object to the young man's final glorification on five additional grounds that may (psychologically) militate against the poise of the young reading mind. These are: No. 1, Horatio Alger; No. 2, Oliver Optic; No. 3, Harry Castleman; No. 4, Old Sleuth; No. 5, George M. Cohan."

The second of the beloved fiction plots that makes its regular appearance in the magazine mails has to do with the "disappearing jewels." The present reader may easily guess, from long experience, the rest of these familiar word revels A ball or a dinner party. Suddenly, the hostess discovers that her valuable diamond is missing. General embarrassment and painful silence. Every one looks at Count Françoisville, who seems a trifle paler than usual. What to do? The guests must submit to a search! Indignation. The count refuses to suffer this indignity. Aha, the count must have the jewel on his person! And, after two thousand words, it is discovered that the diamond had simply fallen into the soup. One reader's highly colloquial, but proportionately relevant, comment upon a story of this fibre must be quoted. The criticism: "You can search me!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOK MART

BOOKS RECEIVED TO DATE

VERSE

Published by Author:

Poems by Henry Harmon Chamberlain.
Lyrics of the Air. By Marion Couthouy Smith.
Ways of Men. By Samuel Harley Lyle, Jr.

Richard G. Badger:

Azure and Silver. By Winfield Lionel Scott.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

The Praise of Lincoln: An Anthology. Collected and Arranged by A. Dallas Williams.

Broadway Publishing Company:

Southern Symphonies. By Cordie Webb Ingram.
Forty-five Selections. Poems by Charles MacGuinness.

Brown Brothers:

Discords. By Donald Evans.

Thomas Y. Crowell Company:

America the Beautiful and Other Poems. By Katharine Lee Bates.

Dana Estes and Company:

For Her Namesake: An Anthology of Poetical Addresses from Devout Lovers to Gentle Maidens. By Stephen Langton.

J. M. Dent and Sons, London:

Forty-two Poems. By James Elroy Flecker.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Songs of the Road. By A. Conan Doyle.

Forbes and Company:

Ben King's Southland Melodies.

The John Lane Company:

The Ballad of the White Horse. By Gilbert K. Chesterton.

Longmans, Green and Company:

The Casket Songs and Other Poems. By E. B. Sargent.

John W. Lovell:

Poems of Frank Butler.

The Macmillan Company:

Daily Bread. In Three Books. By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.
The Overture and Other Poems. By Jefferson Butler Fletcher.

The McGregor Company:

Leaves of Life. By Samuel Harley Lyle, Jr.

The Neale Publishing Company:

The Poems of Francis Orray Ticknor. Edited and Collected by His Granddaughter, Michelle Cutliff Ticknor.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Helen of Troy, and Other Poems. By Sara Teasdale.

Sherman, French and Company:

Life-Lore Poems. By Luella Knott.
In a Portuguese Garden and Other Verse. By Cara E. Whiton-Stone.
The Human Fantasy. By John Hall Wheelock.
First Love: A Lyric Sequence. By Louis Untermeyer.
The Story of America Sketched in Sonnets. By Henry Frank.
On Hurley Hills, and Other Verse. By Elias D. Smith.
The Army of Days, and Other Verse. By Henry James MacLafferty.
The Pilgrim's Staff. By May Louise Tibbits.

The Christopher Sower Company:

Bridle Paths. By Isaac Rusling Pennypacker.

Elliot Stock, London:

Windflowers: A Book of Lyrics. By William Force Stead.

Sturgis and Walton Company:

The Heart of Youth: Poems, Gay and Grave, for Young People. Edited by Jeanette L. Gilder, With an Introduction by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett.

Yonkers Publishing Company:

Remnant Rhymes. By Edwin Austin Oliver.

MUSIC, ART AND DRAMA

The Baker and Taylor Company:

Corpus Christi Pagænts in England. By M. Lyle Spencer, Ph.D.

Browne's Bookstore:

On the Art of the Theatre. By Edward Gordon Craig.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

Königskinder (Royal Children): A Guide to Engelbert Humperdinck's and Ernst Rosmer's Opera. By Lewis M. Isaacs and Kurt J. Rahlson.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Doyle and Company:

Ginevra: A Play of Mediæval Florence. By Edward Doyle.

Harper and Brothers:

Music and Morals. By Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A.

Mitchell Kennerley:

The Madras House: A Comedy in Four Acts. By Granville Barker.
Three Plays by Granville Barker: The Marrying of Ann Leete; The Voysey Inheritance; Waste.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

To-Morrow: A Play in Three Acts. By Percy Mackaye.

RELIGION, SCIENCE AND POLITICS

Broadway Publishing Company:

Immortality: The Letters of Edward Dundas and John Eliot. Arranged and Edited by L. W. D.
Christ All and In All. By W. Letterman Smith.
How to Interpret Our Bible. By Rev. James Roy, M.A., LL.D.

Thomas Y. Crowell Company:

The Beauty of Self-Control. By J. R. Miller.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

Living Waters or Rivers to the Ocean. By Charles Brodie Patterson.
The Sunday-Night Evangel: A Series of Sunday Evening Discourses Delivered in Independence Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, Kansas City, Missouri. By the Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D.D.

Harper and Brothers:

Some Chemical Problems of To-day. By Robert Kennedy Duncan.
Spiritism and Psychology. By Theodore Flournoy. Translated, Abridged, and With an Introduction by Hereward Carrington.

Henry Holt and Company:

Heredity in Relation to Eugenics. By Charles Benedict Davenport.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

The Religion Worth Having. By Thomas Nixon Carver.
Sunday Evenings in the College Chapel: Sermons to Young Men. By Francis Greenwood Peabody.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Mechanical Inventions of To-Day. Interesting Descriptions of Modern Mechanical Inventions Told in Non-Technical Language. By Thomas W. Corbin.

The Macmillan Company:

Everyman's Religion. By George Hodges.
The Five Great Philosophies of Life. By William DeWitt Hyde.
The Tariff of Our Times. By Ida M. Tarbell.

The Metaphysical Publishing Company:

A Manual of Mental Science. By Leander Edmund Whipple.

The Neale Publishing Company:

A Study in State Rights. By J. H. Moore.
Liberalism and Wreck of Empire. By The Viscount De Fronsac.

The Pilgrim Press:

My Four Anchors: What We Know in the Realm of Religion. By Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D.
The Victorious Surrender. By Henry Turner Bailey.
An Anonymous Confession. By W. Ellsworth Lawson.

James Pott and Company:

Eight Centuries of Portuguese Monarchy: A Political Study. By V. de Bragança Cunha.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Human Efficiency: A Psychological Study of Modern Problems. By Horatio W. Dresser, Ph.D.

Sherman, French and Company:

The Master of Evolution. By George H. McNash.
The Great Problem. By Ivan Howland Benedict, M.A.
Rules for Right Living and Right Conduct: From the Teachings of Jesus the Christ.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

The Syrian Shepherd's Psalm. With Illustrations in Colour and an Introduction by Jules Guerrin.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

The Century Company:

Martin Luther: The Man and His Work. By Arthur Cushman McGiffert.
The Women of the Cæsars. By Guglielmo Ferrero.

George H. Doran Company:

My Vagabondage: Being the Intimate Autobiography of a Nature's Nomad. By J. E. Patterson.

E. P. Dutton and Company:

Tolstoy. By Romain Rolland. Translated by Bernard Miall.

Harper and Brothers:

Serving the Republic: Memoirs of the Civil and Military Life of Nelson A. Miles, Lieutenant-General, U. S. Army.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Henry Holt and Company:

Mastersingers. By Filson Young.
More Mastersingers. By Filson Young.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

Diary of Gideon Wells, Secretary of the Navy Under Lincoln and Johnson. With an Introduction by John T. Morse, Jr. 3 Volumes.
The Life of George Cabot Lodge. By Henry Adams.
The Life and Works of Winslow Homer. By William Howe Downs.
Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar: A Memoir. By Moorfield Storey and Edward W. Emerson.
An American Railroad Builder: John Murray Forbes. By Henry Greenleaf Pearson.

Little, Brown and Company:

Goethe and His Woman Friends. By Mary Caroline Crawford.
The Eleventh Hour in the Life of Julia Ward Howe. By Maude Howe.

The Macmillan Company:

The Life of Edward, Earl of Clarendon, Lord High Chancellor of England. By Sir Henry Craik, K.C.B., LL.D. 2 Volumes.
Autobiographic Memoirs. By Frederick Harrison, D.C.L., Litt.D., LL.D. 2 Volumes.
The Record of an Adventurous Life. By Henry Mayers Hyndman.
Forty Years of Friendship. As Recorded in the Correspondence of John Duke, Lord Coleridge and Ellis Yarnall, During the Years 1856 to 1895. Edited by Charlton Yarnall.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

Fifty Years of Public Service: Personal Recollections of Shelby M. Cullom, Senior United States Senator from Illinois.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

Father Lacombe: The Black Robe Voyager. By Katharine Hughes.
Memoirs of Theodore Thomas. By Rose Fay Thomas.

The Neale Publishing Company:

General Officers of the Confederate Army. Officers of the Executive Departments of the Confederate States, Members of the Confederate Congress by States. Compiled and Prepared by General Marcus J. Wright.
With Fire and Sword. By Major S. H. M. Byers.
Southern Presbyterian Leaders. By Henry Alexander White, A.M., Ph.D.

The Pilgrim Press:

The Life of Dr. D. K. Pearsons: Friend of the Small College and of Missions. By Edward P. Williams.
"Blue-Sky": The Life of Harriet Caswell-Broad. By Joseph Bourne Clark, D.D.
A Country Parish: Ancient Parsons and Modern Incidents. By Frank Samuel Child.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Recollections of a Parisian (Doctor Poumiès De La Siboutie) Under Six Sovereigns, Two Revolutions, and a Republic. (1789-1863.) Edited by His Daughters, A. Branche and L. Dagoury. Translated from the French by Lady Theodora Davidson.
My Own Story. By Princess Louisa of Tuscany, Ex-Crown Princess of Saxony.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Some Pages of My Life. By the Right Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter.
The Early Literary Career of Robert Browning: Four Lectures. By Thomas R. Lounsbury, L.H.D., LL.D.
Franz Liszt. By James Huneker.
Recollections Grave and Gay. By Mrs. Burton Harrison.

Stewart and Kidd Company:

George Bernard Shaw: His Life and Works. A Critical Biography (Authorized). By Archibald Henderson, M.A., Ph.D.

Sturgis and Walton Company:

The Life Story of J. Pierpont Morgan. By Carl Hovey.
Their Majesties As I Knew Them. Personal Reminiscences of the Kings and Queens of Europe. By Xavier Paoli.

HISTORY, TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

Broadway Publishing Company:

Indian Topics or Experiences in Indian Missions. With Selections from Various Sources. By Rev. D. A. Sanford.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Where Half the World is Waking Up: The Old and the New in Japan, China, the Philippines, and India, Reported with Especial Reference to American Conditions. By Clarence Poe.

The Neale Publishing Company:

Vagabond Journeys. The Human Comedy at Home and Abroad. By Percival Pollard.
The Siege of Charleston, and the Operations on the South Atlantic Coast in the War Among the States. By Samuel Jones.

The Pilgrim Press:

The Pilgrims of Iowa. By Truman O. Douglas.

Sherman, French and Company:

Tour Two and What Came of It. By Georgina Pflaum.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FICTION

Bobbs-Merrill Company:

He Comes Up Smiling. By Charles Sherman.
Pollyooly: A Romance of Long Felt Wants and the Red Haired Girl Who Filled Them. By Edgar Jepson.
Sally Salt. By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow.
Five Thousand an Hour. How Johnny Gamble Won the Heiress. By George Randolph Chester.
A Man and His Money. By Frederic S. Isham.
Fran. By John Breckenridge Ellis.
John Rawn: Prominent Citizen. By Emerson Hough.

Broadway Publishing Company:

The Rose of Auzenburg. By M. F. Latham-Horton.
Stonefield Silhouettes: Stripes from a Quainter Day. By Cornelia Minor Arnold.
Sequoyah: A Romance Under Western Skies. By Louise Haynes Moorer.
The Answering Message and Other Naval Stories. By Rush M. Hoag.
In Days of Old, When Knights Were Bold. By Mabel Cronise Jones.
The Diary of a Book-Agent. By Elizabeth Lindley.
The Wynastons. By Mrs. Hebron Baker.

The Charlton Company:

Moving the Mountain. By Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

Secret Service. Being the Happenings of a Night in Richmond in the Spring of 1865 Done into Book Form from the Play by William Gillette. By Cyrus Townsend Brady.

George H. Doran Company:

Love Like the Sea. By J. E. Patterson.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Recording Angel. By Corra Harris.
Danny's Own Story. By Don Marquis.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

Christopher. By Richard Pryce.
The Wrong Woman. By Charles D. Stewart.

Little, Brown and Company:

The Brentons. By Anna Chapin Ray.
Young Beck: A Chip of the Old Block. By McDonnell Bodkin.
Lonesome Land. By B. M. Bower.
The Saintsbury Affair. By Roman Doubleday.
Peter Ruff and the Double Four. By E. Phillips Oppenheim.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

The Mystery of No. 47. By J. Storer Clouston.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Way of an Eagle. By E. M. Dell.
The Joyous Wayfarer. By Humfrey Jordan.
The Shape of the World. By Evelyn St. Leger.

William Rickey and Company:

In the Current. By William Bullock.
Mrs. Drummond's Vocation. By Mark Ryce.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Mr. Wycherly's Wards. By L. Allen Harker.

The Seminar Publishing Company:

Donald McRea. By Hanford M. Burr, M.H.

Frederick A. Stokes and Company:

Vane of the Timberlands. By Harold Bindloss.

The Torch Press:

The Passing of the Word. By Helen Henshaw.

C. F. Williams and Son:

Martha Mynheer. By Dean Humphreys.
The Black Hand. By Dean Humphreys.

JUVENILE

The Baker and Taylor Company:

A Child's Guide to the Bible. By George Hodges.

Broadway Publishing Company:

The Little Brown Sandals. By Frances Joe Coolidge.
Abroad with the Boys. By Frances Repplier Wellens.
Larger Leaves. By Louise Snow.
A Pair of Blankets: War-Time History in Letters to the Young People of the South. By William H. Stewart.

Henry Holt and Company:

Saints and Heroes. To the End of the Middle Ages. By George Hodges.

NEW EDITIONS

The Century Company:

Æsop's Fables.
The Spell of Egypt. By Robert Hichens.

George H. Doran Company:

The Truth About an Author: New Edition with Preface. By Arnold Bennett.

Harper and Brothers:

Tom Brown's School Days. By An Old Boy. (Thomas Hughes.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Henry Holt and Company:

Dramatists of To-Day: Rostand, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Pinero, Shaw, Phillips, Maeterlinck. By Edward Everett Hale, Jr. (Sixth Edition, Revised, with Portraits.)

Chapters of Opera: Being Historical and Critical Observations Concerning the Lyric Drama in New York from Its Earliest Days Down to the Present Time. By Henry Edward Krehbiel. (Third Edition, Revised, with an Appendix Containing Tables of the Opera Seasons 1908-1911, etc.)

The Macmillan Company:

The Ingoldsby Legends, or Mirth and Marvels. Illustrated by H. G. Theake.

The Soul of the Far East. By Percival Lowell.

Two Years Before the Mast: A Personal Narrative of Life at Sea. By Richard Henry Dana, Jr. With an Introduction by Sir Wilfred Grenfell.

The Tudor Shakespeare: The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet. Edited by W. A. Neilson, Ph.D., and A. H. Thorndike, Ph.D., L.H.D.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

Basset: A Village Chronicle. By S. G. Tallentyre.

The Neale Publishing Company:

The Collected Works of Ambrose Bierce:
Volume 6. The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter. Fantastic Fables.
Volume 7. The Devil's Dictionary.
Volume 8. Negligible Tales. On With the Dance. Epigrams.
Volume 9. Tangential Views.
Volume 10. The Opinionator.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Modern Fishers of Men, Among the Various Sets, Sects and Sexes of Chartville Church and Community. By George Lansing Raymond. (Third Edition.)

A. M. Robertson:

In the Footprints of the Padres. By Charles Warren Stoddard.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Works of Henrik Ibsen. Edited with an Introduction by William Archer. (Viking Edition):
Volume V. Emperor and Galilean: A World Historic Drama.
Volume VI. The League of Youth. Pillars of Society.
Volume VII. A Doll's House. Ghosts.
Volume VIII. An Enemy of the People. The Wild Duck.
Volume IX. Rosmersholm. The Lady from the Sea.
Volume X. Hedda Gabler. The Master Builder.

Centenary Edition of the Works of Charles Dickens: Miscellaneous Papers, and Plays, and Poems. 2 Volumes.

MISCELLANEOUS

Press of American Medical Association:

Nostrums and Quackery: Articles on the Nostrum Evil and Quackery Reprinted from the Journal of The American Medical Association.

D. Appleton and Company:

The American Year Book: A Record of Events and Progress. 1911. Edited by Francis G. Wickware, B.A., B.Sc.

Heredity: In Relation to Evolution and Animal Breeding. By William E. Castle.

J. P. Bell Company:

Speeches and Orations of John Warwick Daniel. Compiled by His Son, Edward M. Daniel.

The Biddle Press:

A Window in Arcady: A Quiet Countryside Chronicle. By Charles Francis Saunders.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

Checking the Waste. By Mary Huston Gregory.

Boosey and Company:

A Treatise on Speaking and Singing According to the Principles of the Old Italian School. By Luigi Parisotti.

Broadway Publishing Company:

The End of Strife: Nature's Laws Applied to Incomes. By John W. Batdorf.

Elmira College Stories. By Sylvia Chatfield Bates.

Aviation and Universal Peace, in Harmony with New Religion. A Timely Dissertation Scientific-Poetic. By Henry Preise.

The Century Company:

American Addresses. By Joseph H. Choate.

The Lure of the Garden. By Hildegarde Hawthorne.

Columbia University:

Studies in History, Economics and Public Law. Edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University:
Attitude of American Courts in Labor Cases: A Study in Social Legislation. By George Gorham Groat, Ph.D.

Thomas Y. Crowell Company:

Myths and Legends of the Celtic Race. By T. W. Rolleston.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dodd, Mead and Company:

Auction Bridge, Including a Synopsis of Bridge. By H. P. Clark.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Business Almanac: A Guide for the Everyday Use of the Investor and Business Man. 1912. Compiled by Harry E. Maule.

Garden and Farm Almanac for 1912. A Real Almanac and Reference Book for the Home, Farm and Garden. Edited by W. C. O'Kane, M.A.

Paul Elder and Company:

Good Things: Ethical Recipes for Feast Days, and Other Days, with Graces for All Days. By Isabel Goodhue.

Receipt for a Happy Life Written by Margaret of Navarre in the Year Fifteen Hundred, Amplified by a Compilation from the Works of Various Writers by Marie West King.

Forbes and Company:

A Calendar for Saints and Sinners. Human Confessions. By Frank Crane.

Henry Frowde:

The Fairy Faith in Celtic Countries. By W. Y. Evans Wentz.

The Fuchs and Lang Manufacturing Company:

The Invention of Lithography. Alois Senefelder. Translated from the German by J. W. Muller.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

The Immigration Problem. By Jeremiah W. Jenks, Ph.D., LL.D., and W. Jett Lauck, A.B.

Harper and Brothers:

The Eternal Feminine: Monologues. By May Isabel Fisk.

Where the Money Grows. By Garet Garett.

The Cook Book of Left-Overs: A Collection of 400 Reliable Recipes for the Practical Housekeeper. By Helen Carroll Clarke and Phoebe Deyo Rulon.

The Children's Educational Theatre. By Alice Minnie Herts, with Introduction by Charles W. Eliot.

Henry Holt and Company:

Home University Library:
Volume 19. The Civilization of China. By Herbert A. Giles, M.A., LL.D.
Volume 20. History of Our Time. 1885-1911. By G. P. Gooch, M.A.
Volume 21. Introduction to Science. By J. Arthur Thompson.
Volume 22. The Papacy and Modern Times. A Political Sketch. 1303-1870. By William Barry, D.D.
Volume 23. Astronomy. By Arthur R. Hinks, M.A.
Volume 24. Psychical Research. By W. F. Barrett, F.R.S.
Volume 25. The Civil War. By Fred L. Paxson.
Volume 26. The Dawn of History. By J. L. Myers, M.A.
Volume 27. English Literature, Modern. By G. H. Mair, M.A.
Volume 28. The Evolution of Industry. By D. H. Macgregor, M.A.
Volume 29. Elements of English Law. By W. M. Geldart.

Dictionary of French and English: English and French. Compiled by John Bellows, Revised and Enlarged by His Son, William Bellows, With the Assistance of Auguste Marrot and Gustave Friteau.

The United States Navy: A Handbook. By Henry Williams.

Plant Life and Evolution. By Douglas Houghton Campbell.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

Essentials of Poetry: Lowell Lectures, 1911. By William Allan Neilson.

The Factory. By Jonathan Thayer Lincoln.

Pay-Day. By C. Hanford Henderson.

Poems and Dramas of George Cabot Lodge. 2 Volumes.

Broken Words: A Fifth Century of Charades. By William Bellamy.

Girls and Education. By L. B. R. Briggs.

B. W. Huebsch:

What Tolstoy Taught. Edited by Bolton Hall.

Mitchell Kennerley:

Adventures in Life and Letters. By Michael Monahan.

Woman and Womanhood: A Search for Principles. By W. W. Saleeby, M.D.

Love's Coming-of-Age. A Series of Papers on the Relations of the Sexes. By Edward Carpenter.

Laird and Lee:

Webster's New Standard American Dictionary of the English Language. Encyclopedic Edition. Compiled and Edited by E. T. Roe, LL.B.

Little, Brown and Company:

The Book of Entrées, Including Casserole and Planked Dishes. By Janet Mackenzie Hill.

Lothrop, Lee and Shepard:

When Neighbors Were Neighbors. A Story of Love and Life in Olden Days. By Galusha Anderson, S.T.D., LL.D.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Macmillan Company:

The Book of Woman's Power. With an Introduction by Ida M. Tarbell.
The Friendship of Books. Edited, with an Introduction, by Temple Scott.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

Little Uplifts. By Humphrey J. Desmond.
Courage, Ambition, Resolution. By Grace Browne Strand.
Conduct, Health, Good Fortune. Compiled by Grace Browne Strand.

David McKay:

Catering for Special Occasions, with Menus and Receipts. By Fanny Merritt Farmer.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

More Letters to My Son. By Winifred James.
The Gift of Sleep. By Bolton Hall, With an Introduction by Edward Moffat Weyer, Ph.D.

Neff College Publishing Company:

Power Through Perfected Ideas. By Silas S. Neff, Ph.D.

Outing Publishing Company:

People of the Wild. By S. St. Mars.

The Polar Publishing Company:

My Attainment of the Pole: Being the Record of the Exposition that First Reached the Boreal Centre, 1907-1909, With a Final Summary of the Polar Controversy. By Dr. Frederick A. Cook.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Book of Decorative Furniture: Its Form, Colour and History. Volume II. By Edwin Foley.

Sherman, French and Company:

Organ and Function: A Study of Evolution. By B. D. Hahn.

Silver, Burdett and Company:

Shakespeare's King Henry the Fifth. Edited for Use in Secondary Schools by Edgar Coit Morris, A.M.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

Advanced Auction Bridge, With Many Illustrations of Hands from Actual Play, by the Expert of the New York *Sun*, Including the Official Laws of Auction Bridge as Adopted, 1910, by the Whist Club of New York, and Revised to October, 1911.
At My Window: Hours With My Pigeons. By Ruth A. Johnstone.
Animal Secrets Told: A Book of "Why." By Harry Chase Brearley.

Sturgis and Walton Company:

The Book of Buried Treasure: Being a True History of the Gold, Jewels, and Plate of Pirates, Galleons, etc., Which Are Sought For to this Day. By Ralph D. Paine.

Victor Publishing Company:

Smithson's Theory of Special Creation. By Noble Smithson.

The Press Publishing Company (New York World):

The World Almanac and Encyclopedia, 1912.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in the order of demand, as sold between the 1st of January and the 1st of February

NEW YORK CITY.

FICTION

1. Peter Ruff and The Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The House of Silence. Everett-Green. (Estes.) $1.25.
4. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. The Maid of the Whispering Hills. Roe. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
6. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. Danny's Own Story. Marquis. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
4. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putman.) $1.35.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. Peter Ruff and The Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ATLANTA, GA.

Fiction

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. Secretary of Frivolous Affairs. Futrelle. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

Juveniles

1. Team Mates. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. Just Patty. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.20.
3. Sea Fairies. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Fiction

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Reason Why. Glyn. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. How to Live on Twenty-Four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
2. Revelations of My Friends. (Stokes.) 50 cents.
3. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. Team Mates. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. The Tale of Timmy Tip Toes. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
3. The Sea Fairies. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Fiction

1. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
2. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. Peter Ruff and The Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
4. Rose of Old Harpeth. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. Hilda Lessways. Bennett. (Dutton.) $1.50.
6. The Man Who Understood Women. Merrick. (Kennerley.) $1.20.

Non-Fiction

1. Robert E. Lee. Page. (Scribner.) $2.50.
2. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.
3. The Leaves of the Tree. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. Team Mates. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. Daniel Boone. Lindsay. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
3. History of England. Kipling and Fletcher. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.80.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

Fiction

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
5. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

Fiction

1. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Peter Ruff and the Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
3. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.
4. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
5. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. The Changing Chinese. Ross. (Century Co.) $2.40.
2. The Leaves of the Tree. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. Everyman's Religion. Hodges. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. From the Classic Point of View. Cox. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. Honey Bee. France. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. Two Years Before the Mast. Dana. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Fiction

1. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.
5. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
6. Peter Ruff and the Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Fiction

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Havoc. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
4. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
5. Rebellion. Patterson. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
6. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Fiction

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. The Human Machine. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
2. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.
3. The Changing Chinese. Ross. (Century Co.) $2.40.
4. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.

Juveniles

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.75.
2. The Scouts of Pea Ridge. Dunne. (McClurg.) $1.25.
3. Just Patty. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.20.

CINCINNATI, O.

Fiction

1. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. The Fruitful Vine. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.40.

Non-Fiction

1. George Bernard Shaw. Henderson. (Stewart & Kidd.) $5.00.
2. The New Avatar and the Destiny of the Soul. Buck. (Stewart & Kidd.) $2.00.
3. Increasing Human Efficiency. Scott. (Macmillan.) $1.25.

Juveniles

1. Just Patty. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.25.
2. Wild Animals Every Child Should Know. Rogers. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. Patty's Motor Car. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

CLEVELAND, O.

Fiction

1. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. Riders of the Purple Sage. Grey. (Harper.) $1.30.
3. Peter Ruff and the Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
4. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
5. The Case of Richard Meynell. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.75.
2. Boy Scouts Manual. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
3. Heidi. Spyri. (Ginn.) 50 cents.

DALLAS, TEX.

Fiction

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. Keeping Up With Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DENVER, COLO.

Fiction

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Dawn O'Hara. Ferber. (Stokes.) $1.25.
5. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
6. Man's Birthright. Brown. (Fitzgerald.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

DETROIT, MICH.

Fiction

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. Peter Ruff and The Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Fiction

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. Peter Ruff and The Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. George Bernard Shaw. Henderson. (Stewart & Kidd.) $5.00.
2. Fifteen Thousand Miles By Stage. Strahorn. (Putnam.) $4.00.
3. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. We and Our Children. Hutchinson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

Juveniles

1. Betty Wales Decides. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.
2. Team Mates. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. The Enchanted Peacock. Brown. (Rand, McNally.) $1.25.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

Fiction

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35
5. The Peace of Solomon Valley. McCarter. (McClurg.) 50 cents.
6. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
3. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
4. Literary Taste. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.

Juveniles

1. Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. Just Patty. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.20.
3. For Yardley. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Fiction

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
4. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. Peter Ruff and The Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
6. Mary Midthorne. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Fiction

1. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. My Lady of Doubt. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.35.
5. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
6. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Fiction

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
6. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Comfort Found in Good Old Books. Fitch. (Elder.) $1.50.
2. The Diary of Gideon Wells. (Houghton Mifflin.) $10.00.
3. The New Garden of Canada. Talbot. (Cassell.) $2.50.
4. A Garden of Paris. Wallace. (McClurg.) $1.25.

Juveniles

1. The Land We Live In. Price. (Small, Maynard.) $1.50.
2. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Stories from Hans Andersen. (Doran.) $5.00.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Fiction

1. Riders of the Purple Sage. Grey. (Harper.) $1.30.
2. Vane of the Timberlands. Bindloss. (Stokes.) $1.25.
3. Peter Ruff and The Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
4. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. Plays. Synge. (Luce.) $1.25.
2. Modern Man's Religion. Brown. (Teachers College.) $1.00.
3. President's Cabinet. Learned. (Yale University Press.) $2.50.
4. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.

Juveniles

No report.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Fiction

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Case of Richard Meynell. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. A Weaver of Dreams. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. As a Man Thinks. Thomas. (Duffield.) $1.25.
3. The Human Machine. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
4. What's Wrong With the World? Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Just Patty. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.20.
3. Betty Wales Decides. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.

NORFOLK, VA.

Fiction

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
4. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
6. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

1. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Travelers Five. Johnston. (Page.) $1.25.
3. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Fiction

1. Peter Ruff and The Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
2. Riders of the Purple Sage. Grey. (Harper.) $1.30.
3. The Case of Richard Meynell. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
5. The Garden of Resurrection. Thurston. (Kennerley.) $1.30.
6. A Bed of Roses. George. (Brentano.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
3. Four Months Afoot in Spain. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
4. The Women of the Cæsars. Ferrero. (Century Co.) $2.00.

Juveniles

No report.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Fiction

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

3. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Quakers in the American Colonies. Jones. (Macmillan.) $3.50.
2. Shakespeare on the Stage. Winter. (Moffat, Yard.) $3.00.
3. Two Years in the Forbidden City. Princess Der Ling. (Moffat, Yard.) $2.00.
4. The Human Machine. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. The Five Senses. Keyes. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.00.
2. Mother West Wind's Children. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) $1.00.
3. The Forest Castaways. Bartlett. (Century Co.) $1.50.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Amazing Adventures of Letitia Carberry. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Keeping Up With Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
4. Peter Ruff and The Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. The Man Who Understood Women. Merrick. (Kennerley.) $1.20.
6. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Four Months Afoot in Spain. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
2. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.
3. The Man Who Likes Mexico. Gillpatrick. (Century Co.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.
6. Peter Ruff and The Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ORE.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Case of Richard Meynell. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
5. Mary Midthorne. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. The Tariff in Our Times. Tarbell. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Team Mates. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Travelers Five. Johnston. (Page.) $1.25.
3. Grimm's Fairy Tales. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. Peter Ruff and The Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
6. Vane of the Timberlands. Bindloss. (Stokes.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Old Age Deferred. Lorand. (Davis.) $2.50.
2. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.
3. Heredity in Relation to Eugenics. Davenport. (Holt.) $2.00.
4. Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. Keeping Up With Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JUVENILES

1. The Elsie Books. Finley. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. The Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
6. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Laughter. Bergson. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
2. The Arctic Prairies. Seton. (Scribner.) $2.50.
3. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.20.
4. American Woman and Her Home. Hillis. (Revell.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Betty Wales on the Campus. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.
2. Old Ryerson. Camp. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Dave Crockett, Scout. Allen. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Reason Why. Glyn. (Appleton.) $1.30.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. In the Footprints of the Padres. Stoddard. (Robertson.) $2.00.
2. Comfort Found in Good Old Books. Fitch. (Elder.) $1.50.
3. Gardening in California. McLaren. (Robertson.) $3.75.
4. Do They Respect Us. Graham. (Robertson.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Betty Wales Series. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.
2. Patty Series. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. The Garden of Resurrection. Thurston. (Kennerley.) $1.30.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. His Rise to Power. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Seattle Civic Plans Book. Bogue. (Lowman & Hanford.) $1.00.
2. The Western Gate. Ross. (Dodd, Mead.) 75 cents.
3. Mountain Camp Fires. Meany. (Lowman & Hanford.) $1.00.
4. The Acquisition of Oregon. Marshall. (Lowman & Hanford.) $10.00.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scouts. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
2. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.75.
3. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

TOLEDO, O.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Amazing Adventures of Letitia Carberry. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. The Maid of the Whispering Hills. Roe. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TORONTO, CAN.

FICTION

1. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Briggs.) $1.25.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Langton.) $1.30.
4. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Briggs.) $1.50.
5. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Sick-a-Bed Lady. Abbott. (Copp, Clark.) $1.00.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NON-FICTION

1. Life of Father Lacombe. Hughes. (Briggs.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Copp, Clark.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. A Weaver of Dreams. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Diary of Gideon Wells. (Houghton Mifflin.) $10.00.
2. The American People, Vol. II. Low. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.25.
3. The Changing Chinese. Ross. (Century Co.) $2.40.
4. The Call of the Carpenter. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

JUVENILES

1. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.75.
3. The Sea Fairies. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Reason Why. Glyn. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. Peter Ruff and The Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
6. Riders of the Purple Sage. Grey. (Harper.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Mansion. Van Dyke. (Harper.) 50 cents.
2. *How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day.* Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
3. A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton.) $2.00.
4. Boston Days. Whiting. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Tom Swift Series. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 40 cents.
2. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
3. Tell It Again Stories. Dillingham and Emerson. (Ginn.) 60 cents.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing			1st	on	any	list	receives	10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are

	POINTS
1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.....	229
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.....	219
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35	147
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35	103
5. Peter Ruff and the Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25....	97
6. The Following of the Star. Barclay. Putnam.) $1.35	96

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED